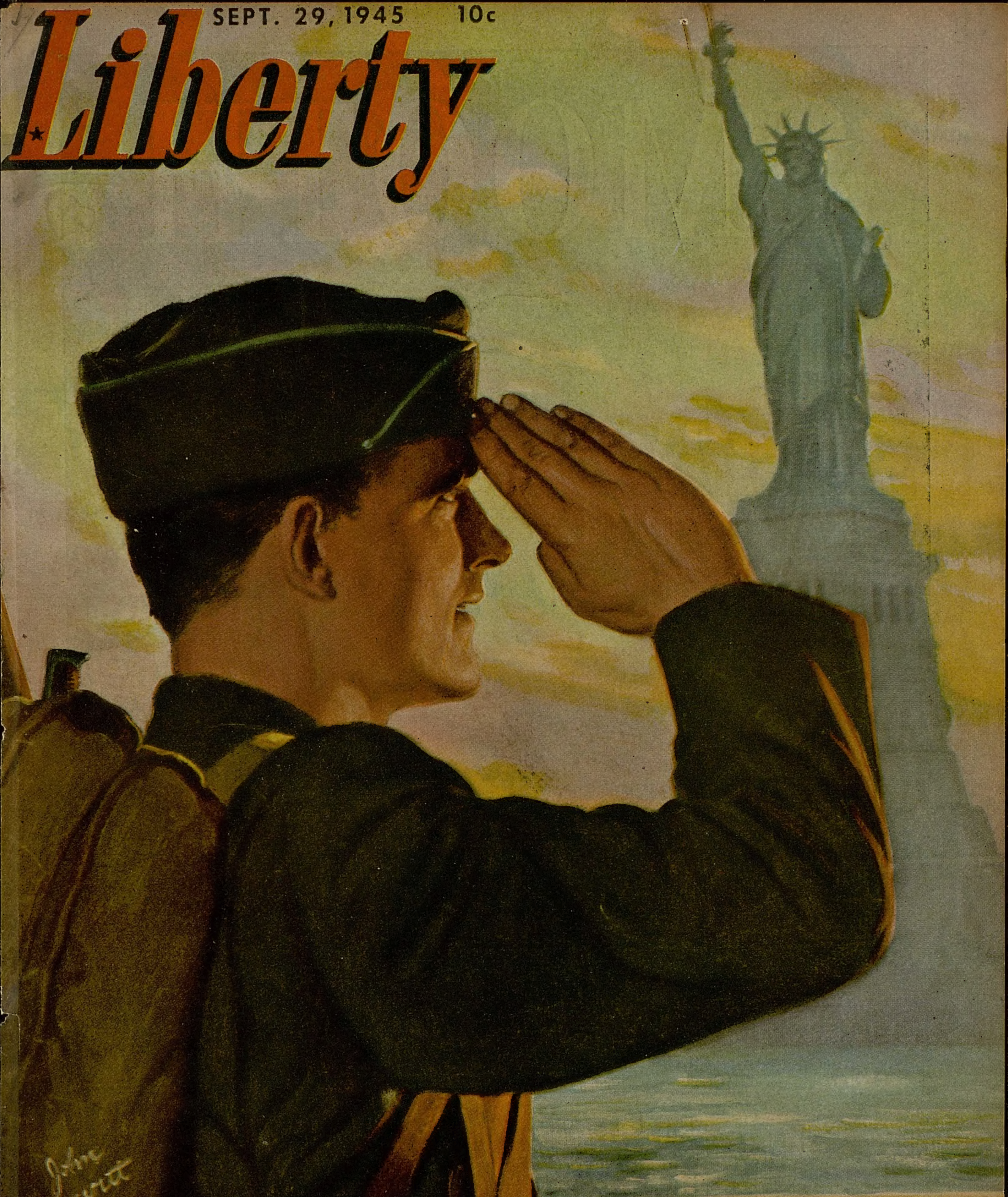
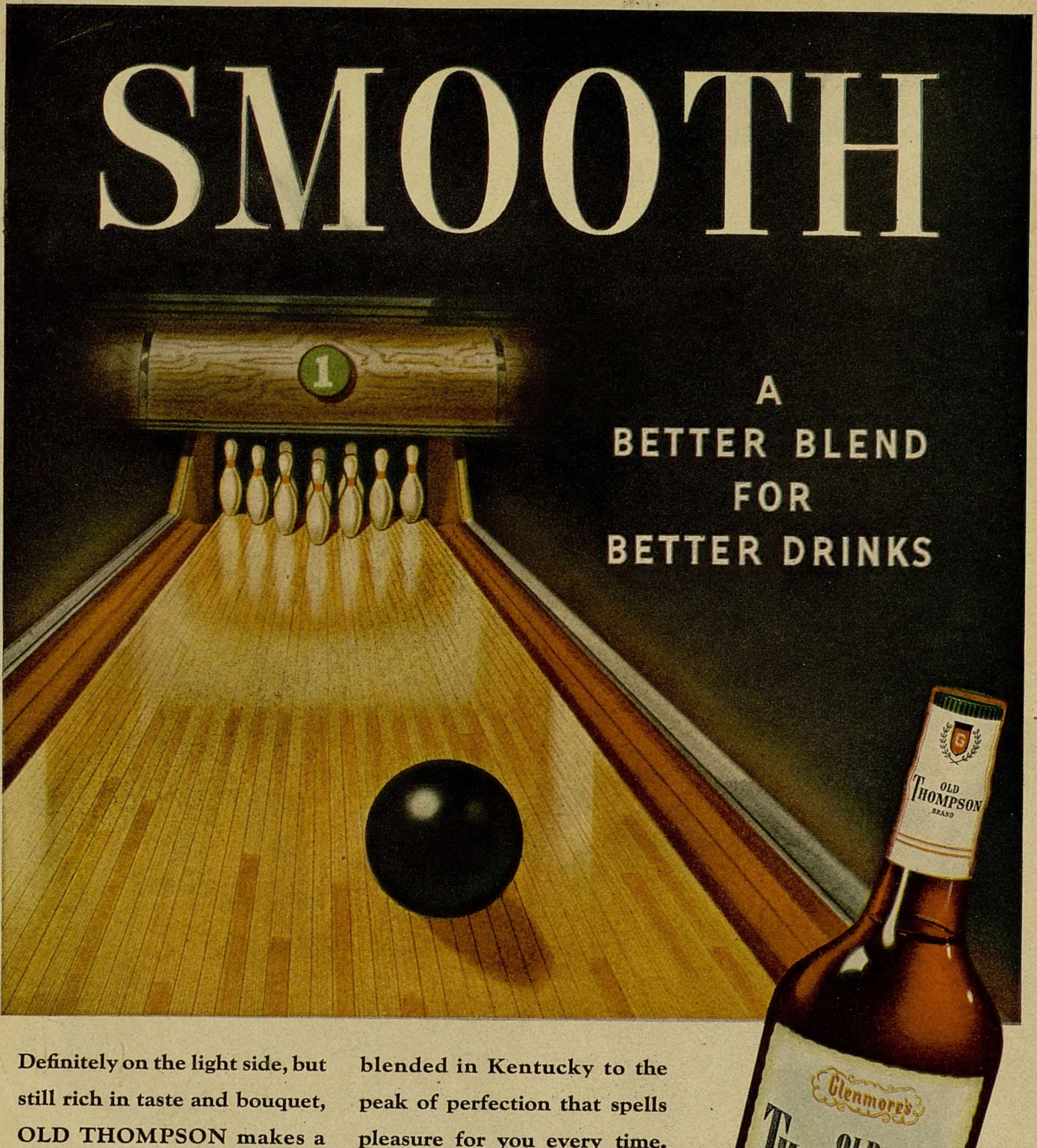
SEPT. 29, 1945 10c

Liberty



Book: BLACK BOY – *Nation's Leading Non-Fiction Best Seller*

JUSTICE JACKSON: WORLD AVENGER *By Marquis W. Childs*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A
BETTER BLEND
FOR
BETTER DRINKS
1
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86.8 PROOF
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Definitely on the light side, but still rich in taste and bouquet, OLD THOMPSON makes a highball everybody can enjoy. It's a Glenmore product blended in Kentucky to the peak of perfection that spells pleasure for you every time. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof —65% grain neutral spirits.

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"And you a college man!"

UNCLE TED: So what, whippersnapper? Didn't I brush my teeth? Didn't I use Ipana? Didn't I?

NED: Yes, but -- you brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!

TED: Gums? Gums? And what, pray, have gums to do with the case?

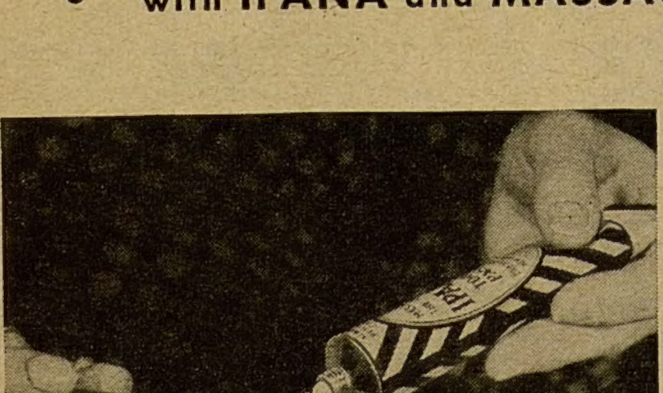
NED: Okay, Unk, you asked for it. Even us third graders are taught that today's soft foods don't give gums the exercise they need to keep firm and healthy. And sound teeth call for healthy gums.

TED: So... massage gums for my teeth's sake, hmm? Well, that makes sense. Now, maybe you can tell me what to do for this "pink" on my tooth brush.

NED: That, Uncle Ted, I didn't *have* to learn in school. "Pink tooth brush" is a sign to see your dentist... *right away!*

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

with IPANA and MASSAGE



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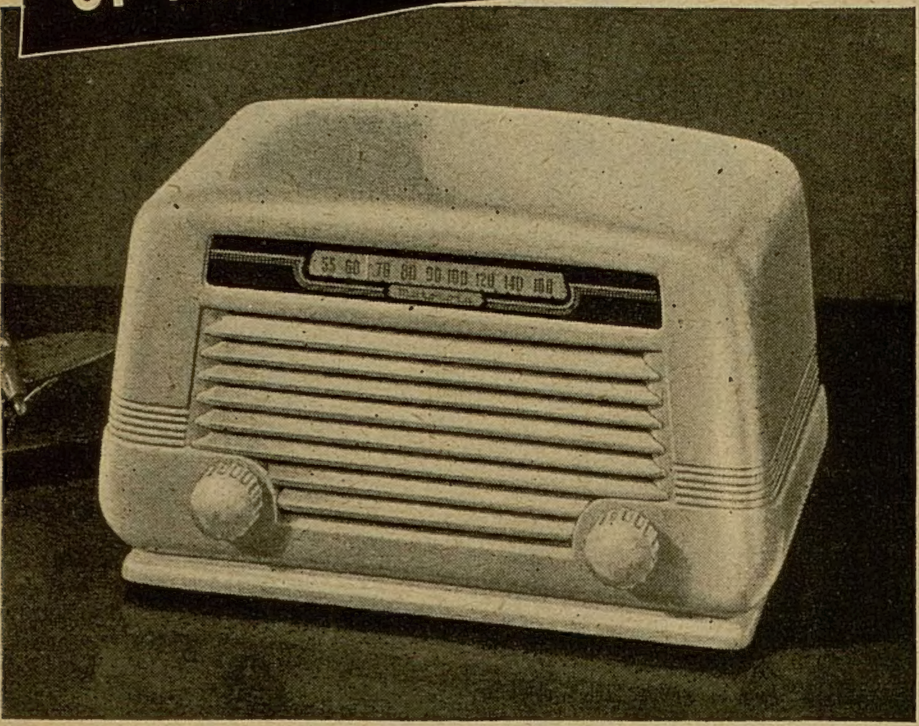
AMERICA'S TEACHERS appreciate the importance of gum massage in care of the teeth. That's why massage is being taught in literally *thousands* of schoolrooms throughout the land today.

Not only that! A national survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby gums and thus protect your teeth.

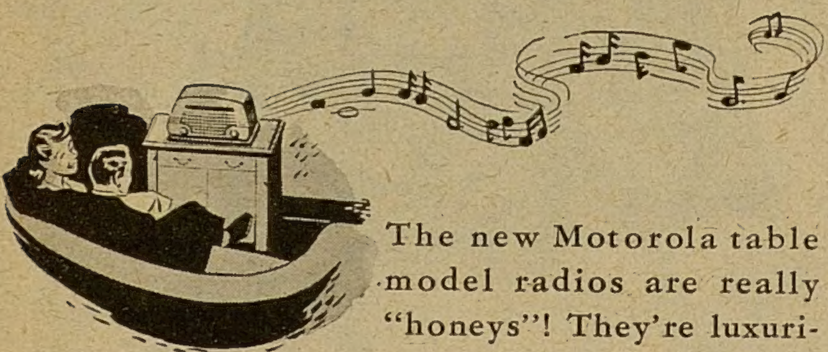
When you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, remember that it's a warning signal from your gums to *see your dentist right away.* As so many dentists do, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is specially designed to protect the health of the gums... by speeding up circulation in lazy tissues. So it's not surprising that a nationwide survey shows that *over twice as many dentists use Ipana for their own teeth as any other dentifrice!*

ONE
OF MANY TO CHOOSE FROM



Motorola Radio



The new Motorola table model radios are really "honeys"! They're luxuriously designed and they're available in plastic cabinets or fine resonant woods both traditional and modern in spirit. When you turn the switch and pick up your favorite program you'll quickly discover why Motorola Radio performance is marvelled at literally 'round the world. The Motorola Radio engineers who originated and developed the battle-famous "Handie Talkie" have poured their vast electronic knowledge into the new Motorola Radios for Home and Car. The set pictured above is just one of many in a collection of fine musical instruments you *must see and hear!*

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Cover: That Old Gal of Mine
Painted by John Howitt

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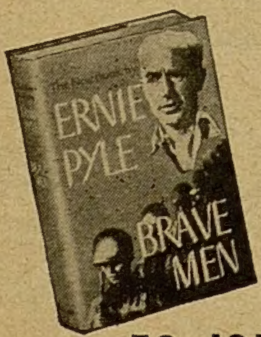

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How one of the big Mission Briar Burls looks when split open—a fine-textured grain for a good MONTEREY PIPE.

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★ VOX POP ★

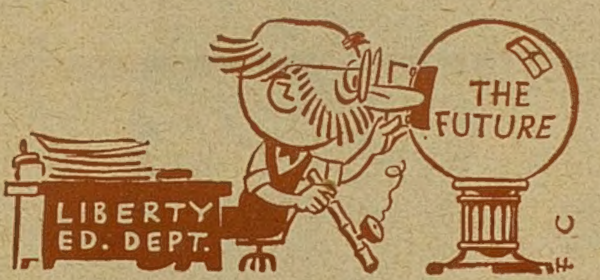
"The Voice of the People"

LIBERTY'S CRYSTAL BALL

THE BRONX, N. Y.—In the fall of 1940 you ran a serial, Lightning in the Night, by Fred Allhoff, which told of the imminent invasion of the U. S. by Hitler. In the last installment (November 16), America beat Germany by announcing the invention of U-235. Having the story at hand, it gave me a thrill to read about U-235. My hat is off to the author and to you. —*Samuel Madonick.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A picture in The Camera Eye (April 7) in which a buzz-bomb cutout dives for the Empire State Building really turned out to be true, as the airplane crash of July 28 proved. It seems to me to be quite a coincidence.—*Mrs. J. C. Sanders.*

KITTANNING, PA.—In leafing back through an old issue of Liberty, I noticed the article, Russia Holds Trumps Against Japan, by William van Narvig (January 13). I couldn't help but think that you were way ahead on your predictions of what Russia's feelings were against Japan, that prediction coming true six months later with her declaration of war on our common enemy. It's articles like this that keep me buying your magazine. Keep up the good work. —*W. D. Harrold.*



BY HAND

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In an illustration for the article Mr. Golf, Himself, by Paul Gardner (July 28), you show top golfer Byron Nelson listening to what you call a walkie-talkie. That's a handie-talkie—not a walkie-talkie. Warner Brothers used them first in the picture, Objective, Burma. —*Will Yolen, Warner Brothers.*

OFF THE BEAM

c/o POSTMASTER, MIAMI, FLA.—I have just read with interest On the Beam, by Wayne Parrish (August 18), and I enjoyed it very much, except that it was way off the beam on facts.

The Combat Cargo Task Force did do a good job as an air supply line for the Burma war, but CCTF didn't do it alone, as Mr. Parrish implies. Air Transport Command C-46s from the Assam valley that normally flew the Hump lent a big hand, particularly in the Imphal valley deal and when the Japs nearly ran us out of Assam. They should have been included in your story. We lost quite a few planes during our tour of duty down there and I lost several buddies from enemy action, so you see why it rubbed my hair the wrong way not even to get mentioned in your story. —*First Lt. John R. Stewart, Jr. A. C.*

CORRECTION

PLANDOME, N. Y.—I've just seen the August 25 issue of Liberty, and was very much pleased with the appearance of my piece, How Well Do You Read? But I'm sorry to say there is a rather serious typographical error in the third paragraph. The figure there should be 1,000 instead of 6,000, as printed.

But that is mill over the floss (and I do think you people do a very good job of editing). I wonder if a correction can be printed, since the error occurred in a quotation from Mr. Lewis, who is a careful and conscientious worker?—*Ruth McCoy Harris.*

THE EXPERTS CAN BE WRONG

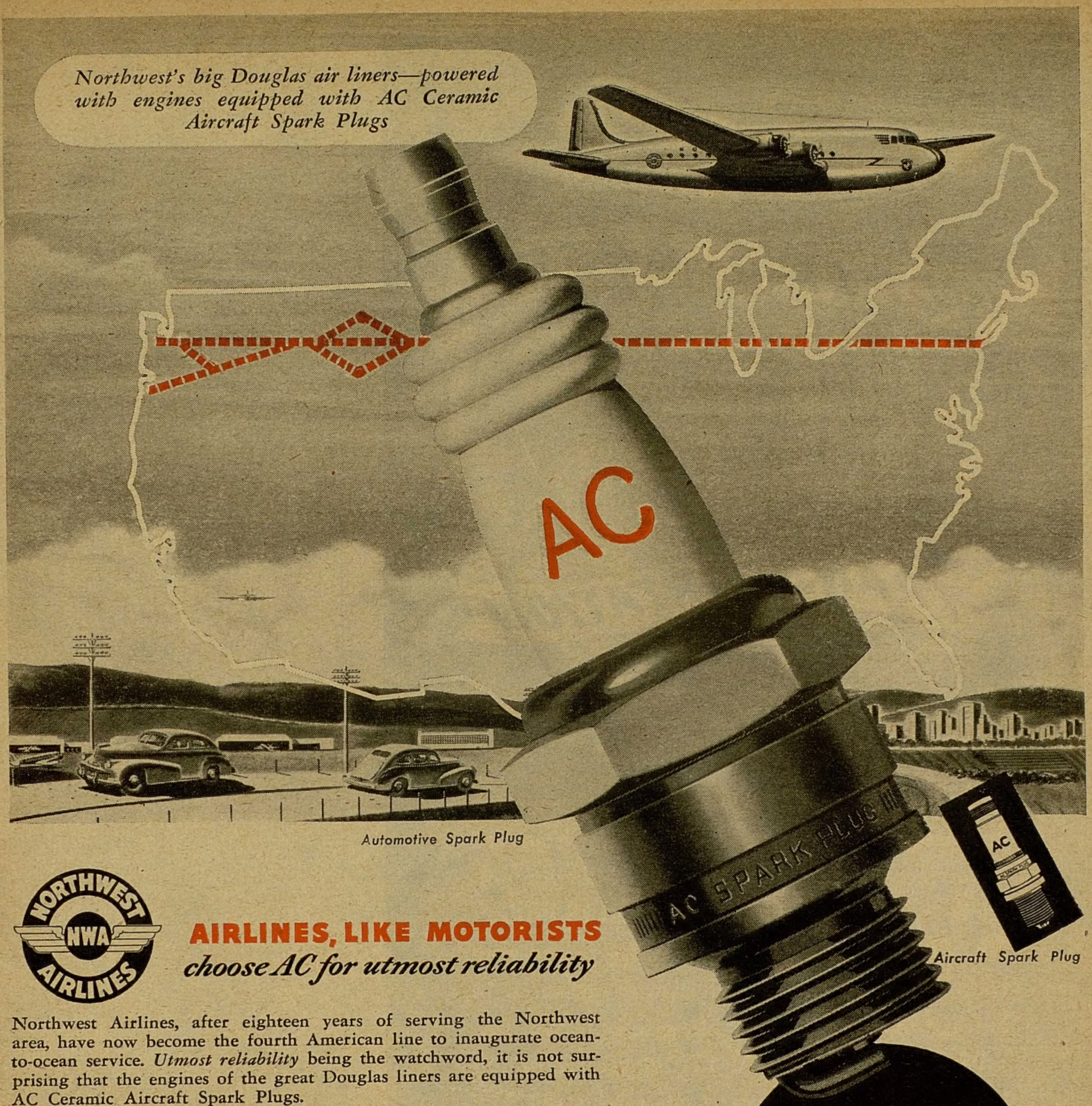
TULSA, OKLA.—In your article, Another Man's Poison, by John Maloney (August 4), I note the statement that joint snakes do not exist or that they are not known to science. I disagree.

Near Toronto, Kansas, I once struck a snake about three feet long and broke it in two pieces, each about eighteen inches long. The front end was concave, and the tail end convex, made to fit into the front end like the half of a ball-and-socket joint. For my part and that of several men who were with me, I had killed a joint snake, even though such a type is not "known to science."—*M. R. Smith.*

PORTLAND, OREG.—Well, the experts, it seems, can be wrong. In the article, Another Man's Poison, Ross Allen knocks down the superstition that snakes charm birds. But I've seen it happen, and I say that Mr. Allen is absolutely wrong. Some snakes can charm, hypnotize, or make birds absolutely helpless. Once when I was fishing in a small creek in southern Mississippi, I heard a bird making frantic chirps, and when I found it, it was showing the greatest signs of fear and distress. It couldn't even move. Then I saw a very large moccasin snake, about a yard away, very slowly approaching the bird. The snake's eyes were so closely focused on the bird that it did not even see me until I was close enough to hit it with a club.

The very second that the snake's eyes left the bird and looked at me, the bird did the fastest getaway I have ever seen.

(*Continued on page 8*)



Northwest's big Douglas air liners—powered with engines equipped with AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs

NORTHWEST NWA AIRLINES

AIRLINES, LIKE MOTORISTS

choose AC for utmost reliability

Northwest Airlines, after eighteen years of serving the Northwest area, have now become the fourth American line to inaugurate ocean-to-ocean service. *Utmost reliability* being the watchword, it is not surprising that the engines of the great Douglas liners are equipped with AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs.

The history of these remarkable plugs goes back to World War I, when AC developed and built the *first and only* ceramic aircraft spark plugs, for use in Liberty engines. That was the beginning of a long series of triumphs shared by AC Ceramic Aircraft Plugs, including those of Lindbergh, Acosta, Maitland, Byrd and, in 1944 and 1945, the cross-country records established by the Constellation and the C-97. Their war record is no less brilliant, in the air forces of all the Allied nations.

In automotive fields, AC pioneering has consistently shown the way to better spark plug design and performance, revolutionizing construction with the one-piece plug, improving quality through metallurgy, ceramics, and engineering.

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Features of Northwest's New Douglas Airliners

Overall Length—93 feet, 11 inches • Wing Spread—117 feet, 6 inches • Engines—four 1450 h.p. Pratt and Whitney • Cruising Speed—235 m.p.h. • Passenger Capacity—44 to 55 • Cabins—1 forward, 1 aft • Commodious rest rooms and many other modern features that contribute to luxurious air travel.

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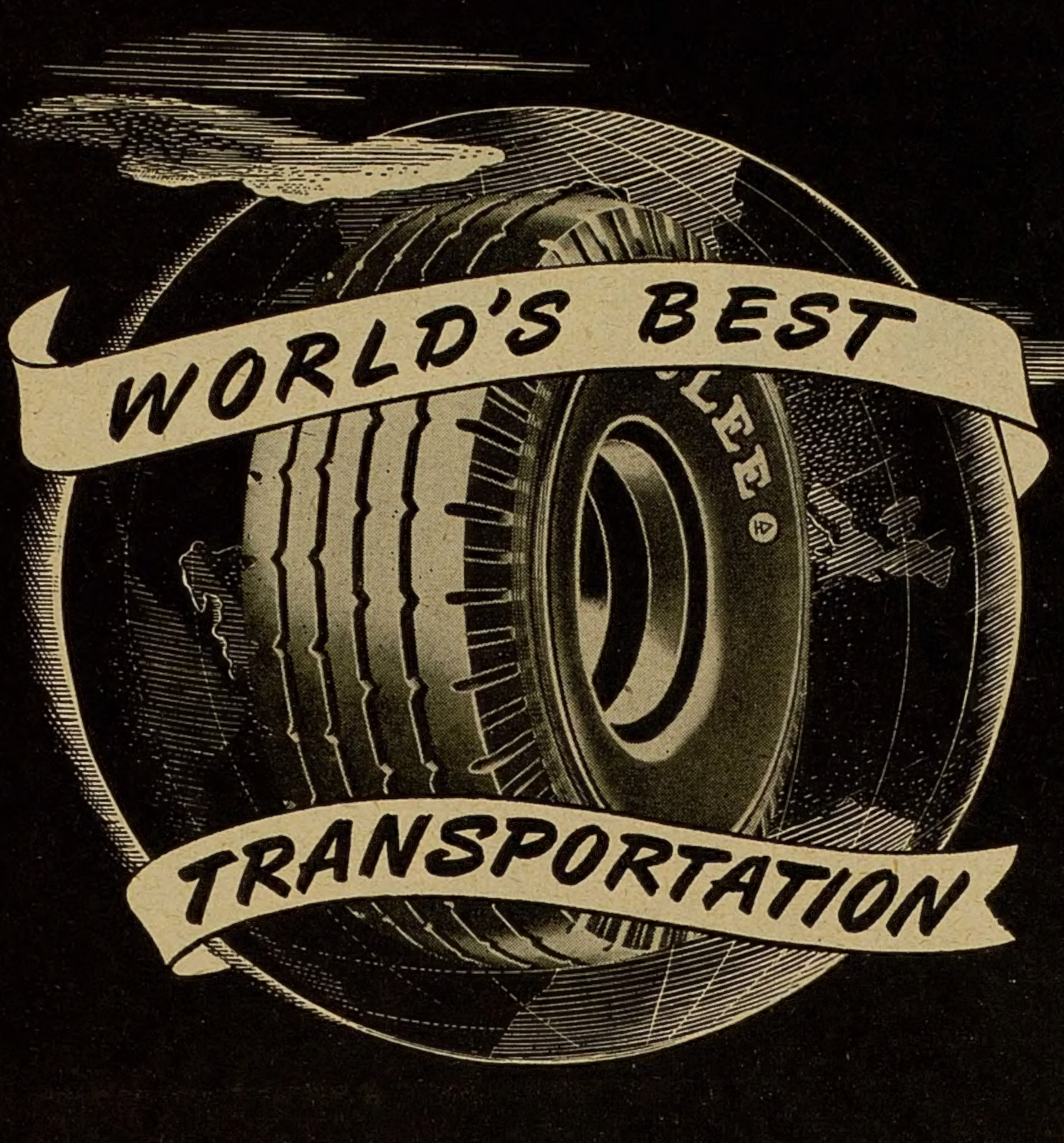

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(Continued from page 6)

I can only conclude that the snake must have been able to hypnotize the bird.—*E. H. Clarke.*

LONG LIVE KING COAL!

Norfolk, Va.—As a former coal miner now serving in the armed forces, I would like to compliment you on your very interesting and wonderful story about John L. Lewis—King of Coal—by Morris Markey (August 11). I took great interest in the story. Mr. Markey certainly knew what he was writing all the way through his story.

Confidentially, the picture on page 23 is the mine in which my father is working at the present time, and has been for the past twelve years.

Concerning the question of the miners and their strikes for a few more dollars, I have often thought about what tortures some of our coal miners are going through just for their sons who are going to be working in their places one of these days, when the war ends.

In conclusion, I will say that the coal miner thinks that Franklin D. Roosevelt and John L. Lewis are the two greatest men ever to appear in politics for the good of the common man.—*A miner's son.*

A DOG IS A DOG

Santa Ana, Calif.—I'm writing this letter after giving myself two days to cool off. No Pal for the Major, the short short story by Vincent Sheean (August 4), is the rottenest type of propaganda it has ever been my misfortune to read.

It is quite evident that Mr. Sheean hasn't been around as much as most people seem to think.

A dog is a dog! He will love his master regardless of color, race, or creed. To say that said dog was a Nazi is the height of stupidity.—*First Lt. Kenneth I. Sentner.*

M. C. OF OLD "99"

Des Moines, Iowa—I was very pleased to read Ted Shane's article, The Foxhole Circuit (July 28). If I may, I should like to add a postscript.

Mr. Shane commended USO Unit 99 for its fine work. However, there is more to the story. Old "99" originally had five members. One of these members was a former Sicilian count, the Count of Catania, known here in the States as Count Cutelli. He came here twenty-four years ago, became a citizen, and was employed by Warner Brothers in Hollywood as a sound-effects man for cartoon comedies. This was the type of work he did with "99" overseas. It was the count's hope that he might be sent to his native Italy, and Sicily, and this hope was fulfilled by USO Camp Shows, Inc. After seeing the utter destruction and desolation of his fatherland, and after finding his sister blinded by a Nazi land mine, her life ruined com-

(Continued on page 10)

A girl who wouldn't say YES... meets a man who wouldn't take NO for an answer!

Nixie...
the
amorous
imp!

"There's a YES
in my
whistle!
It goes like
this!"....

ONE whistle and

TWO whistles and

THREE whistles and

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

Rosalind
RUSSELL · Lee **BOWMAN**

in

She Wouldn't Say Yes

with

ADELE JERGENS · CHARLES WINNINGER
HARRY DAVENPORT · SARA HADEN
Screenplay by Virginia Van Upp, John Jacoby and Sarett Tobias

Produced by
VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Directed by
ALEXANDER HALL

Today - remember this for better coffee

Never try to reheat cold coffee. If you want your coffee to be complimented, serve it immediately—while it's hot—while the full-bodied, flavorful goodness of it is *all* there.

"Tomorrow" - get this for richer-tasting coffee that stays hot!

Wait till you try this sparkling G-E Automatic Coffee Maker! You'll make coffee that *is* coffee—and you'll do it *automatically!*

Measurements are marked! The lower bowl has cupfuls clearly marked. No chance for mistakes. In the upper bowl, you simply place a level tablespoonful of coffee for each cup. Then . . .

Set it and forget it! Nothing to watch over. This G-E wonder turns out coffee to a King's taste—whether you're making 2 cups or 8. *Keeps it hot until you're ready to pour it!*

Watch for the G-E Automatic Coffee Maker. It's the *only* completely automatic glass coffee maker. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E. W. T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.

FOR FINAL VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

Automatic
Coffee Maker
GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 8*)

pletely, he told me that he could not continue the tour.

He was sent home after we left Italy, and died a month or two later in Seattle, Washington.

I'm sure I speak for the other members of old "99" when I say that we missed and loved an old friend and I feel it is my place to do so, because I was the master of ceremonies with old "99."—*Gene Emerald.*

CALLAHAN'S COLORED GLASSES

CULLMAN, ALA.—I was surprised to discover that Salty O'Rourke was a Technicolor picture. Kitty Callahan, the author of Hollywood's Horsy Set (August 18), must have been wearing colored glasses when she viewed the film. Or maybe I'm color blind—looked black and white to me! —*Bill Dorr.*

Black and white it is.—VOX POP EDITOR.

ALL IN A JEEP

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your cover picture (August 18) showing a reunited G. I. family going on a picnic in a jeep, certainly thrilled me.

John Howitt, the artist, has caught the emotions which bind the individual members of a family circle together: the zeal and eagerness portrayed in the father's powerful drive; the admiration and love in the wife's grateful expression; the satisfaction and pride in the girl's friendly wave; the complete exuberance in the boy's animated actions.

It expresses the hope of all of us that the spirit in the picture will be experienced by millions of G. I. families in the near future.—*Mrs. R. F. Ramm.*

FORGIVE AND FORGET?

WILMINGTON, DEL.—I have just read Massacre at Palawan, by Hannibal Coons (August 11), and there is nothing but hate in my heart for our enemies. The question comes to me, will there be fraternization in Japan now that our soldiers are occupying Tokyo? Despite the horrible stories and pictures of German atrocities, these things seem to have been soon forgotten by everyone but the men who suffered them.

To be forgiving is a virtue, but excess in anything is stupid. The godlessness of our enemies overrules anything else and will not be changed by our being all sweetness and light.

Basic sadism, which is the very life of these people, will never change.—*Margaret L. Miller.*

SAME HAIR, TWO SHADES

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—The illustration for The Golden Headache, by George Armin Shaftel (August 25), inspired the following:

Oh, sad is me,
For on page 18 of Liberty
A brown-haired lad a girl's a-kissing.
The artist must have something missing,
Because on page 19 I read
The lad is sandy-haired. I plead
With Pat Holbrooke to read his script,
Or in boiling oil he will be dipped!

Otherwise everything is lovely with my favorite magazine.—*Jean Webster.*

↑ KEMPTON 11
↑ LYNNVILLE 4

Backbone of the Highway

You don't see very much of it, but there's a lot of steel in the concrete highway on which you ride to work, or take your pleasure jaunts. Steel, backbone of the road, helps it to bear the loads of traffic efficiently and safely. And steel saves you money, as a taxpayer, by making the road last longer, reducing the need for repairs and replacements.

Embedded in the concrete of a modern highway, steel reinforcing bars prevent cracks and disintegration. Steel road joints take care of contraction and expansion of the pavement, transfer traffic loads from one slab to the next. Alongside the road, cable highway guards—or perhaps Bethlehem Safety Beam guard rail—stand ready to cushion the impact, should a car leave the road. And on principal highways bridges are built of steel, or of concrete with strong steel reinforcement.

Their steel backbones aided highways in bearing their heavy wartime burdens and enabled much maintenance and new construction to be put off until manpower and materials could be better spared.

One of Bethlehem Steel Company's chief jobs is turning out the many forms of steel that highway contractors need—steels that are used in constructing the road as well as the steels that form a permanent part of it. Vast new highway projects, for which the blueprints and funds have long been ready and waiting, are now getting the go-ahead signal all over the land. And into thousands of miles of these highways will go steel products from Bethlehem mills.

★ BETHLEHEM STEEL ★

Steel, Manufacturing and Fabricating Plants . . . Bethlehem, Steelton, Williamsport, Johnstown, Lebanon, Pottstown, Rankin, Leetsdale, Pa. . . . Buffalo, Lackawanna, N. Y. . . . Sparrows Point, Md. . . . Chicago, Ill. . . . Tulsa, Okla. . . . Corsicana, Tex. . . . South San Francisco, Los Angeles, Alameda, Calif. . . . Seattle, Wash. *Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards* . . . Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass. . . . Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Hoboken, N. J. . . . Baltimore, Sparrows Point, Md. . . . San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif.

The Master's Choice

OLD TAYLOR has the mellow grainy flavor that means home sweet home to seekers of bourbon at its best. As its name signifies, **OLD TAYLOR** was the favorite of the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., who produced many noble whiskies but found **OLD TAYLOR** most satisfying to his expert taste. Nowadays, for gatherings where good bourbon is appreciated, you can make no finer choice than the master's choice—**OLD TAYLOR.**

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FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
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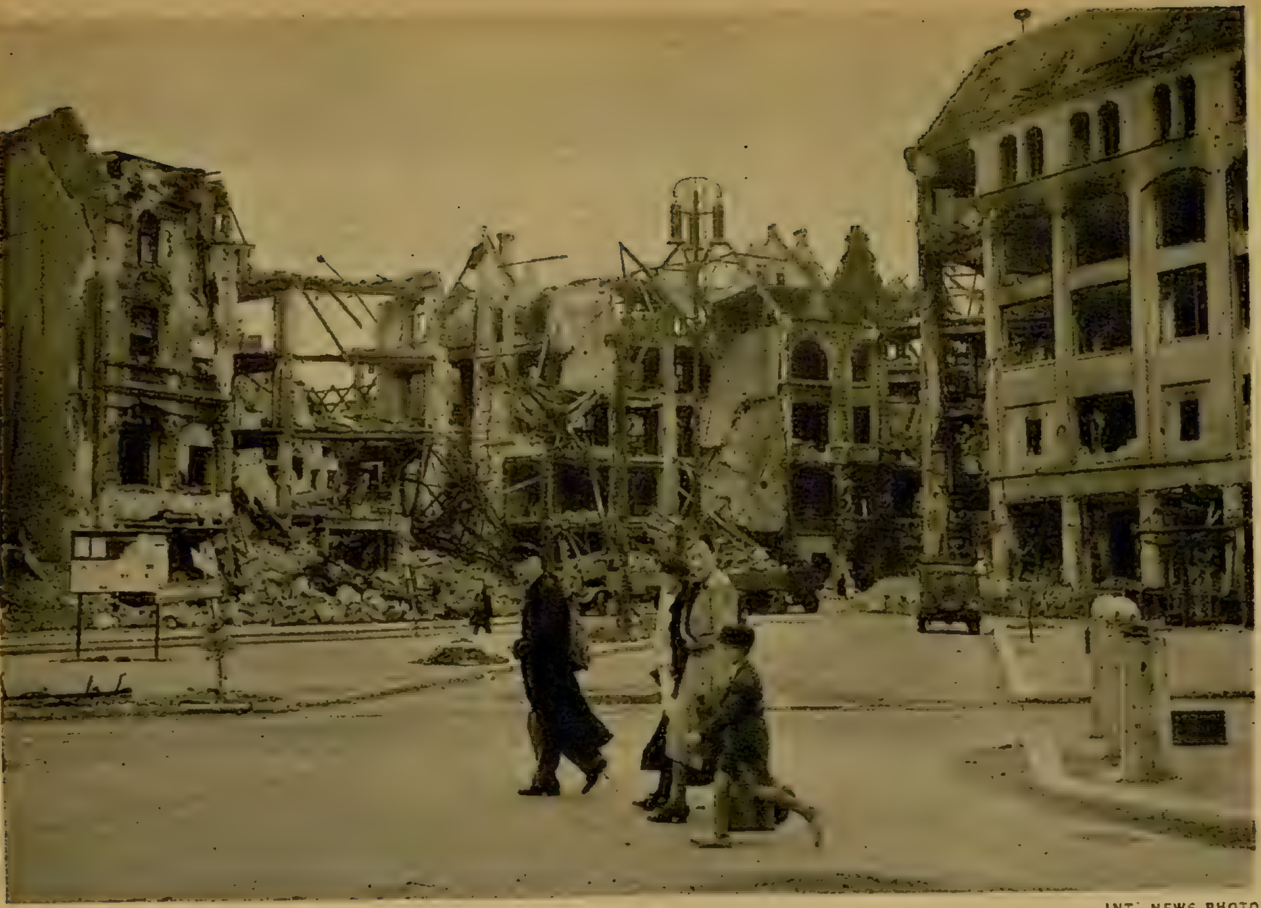
Signed Sealed and Delicious

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



INT. NEWS PHOTO

Berlin's business center as Allied bombers left it. About 72,000 tons of pre-atomic bombs were dropped on this, the European war zone's "most bombed city."

ON THE BEAM

Take one good look at Berlin as it was after V-E Day, and will be for years, and see for yourself whether air power has ever been overrated

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Berlin.

OF all the targets of Allied bombers in Europe, Berlin is the most interesting. Here was not only the capital of Germany but also a great industrial and transportation center. The totality of destruction by U. S. and British bombs (and later by Russian artillery) may not equal that in some cities in western Germany, but nowhere else is the damage so impressive or so difficult to describe. Every somber adjective in the dictionary can be used without fear of exaggeration. Many correspondents have endeavored to convey impressions, but only upon seeing Berlin for oneself can all that befell it in wartime be fully realized.

Visiting Berlin slightly more than two months after the close of the war, your On the Beam editor found only streets and some sidewalks being cleared of rubble. Streetcars and subway lines in the suburbs were beginning to resume operation. But the large central area of Berlin was still a chaotic mess of rubble, shells of buildings, dust, and wrecked cars and tanks.

One section of the subway in midtown Berlin was still flooded and contained an unknown number of bodies. The stench rising from one of the entrances was an ample indication of the job that must be done merely to clean up the city. A similar stench arose from the underground garage in the Air Ministry buildings. No one knows or can even estimate the number of Berliners' corpses still remaining in the city's wreckage.

In the spring of 1939 there were 1,500,000 dwellings in Greater Berlin, each one considered a family unit. It is now estimated that 800,000 of these dwellings are demolished, uninhabitable. Even in the late summer of 1944 it was estimated that only 300,000 remained completely livable, and after that so many more were destroyed or damaged that the number now completely livable is a very small fraction of the prewar total.

It is estimated that it will require twenty years to rebuild the 800,000 that were entirely destroyed. This estimate does not include public, business, and industrial buildings, most of which are either obliterated or very badly damaged.

One authority estimated that it would take 10,000,000 five-ton trucks or 3,000,000 freight cars to haul the dwelling rubble away. If ten trains of fifty cars each carried this rubble from Berlin, it would take sixteen years to remove it all—to say nothing of removing that of the public, business, and industrial buildings.

Even pre-atomic air power destroyed Berlin with relatively few heavy attacks. But decades will be required to restore the city. The railroad stations are empty, ghostly wrecks. At this writing not a train has been moved into the central stations, although the Russians have restored service for their own purposes to the east. There is no local transport except British, Russian, and American Army equipment.

With a group of aviation writers, your On the Beam editor toured the government section and some of the outlying factories, besides touring large areas of the city by jeep. In the central part of the city the military traffic stirred up the deeply piled dust. Many streets were blocked. On others there was room for one lane of traffic. But the major arteries had been cleared, at least from curb to curb. Berlin was crowded with people riding bicycles, pushing carts, or just walking, though there were few areas where all the sidewalks were clear. Much of the movement was in the streets.

Since most of the structures in Berlin were built of stone or of reinforced concrete, the city has not been flattened. Most of the walls are still standing. But most of them are mere shells enclosing wreckage and will have to be rebuilt from the ground up. Of the interiors of some buildings, such as Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda's,

(Continued on page 16)

H-R
Holland
QUALITY SHOES
Racine

It's hard to say which you'll enjoy most — the good looks of your H-R Shoes, or the foot-happiness they bring into your life. But why quibble? — *both* are yours. And the longer you wear them, the more you'll come to appreciate that fine leathers and flawless craftsmanship are at the bottom of Holland-Racine's standout performance. It's the shoe that has everything your feet are asking for.

H-R Shoes are sold by independent dealers who are professional hands at shoe fitting; your double assurance of foot happiness.

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
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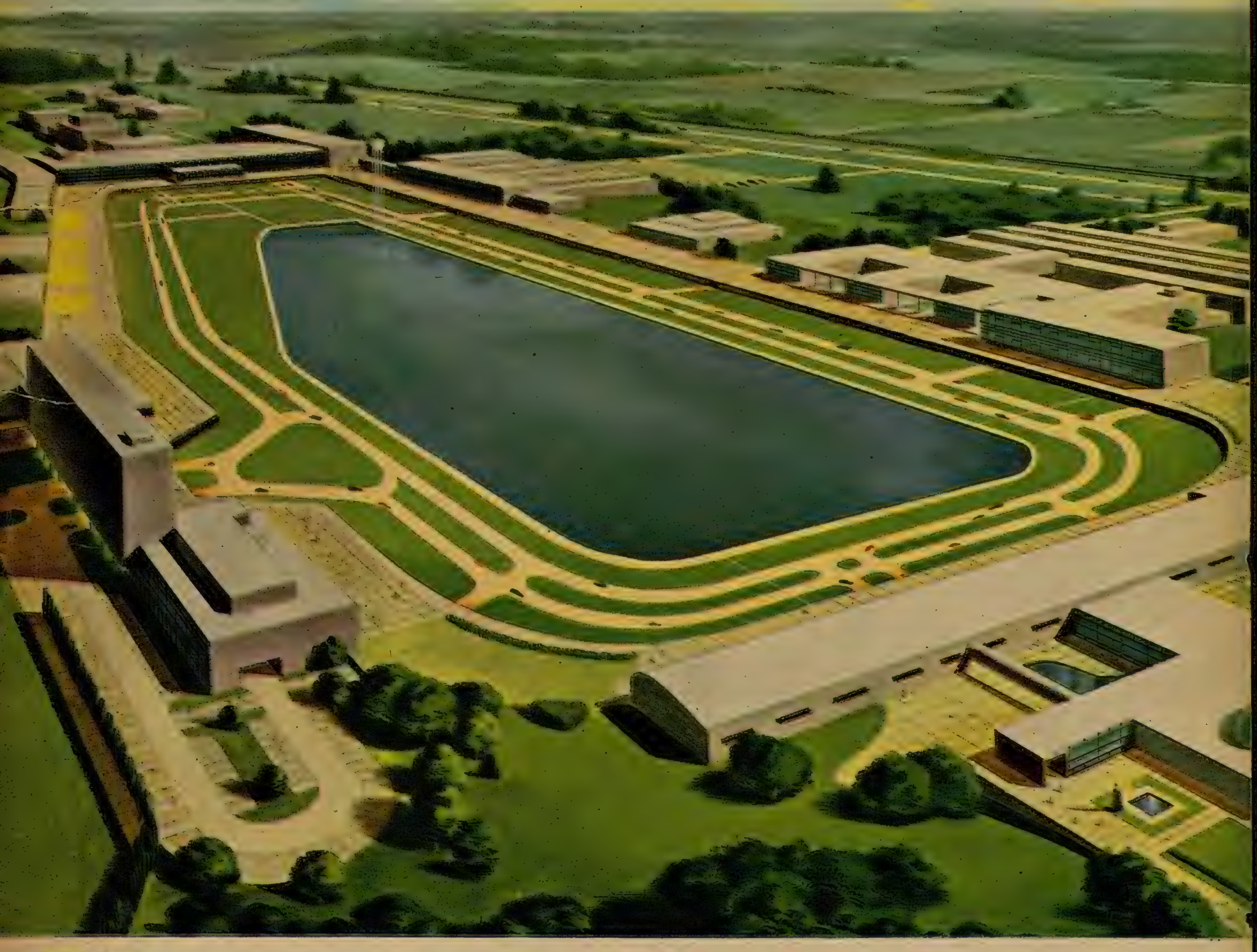
Quality first, since 1895

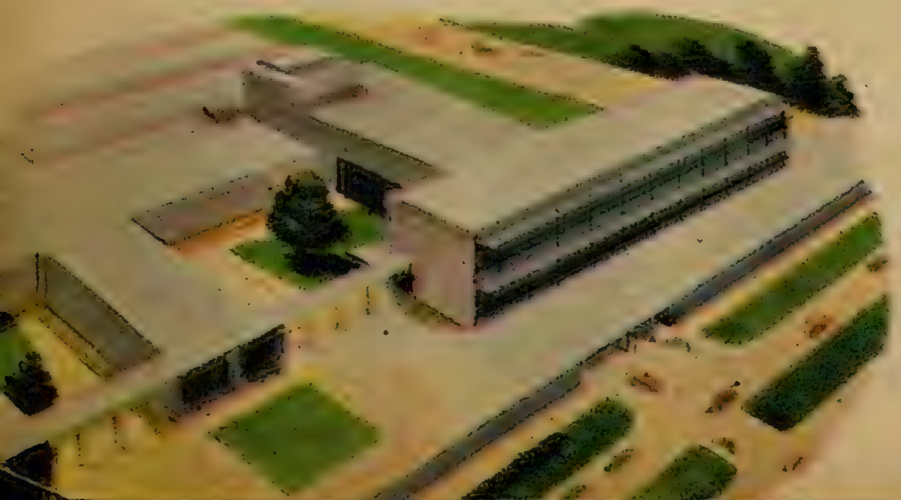
TO SPEED THE PACE OF

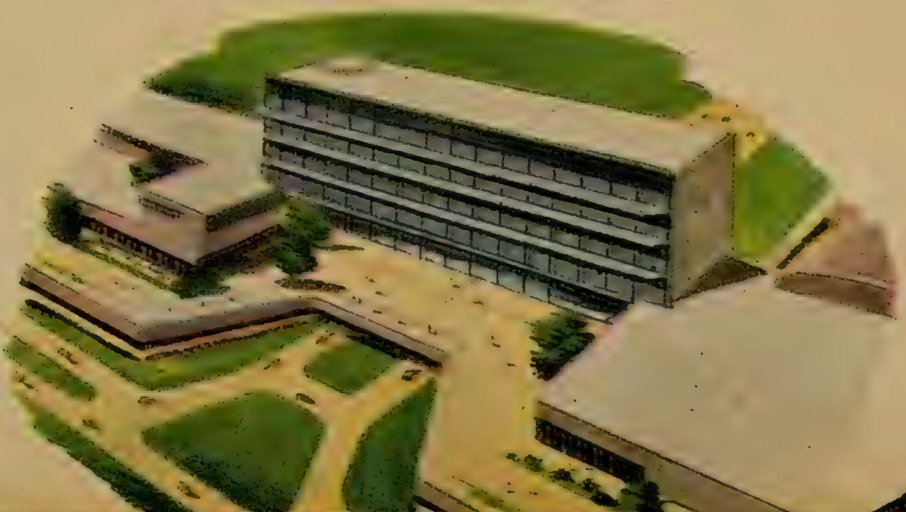
— and bring you better things

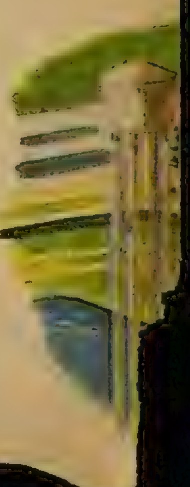


THE BUILDINGS of the Technical Center will face a seven-acre lake. These buildings will be connected by a covered walk and vehicular roadway. Sketched below is the Advanced Engineering Building in which improvements will be quickly made in existing products.

LOCATED ON a major highway leading from Detroit, access to the Center will be through the Administration Building sketched here. A system of modern roadways will provide practical opportunity to study traffic control as well as to make simple road tests of new car developments.

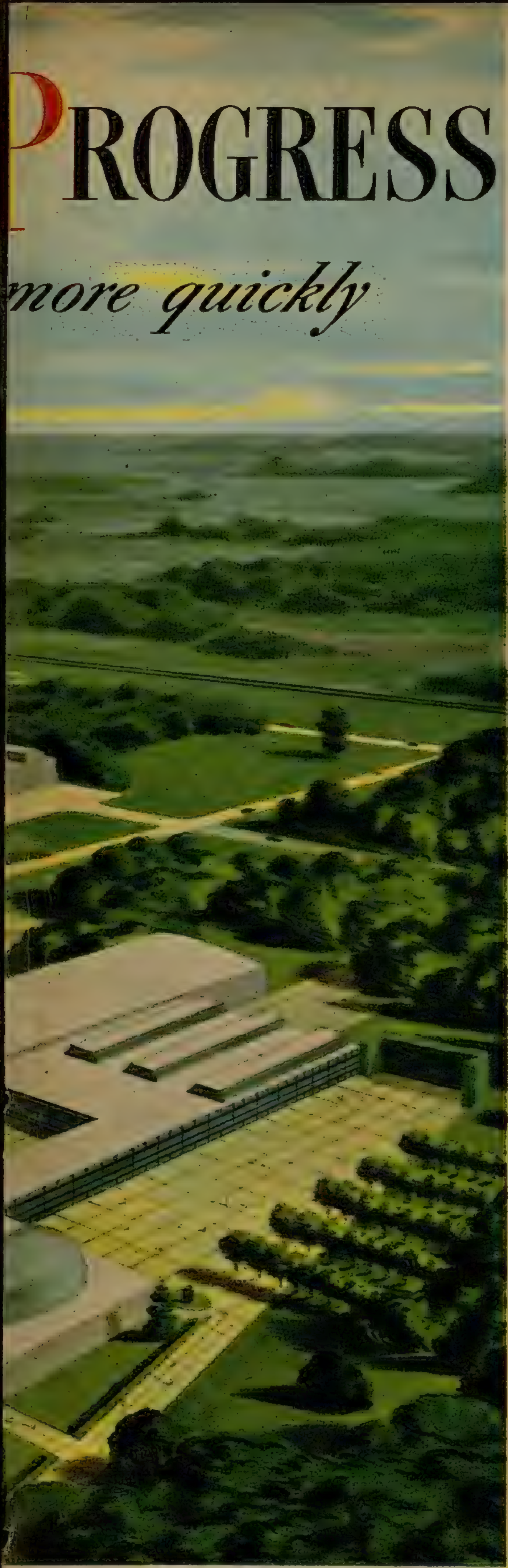






PROGRESS

more quickly



The New
GENERAL MOTORS TECHNICAL CENTER
will be created to stimulate opportunities, promote employment and bring about MORE and BETTER THINGS for MORE PEOPLE

THESE are times when the world cries out for new and finer things. There is a great hunger, broad as all mankind, for happier relationships among men — for greater individual opportunity for accomplishment, for more and better goods within reach of everyone.

It is by satisfying this hunger that we can bring greatest benefit to our national economy in the future. Through such action lies the road to more good jobs, to an ever-rising standard of living through the continual replacement of old things with new and better ones.

The General Motors Technical Center is dedicated to such an objective. It will occupy a 350-acre tract of land outside of Detroit as soon as conditions permit. Its purpose is to develop new things that add to the comfort and security of our living, and to enable existing things to be made more efficiently, hence at lower selling prices, so more people may own and enjoy them — all with expanding job opportunities.

It will shorten the time required to bring the work of creative thinkers out of the idea stage and into usable reality.

Here in groups of buildings designed especially for the purpose, General Motors will gather in advantageous and inspiring new surroundings the most modern facilities for research, advanced engineering, styling and the development of new manufacturing techniques.

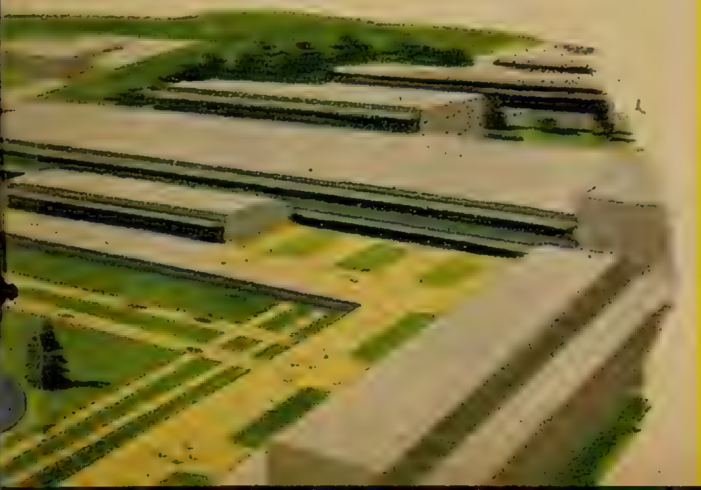
Here physicists and engineers will discover new facts and convert them into new improved products. Stylists will give them new and more attractive form. Process engineers will develop better manufacturing techniques for making them.

Science here will go to work in the interest of economic progress. And history is full of proof that when science is so harnessed, more jobs are created, more comforts and conveniences are brought within reach of more people.

Serving as a source on which the engineering staffs of all of our Divisions may draw, the General Motors Technical Center will stimulate improvement in all General Motors products. Automobiles, refrigerators, Diesel engines, locomotives and other good and useful things may be expected to be improved at even faster pace than in the past.

But the work of the Technical Center will not be confined to existing things. It is dedicated to the idea that progress is the servant of mankind and that whosoever advances it not only helps himself but his fellow men. Its goal will be "more and better things for more people," whether that comes through improvement of the old or development of the new.

A FLOOD OF SUNSHINE will pour into the southern windows of the Research Buildings where experimental work is carried on in such diverse fields as the study of chlorophyl, research into fuels and engine design.



GENERAL MOTORS

MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER
FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH • GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
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MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE — BUY MORE WAR BONDS

THIS IS FOR MY DADDY

Christmas Overseas Mailing September 15th to October 15th

Wherever he is, he'll welcome

Londonderry

Rum & Brandy

ENGLISH TYPE

Fruit Cake

Londonderry
Fruit Cake

PACKED IN ALL METAL CANISTER TO TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD

Rich, spicy holiday fruit cake . . . flavorful reminder of Christmas at home . . . that's Londonderry! Laden with luscious fruits and nuts, tangy with spices and fine Rum and Brandy. S-l-o-w baked (*from an Old English recipe*) and triple packed, Londonderry Rum and Brandy Fruit Cake retains its oven-freshness for months! He'll thank you again and again for this wonderfully flavorful treat.

2 LBS. IN METAL CANISTER
Packed in ready-to-mail Overseas Shipping Container - - $1.95*
ALSO IN 1¾ LB. LOAF in Corrugated Overseas Carton $1.80*
On Sale Coast-to-Coast Wherever Fine Foods Are Sold

Baked in the U. S. A. by LONDONDERRY BAKERS, LTD., 84 Harrison Place, Brooklyn 6, N. Y.
*Established Ceiling Price—New York

(*Continued from page 13*)

enough remains unwrecked so that one can wander through from floor to floor. Where a direct hit was made with a heavy bomb, stone proved to be no protection. But it was concussion and fire that completed the wrecking job.

In one factory we saw how consistent raids by both the British and the U. S. bombers had reduced production to zero by the time the war ended. There was not a building usable for production. And now, of the 1,500 machines in the factory, the Russians have taken 1,400 back to Russia and the plant is left with but 100, of which only thirty or forty are in working order.

But it was the paralysis of transportation and communications that wrecked Berlin. Even if a factory remained in production, the products could not be moved. Here again it was the U. S. Eighth Air Force with its pin-point bombing that disrupted communications at the vital centers.

The recovery of Berlin will be very slow. In the Russian-controlled zone, bucket brigades of women are clearing sidewalks, but the rubble is being merely moved back into the destroyed buildings. It is a slow, tedious, and almost futile way of cleaning up a huge city. Most of the people are dirty, for water supplies are available only in certain areas. Only in the suburbs does one see Berliners who are rather well dressed. Food is now short and the shortage will become worse. No matter how fine the crops may be in western Germany, there is no way to move them into the populated areas.

Berlin's prewar population was 4,400,000. The city might well be compared to Chicago in importance and size. If you can imagine Chicago with every building in the central area destroyed, with most of the dwellings either uninhabitable or badly damaged, with elevated trains running only in the outlying sections, with no buses operating and streetcars running only to points near the Loop (and on only a few lines, at that), with no factories operating and no trains arriving or departing, then you may be able to picture Berlin.

And yet this pre-atomic destruction, aside from the street fighting and artillery fire by the Russians, was wrought by a relatively few men, the crews of Allied bombers, who dropped about 72,000 long tons of bombs on the greater city area in less than two years.

The cities of the Rhine and the Ruhr, and Hamburg received their worst beatings early in the war. The climactic attacks on Berlin came later, after we had attained air supremacy, and did vital damage at an unprecedented low cost. The scene in Berlin is appalling. One cannot see it without becoming a firm advocate of air power. It is about the best example in Germany of what air power did to paralyze a nation at war.

Forced Landing Field in Burma

One of the hazards of flying in the dense jungle in northern Burma was forced landings. Typical of this experience was the take-off from a small air strip of an Army captain flying a small observation plane. Engine trouble developed eight miles from the air strip, and the plane crashed. The captain was seriously injured.

It took a search-and-rescue ground party two days to hack their way eight miles to the wreck. Even then the injured captain couldn't be moved on the ground. Rescue from the air was the only solution. Ten tons of supplies, including TNT, had to be dropped to clear enough ground for a plane to land. The evacuation was successful.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

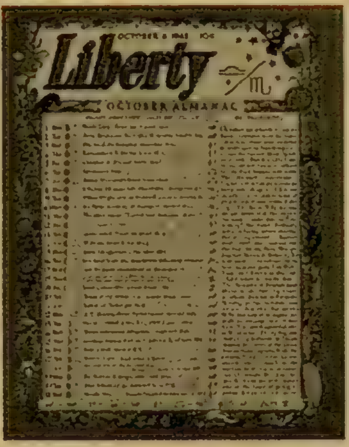
WRIGHT LOOKS BACK

With a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, in 1923 seventeen-year-old Richard Wright turned his back on the South and went to Chicago with the ultimate ambition of becoming a writer. He dug ditches, swept streets, ran errands, portered, washed dishes, sold insurance, clerked in the U. S. post office. Out of work during the depression, he became vitally interested in the labor movement and eventually joined the John Reed Club of Chicago in 1934, because "the Communists seemed to me the only ones who really meant what they said." Now living in New York, he writes of his early life in the South in the autobiographical novel, BLACK BOY, condensed in this week's issue.

STOWE OF THE SEABEES

As a reporter on the Peoria Journal-American, the Illinois State Register, and the Chicago Tribune, Sam Stowe spent the first ten years of his career covering everything from a pigeon show to the Illinois legislature. With the outbreak of war, he forsook the newspaper business to become "information specialist" for a number of war agencies; then enlisted in the Seabees. After nine months he was commissioned—by which time he had lost thirty pounds and gained the conviction that the Seabees are tops. And in PETS OF THE CAN-DO'S he tells about some of the wacky mascots in his chosen branch of the service.

NEXT WEEK



Stanley Frank tells you of the strange case of a man who rides into Congress with a measly 7,000 votes and screams his hatred of millions of Americans, yet remains a powerhouse in U. S. government. Meet THE RANCOROUS MR. RANKIN. . . . Our Navy has done a superb job of fighting a war, but now it's yelling for help. In CHRISTMAS JOYS—AND BURDENS—FOR THE NAVY, Under Secretary Artemus L. Gates explains why you'll have to spread the holiday over the year. . . . Fairfax Downey shows you how enterprising business men are SALVAGING THE SURPLUS in war materials with some curious conversions to peacetime purposes. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, REPRIEVE, by Warwick Deeping, is the unusual story of a man who knows he has just a short time to live—and makes the most of it.

TWENTY THOUSAND EXTRA MEALS

Speaking of eating problems . . . and who doesn't these days . . . did you ever consider this one? . . . Millions of our victorious fighting men, coming home from the battle fronts or moving on to new assignments, must be fed all along the way.

For four years now Fred Harvey's most important job has been the serving of *tens of thousands of extra "military" meals daily*—in addition to more meals than ever before for civilians. And now with history's greatest troop movement packed into a few short months, this job is bigger than ever.

But despite food problems, equipment and help shortages, the 7000 men and women of Fred Harvey are meeting the challenge.

We are proud of the way they are fulfilling their assignment, proud to play a part in the big task that remains, to bring the boys home.

When that job is done, all of us again can devote full time to seeing that you always enjoy the hospitality famous through 70 years of Harvey family management.

A Musical Treat!

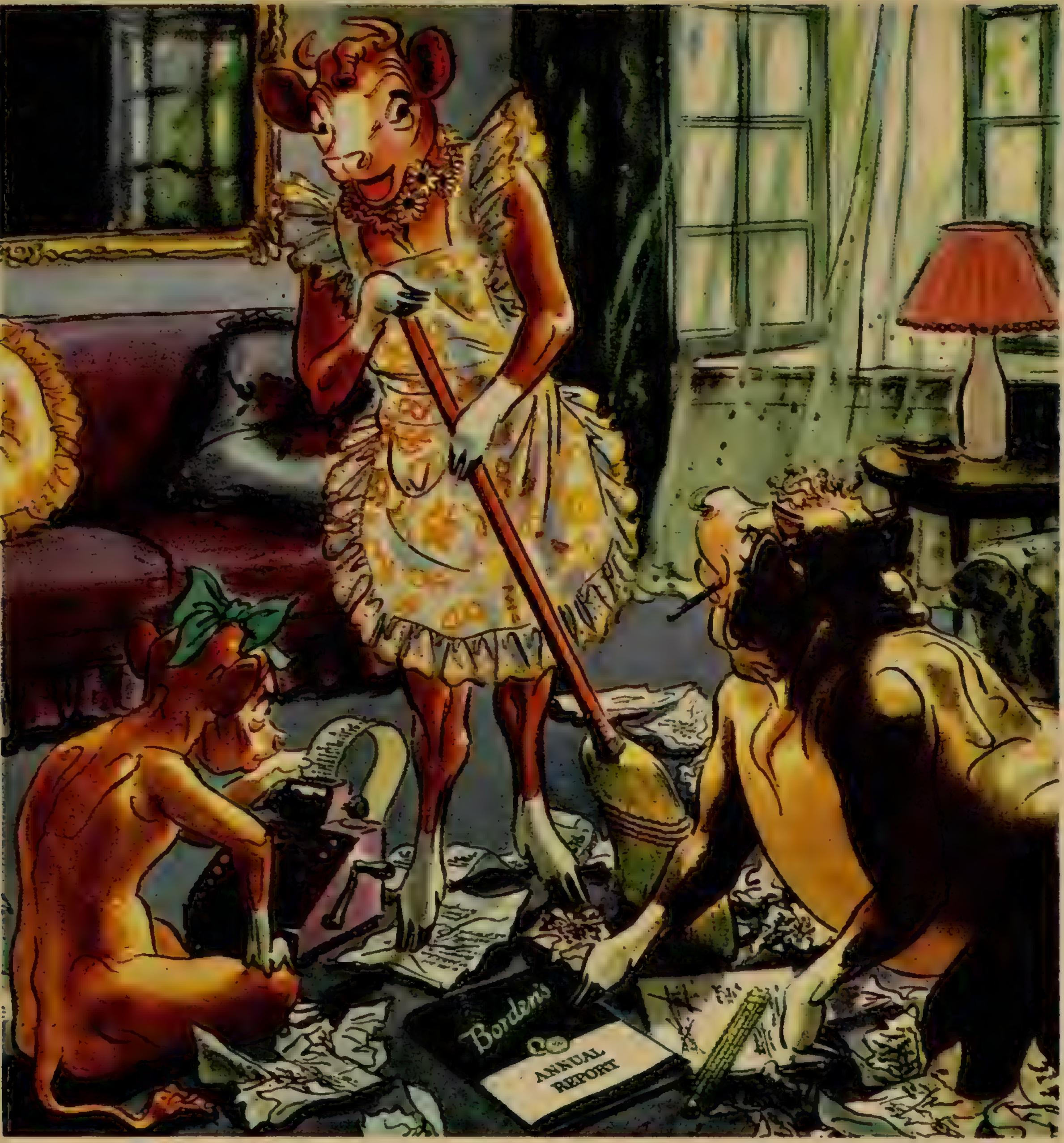
Harvey Girls of the 1890's, we find, have been the inspiration for one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's major productions of the coming season. It's a beautiful new musical, filmed in Technicolor, starring Judy Garland. "THE HARVEY GIRLS" tells the story of Fred Harvey waitresses who found adventure and romance on the western frontier.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Copyright, Fred Harvey, Chicago, 1945



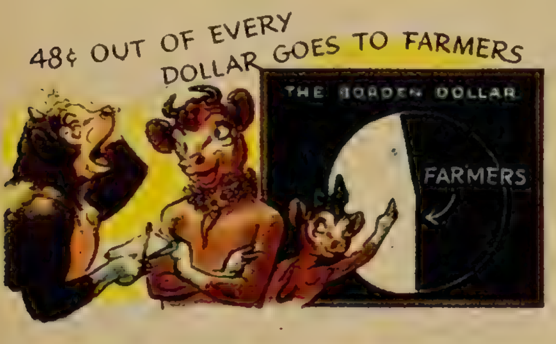
"But, darling, who says I'm playing second fiddle to a fish?" cried Elsie

"Figure it out for yourself, woman!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "You're Elsie, the famous Borden Cow, *aren't you?* It says here that folks bought more things from Borden's in 1944 than ever before, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear," answered Elsie. "So what—"

"So what!" roared Elmer. "Do we—I mean *you* get a little extra something out of it? No! Borden's got $410,000,000 for the goods sold to customers, and they start off by paying thousands of dollars for *fish!* I thought Borden's was a milk company!"

"We're not just a milk company," smiled Elsie. "We supply folks with all kinds of fine *foods.* Necessary things like vitamins, too. That's where *fish* come in! Valuable vitamins are extracted from fish livers."

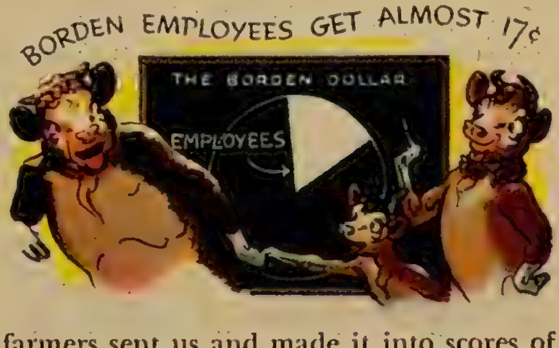

48¢ OUT OF EVERY DOLLAR GOES TO FARMERS
THE BORDEN DOLLAR
FARMERS

"Well, reel me in a vitamin!" mumbled Elmer. "And I always thought that everybody connected with the Borden Company wore milkmen's coats."

"Oh, dear," laughed Elsie, "over a hundred thousand of them wear overalls—or whatever farmers wear! And not just dairy farmers. But farmers who grow soybeans and fruits, or sell us eggs. In 1944 Borden's paid these farmers about $197,000,000."

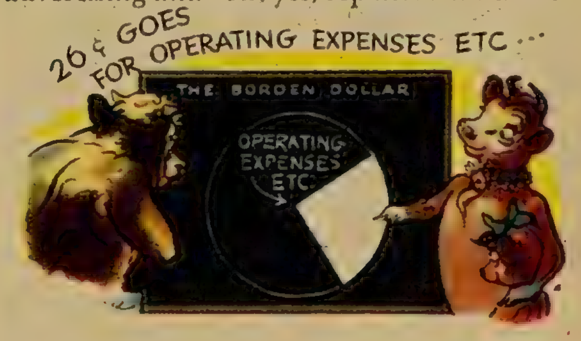
"Hey!" howled Elmer. "Borden's can't do this to us! $197,000,000 is almost half the money they took in last year! It's forty-eight cents out of every dollar!"

"That's right, dear," smiled Elsie, "and almost $68,000,000 went to the 27,000 Borden employees. They took what the farmers sent us and made it into scores of delicious Borden's products. Then there were the employees who brought Borden brands to stores and to people's homes."



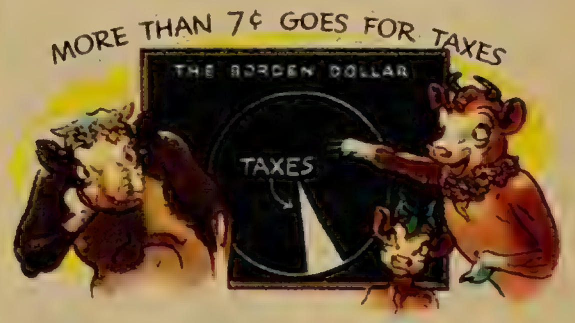
"Sixty-eight millions," laboriously figured Elmer: "that's about seventeen cents out of every dollar. And forty-eight plus seventeen equals sixty-five. And a hundred minus sixty-five leaves thirty-five. *Not bad!* We're going to Borden's and collect."

"Not so fast, dear," warned Elsie, "you've forgotten operating expenses. I mean the money paid out for sugar and other supplies, and bottles and packing materials. Then there's coal and power for the plants, and gas for trucks. And rent, telephones, advertising and—oh, yes, repairs! *And* don't overlook depreciation and reserves—the money that must be put aside to replace worn-out buildings and equipment, or to take care of unusual situations that are caused by the war. All of this took more than $106,000,000; or about twenty-six cents from every dollar."


26¢ GOES FOR OPERATING EXPENSES ETC...
THE BORDEN DOLLAR
OPERATING EXPENSES ETC.

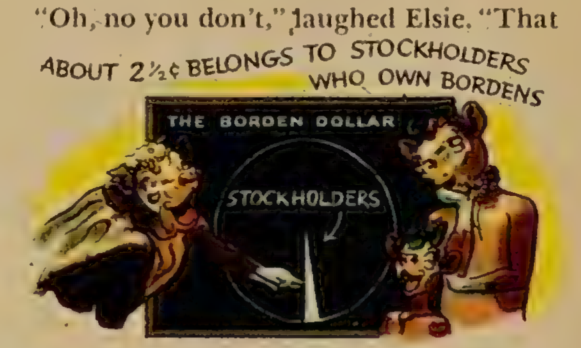
"Whew!" groaned Elmer, "that dollar's getting puny. Less than ten cents left."

"Oh, no there isn't," corrected Elsie. "We haven't deducted the taxes yet. Last year for taxes, Borden's paid more than seven cents from every dollar it received. A total tax bill of over $30,000,000 was paid to the United States and Canadian governments, and to state and local governments wherever the Company operates."


MORE THAN 7¢ GOES FOR TAXES
THE BORDEN DOLLAR
TAXES

"I don't want to think about taxes," snorted Elmer. "I want to think of what we're going to do with the measly 2-4/10 cents that's left. Still, it totals $9,987,994 and that ain't hay! We can use it!"

"Oh, no you don't," laughed Elsie. "That belongs to the stockholders. More than 49,000 people own Borden's, and they're entitled to a fair return on their investment. Last year, their dividends amounted to $7,267,990, or $1.70 on each share of stock owned, while the rest—or 65 cents a share—was reinvested in the company. With so many people depending on Borden's for wonderful products and good jobs, we have to keep the company strong and help it grow. For you know what folks say about us: *if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"*


ABOUT 2½¢ BELONGS TO STOCKHOLDERS WHO OWN BORDENS
THE BORDEN DOLLAR
STOCKHOLDERS

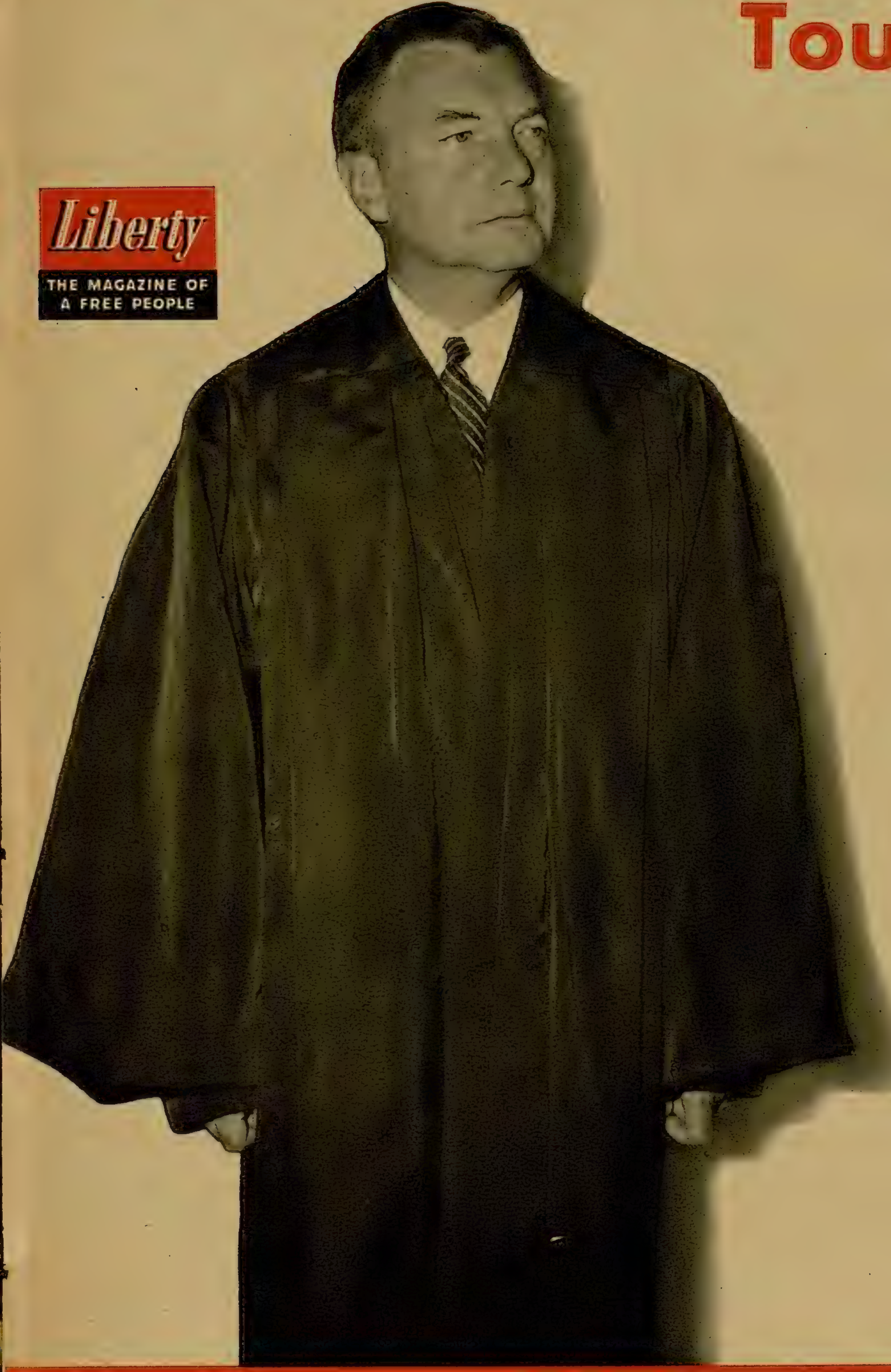
* * *

For copy of annual statement, write Borden's, 350 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

© The Borden Company

Justice Jackson Tries His Toughest Case

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE



Mr. Justice Jackson of the U. S. A. will go down in history as the man responsible for a new tenet of international law: Aggression is a crime. He's applying his new law to Europe's warmongers now

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

NOT once but at least a half dozen times during his crowded decade in Washington, Robert H. Jackson has had a tough assignment dumped into his lap. Each time the kibitzers, of whom Washington has an oversupply, have nodded knowingly and waited for him to stumble.

Yet this warmhearted American has always come through, perhaps because his simplicity and his infectious good nature are as honest as his steel-sharp mind.

Of all the sticky assignments that have fallen to his lot, President Truman gave him his toughest in early May.

The troubled President asked Justice Jackson to come down from the Supreme Court to see him. The whole procedure for trying the Axis criminals was up in the air, President Truman explained. Nobody seemed to know how to take hold of it. The shocking Nazi crimes seemed to make normal procedure impossible or absurd. The Allies were quibbling over methods. Would Justice Jackson take on the job of prosecutor for the United States?

He could have ducked it. As an associate justice of the Supreme Court he has a $20,000-a-year job for life. But ducking the tough ones has never been a Jackson habit.

He agreed to go to Europe and wade into an inevitable tangle of hatreds and jealousies, legalisms and suspicions. A month later he submitted to President Truman a report that pierced the confusion and uncertainty to outline a practical plan of procedure. It was clear and precise, to be sure, but it also reflected the human quality that marks this man's entire career.

If only for its daring concept that aggressive warfare is in itself a criminal act, the Jackson report set a new level for international law. The boldness of this new approach won wide praise from all over the country.

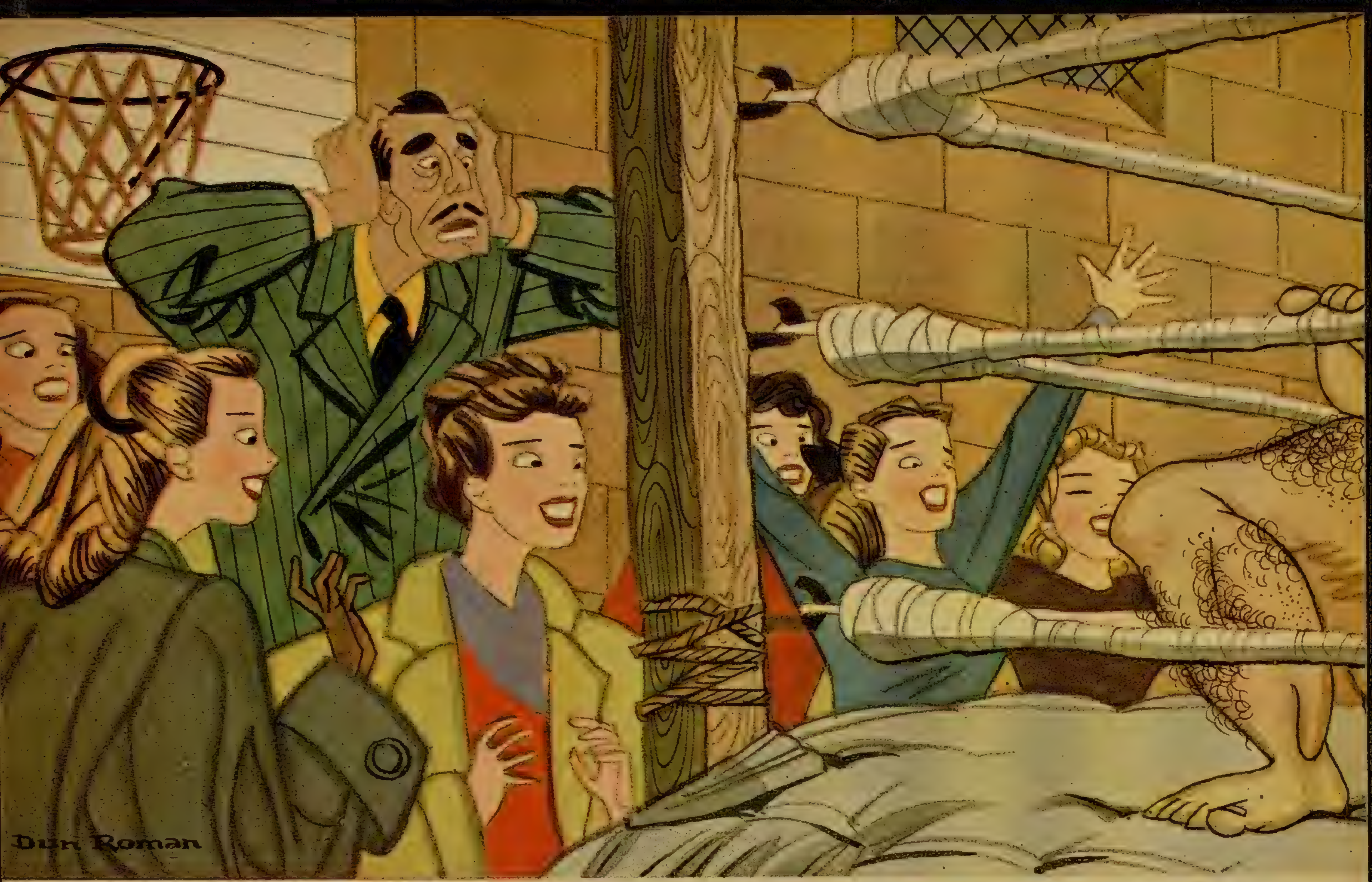
It was, of course, only the blueprint. Moreover, it was a U. S. blueprint and—as Jackson was soon to discover—one of his hardest tasks would be to persuade the other allies to go along. The path was thick with obstacles, but at least a path now existed where none had been before.

Before Jackson came to Washington in 1934, he had built a pleasant life in a typical American community, Jamestown, New York. Beginning as a young lawyer in the town, he had worked his way to prominence. He represented many of the local business firms. Usually he was found championing the rights of small business against monopoly big business. That became a strong conviction with him—the importance of local ownership and control in building a strong community. He became a director of the Bank of Jamestown and of the locally owned telephone company.

The country around Jamestown, especially along its Lake Chautauqua, is as beautiful and as rich as any in America. The Jacksons had a small place on the lake where they spent their summers. With his attractive dark-haired wife, Irene, the young lawyer rode horseback in the summer and skated in the winter. They were excellent figure skaters. Their son, Bill, and daughter, Mary, lived this same outdoor life.

It was a tranquil, satisfying existence which might had gone on indefinitely had not some-

(*Continued on page 83*)



Smiling very spiteful, Daffy stretched over and tickled No-Neck on the middle mole. He shrieked, melted, and rolled over on the canvas.

The Beard

When No-Neck Boyle, wrestler non-extraordinary, met up with Mrs. Daffodil Reney, it was the battle of the century. It not only settled No-Neck's future but his past besides

BY BEN MERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

FOR six months things with me was strictly from hunger. All my fighters was in the Army and all my cash was wrapped up in my daughter Peggy's future. Troubles I had enough to kill me. If it wasn't that I don't like to get hurt, I think sometimes I would have committed suicide.

Then I went into the wrestling racket and signed up No-Neck Boyle.

How I got him without ration points is still a wonder, because he was very much a tub of lard. And wrestle? He couldn't wrestle his suspenders. But that made no difference. The only legitimate wrestling what you see today is in the subway. In the ring you need personality.

One look at No-Neck and the fans was crazy for him. The build on him alone was worth the money. But also he had a beard like a floor mop and the finest grunt that ever you heard outside a sixteen-course banquet.

Right away the Beef Trust gave him steady work. On Mondays he won. On Wednesdays and Fridays he lost. That kind of an arrangement I didn't like. And after the first week I bellyached to my cousin's son, Abner, press agent for the Trust, who got me the connection in the first place.

"Listen," I told him. "Why shouldn't No-Neck win at least twice a week?"

"Because the bum has no following," said Abner.

This Abner is a smart young fellow. In college he studied all kinds of languages. But plain English he understands too.

"O. K.," I said. "Maybe if I kick back a little ten per cent that would fix it?"

He shook his head. "Don't be ridiculous, Hymie. Only burpers being groomed as future champions win twice a week. You know that. It's the rule."

What Abner should have said was that the rules was what he made them. Because he was the Beef Trust brain. He did the thinking and they did the collecting. But what he said went.

"So why can't No-Neck be a future champ?" I asked.

"Because the future is uncertain," Abner said, very cold like.

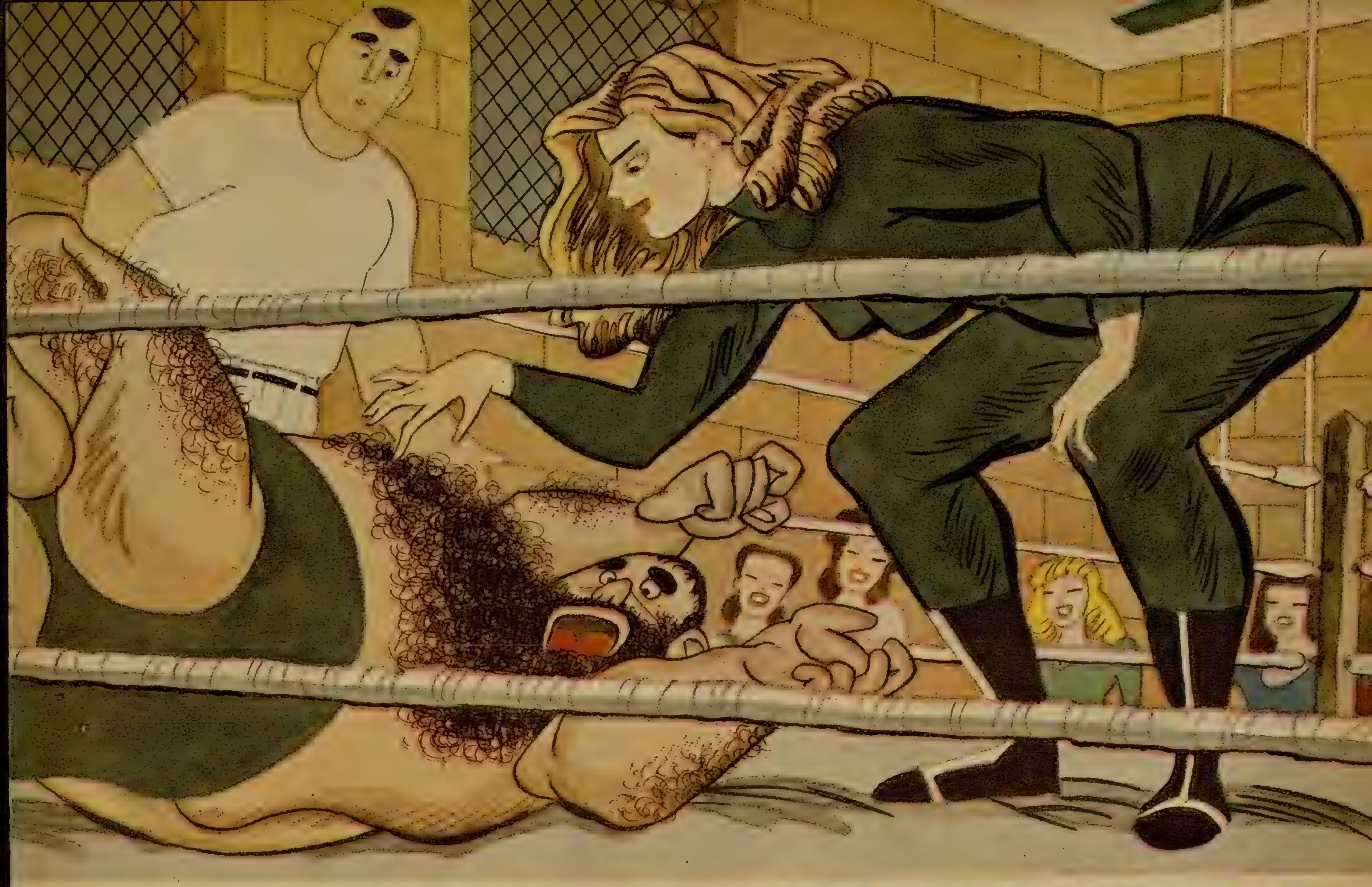
This was strictly double talk. But I knew what he meant. Abner was evening things up with me for my daughter Peggy. They'd been nuts about each other for years. And it was just to please him that she went to this fancy Westchester College to study to be a public relationist like he is. But a month ago he asked her to quit and marry him. She wanted to wait until the war was over. When she said "No," there was a terrific bust-up."

"Abner," I told him, "I could do for you maybe what you could do for No-Neck."

"For instance?" he said, very interested.

"If you will give No-Neck a build-up with the Trust, I could give you a build-up with Peggy."

"What makes you think you have any influence with her?"



Daffy jumped up. Bending down, she tickled him again, skipping frommole to mole. No-Neck howled. And the audience howled with him.

# of the Profit

"Personally, Abner," I told him, "I got none. But personally, too, my checkbook has. It pays for the college."

That got him. "Just a minute," he said, "while I talk to the Trust." He ran into the next office, took a drink of water, and ran back. "It was very difficult," he said, "but I persuaded them. From now on, No-Neck wins on Wednesdays too."

The new arrangement made me very happy. First, it meant more dough. And, second, Abner really began beating the drum. An imagination he had like a real-estate salesman, and the hooey he got into the newspapers was wonderful—stuff how No-Neck used two rattlesnakes instead of suspenders to keep up his pants; that for breakfast he ate coconuts which he cracked on his dome.

The build-up caught on so good it practically ran away with Abner. The fans wouldn't believe it when No-Neck lost on Friday nights, and they would holler, "Fake!"

"You hear that?" I told Abner. "Class will tell. How about promoting No-Neck for a go with the champ?"

"Impossible," said Abner. "Some one else has already made a down payment on the title."

"So send back the receipt."

"Likewise impossible. The Trust has a code of ethics with managers."

Quick as a shot I gave him the Peggy business again. "With managers, O. K.," I said. "But with future father-in-laws?"

For a second he said nothing. Just looked at me with a look that would sour milk. Then he became sweetness. "On second thought," he said, "your suggestion appears quite logical. I believe I can convince the Trust to that effect."

"Abner," I said, "you are a gentleman."

So with Abner in the bag now, everything was fixed for the future, except maybe No-Neck Boyle's brain. Nothing could he keep his mind on except his beard. Two years already he had been fertilizing it. It was now down to his belly dimple, and thick like a tarbrush, so that his face you couldn't see, except a piece of nose and eyeholes. But still he wasn't satisfied. Six times a day he would run to a mirror or measure it with a ruler. And once when a piece got ripped off, I thought he would bust out crying.

"Don't take it so serious," I told him, "maybe we can find the piece and have it knitted back."

But he just went into a fog. What was worse, he was wrestling that night Ivan Skavisky, the Crazy Kalmuk. And even though he was supposed to win, No-Neck couldn't remember. Skavisky had a terrible time. The poor lug got so disgusted he had to knock himself out.

It was plain the beard was driving No-Neck nuts. But talking to him was no use. Every time I asked him, he would give me a dopey look. After the Skavisky business, though, I got mad and dragged him off to a fancy bug doctor who went by the name psychiatrist. But one look at the bug doctor and I knew I was throwing my money away. He had a chin mattress of his own.

"A simple case of escapism," he said, after a fifteen-minute quiz with No-Neck.

"So what's that?" I said.

"A form of neurosis."

"Could be," I said, "but also it is a beard; maybe ingrown hair in the brain?"

The bug doctor gave No-Neck's beaver a once-over. "It is a symbol of flight."

"You mean he's hiding from something?" I said.

"Exactly."

"So what's the cure, a razor?"

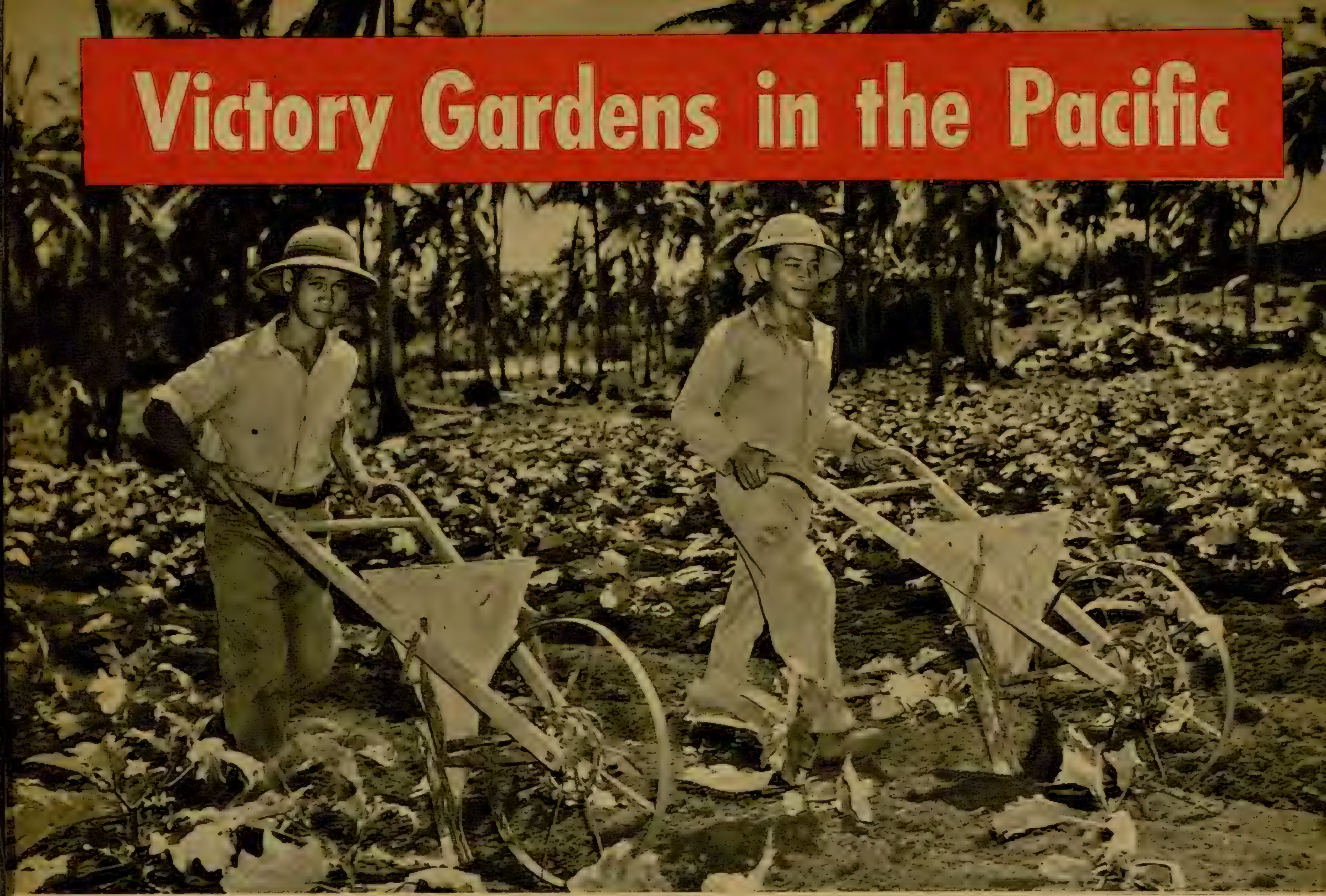
The bug doctor looked very sad. "From escapism there is no escape."

"You said it," I said, handing him fifty bucks.

All this happened just after I asked Abner to give No-Neck the build-up, and I was plenty worried. The bum was so mopey about this missing piece of beard, he didn't want to show his face. I had to hire three stiffs to wrestle him out of his

(*Continued on page 74*)

Victory Gardens in the Pacific



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Native workers on one of the Navy-FEA farms on Guam fertilize young eggplants destined for front-line hospitals and battle-weary troops.

Something fresh and green to eat ranks next to a letter from home with the boys in the Pacific. So the Navy started farming in a big way — an activity that produces rafts of fun, food — and troubles

BY VICTOR BOESEN

DEEP in Guam's fast-vanishing jungles, where coconuts cover the ground like windfalls in an orchard, a crew of U. S. marines with a string of trucks waded into a young mountain of food that looked very strange on Guam. It was corn on the cob. Supervised by a perspiring sergeant who pitched in like the rest, the truckers lugged away about 20,000 ears. A certain Marine outfit was having corn for chow that night.

This food, ministering in their case to soul as well as body, was grown on the island, in fields bulldozed out of the surrounding coconut forest. Twenty thousand ears of corn is a lot of eating and a lot of growing, but it's hardly a nibble compared with the garden crops that should be flowing by now from the Western Pacific islands to the forces farther northward.

Even while American occupation was still in progress, planting was started on the Marianas islands of Guam, Tinian, and Saipan. Now it's being expanded—on Guam, as fast as bulldozers can root out and push back the jungle; on Tinian and Saipan, as fast as the Japanese-established sugar cane can be destroyed. The outlook is for 5,000 acres of truck farms on these three islands. In addition, men, seeds, and tools have been allotted to take over another 10,000 acres in an unnamed forward area, probably Okinawa.

The emphasis is on vegetables served raw, except for root crops, of which only radishes do well in the warm shallow soil. The main crops are corn, cucumbers tomatoes, watermelons, cantaloups, radishes, green onions, Chinese cabbage, okra, eggplant, and peppers, in that order.

The G. I. Joe who has been living on canned and dehydrated foods and field rations rates these treasures high on his list of tantalizing memories of home.

The whole vast enterprise is directed from Honolulu for the Foreign Economic Administration by Howry H. Warner, head of the agricultural extension service of the University of Hawaii. A mainland farmer on each island serves as field superintendent. The Navy allocates the land from the ample real-estate holdings it got from the Japs by foreclosure, and makes manpower available. The FEA, contributing the know-how and key personnel, picks those Navy men who were farmers in civil life, preferably with truck-farming experience, to run the machines. The hand labor is supplied by Chamorros on Guam and Japanese civilians on Tinian and Saipan.

The first Marianas harvest, forty-five pounds of cucumbers, was gathered last December 7, only six months after the Americans returned. By this June, less than a year after the reconquest, 2,000 acres had been won from the woods and the three islands had yielded about 2,000,000 pounds of fresh produce. Production-minded Americans hoped ultimately to be gathering this much each month.

Tinian air-freighted 42,000 ears of corn to Iwo Jima the week that floor of hell was secured, enough for the entire island population, and kept 10,000 ears coming each week for several weeks thereafter. After a short hiatus due to dry weather, these shipments were resumed.

Tinian was also producing enough so that the island's hospitals, counting in the quick-frozen stuff from home, were all getting something green every day, and the healthy men's messes were being served with increasing frequency. Director of the Tinian farms is Robert E. Burton, California agriculture teacher and farmer, who relaxes in his open-sided one-room bamboo house at midday with a copy of Homer's Iliad.

Guam, at the same time, was harvesting 63,000 pounds a week, with the prospect of 100,000 pounds weekly in a short time. B. E. Lundholm of Salinas, California, in charge of the plantings, expected soon to serve every American on the island corn and eggplant twice a week. If the number of Americans there could be revealed, this feat could be appreciated for the accomplishment it is.

Guam also had a herd of seventy-five head of cattle, mostly Holsteins, brought in last May by two Victory ships whose cargo included also 900 hogs and a large flock of poultry. This phase of the project, incidentally, nearly came to grief two days out of San Francisco when a sixty-mile gale and giant seas hammered the vessels. One cow died, and quantities of chickens and turkeys were washed overboard. Also aboard were a few head of Brahman cattle for the Military Government, brought in to improve the native stock.

The herd is tended by Navy men with dairy-farm experience, working under Paul A. Gantt, Hawaiian dairyman and member of the University of Hawaii's agricultural extension service. The herd is housed in a Quonset barn set on a hill and equipped with the latest in Stateside fixtures. Pasteurization equipment followed the cattle by a few weeks, and the hospital patients on the island are now getting fresh milk.

With the present achievements and the rate of progress in the Marianas farm project, it appeared that production might even approximate the Munchausen claims made in news dispatches. The men in charge complain that in these accounts, pounds have had a way of becoming tons, and at times the project's own publicists have multiplied when they should have added.

THIS sort of thing, coming back to the fighting man in the news matter he gets from home, causes him to rear up in his vitamin hunger and inquire suspiciously, "Who's getting all this stuff?"

Those who have been getting it, first of all, are the men in the hospitals. Rarely, until recently, did any remain for the healthy messes.

Distributing what remained after the hospitals were served was a job for a wise and brave man, such as Supply Sergeant John E. Ostler of Frankfort, Indiana, distributing agent for the farms on Guam. Sergeant Ostler has a friendly and hospitable disposition, misleading to sundry quartermasters and mess sergeants among his customers. Using the "you're a good fellow" approach, they try to wangle a little something in excess of quota, or hit him up out of turn, only to be met with a cold and implacable eye.

High officers send their aides, and, if they are out of turn, get the same treatment. If he is turned down, the aide always asks, "But what shall I tell the colonel?" That's not Ostler's problem.

His job is to see that everyone gets the fairest break possible. The various messes are listed as to size, and the stuff available is passed out in rotation and according to which mess best fits the quantity on hand.

It is no good to give 1,000 ears of corn to a mess of 10,000 men. Nor will it do to suit the quantity to the customer if the customer has already had his turn. One effective peace device is to make the records of distribution an open book, so that anyone with a gripe can see for himself who got what, and when.

The practice of turning portions of the battlefields into vegetable gardens, often while the bullets were still flying, originated in the southern seas in the early days of the Pacific war, and has been kept up as consistently as the flow of supplies from home. Some plantings have been abandoned as the fighting moved on, others were retained for the forces which stayed behind to hold the winnings.

The first crops were planted in Efate and Espiritu Santo, in the New Hebrides group, on 300 acres tended by G. I.'s and natives. This project is still going. There were 1,500 acres in New Caledonia, worked by French farmers under contract to FEA, which supplied the seed, machinery, and fertilizer. Small operations in Fiji and Samoa closed as the shooting moved north, and a minor one in Bougainville was turned over to Australia. But 2,000 acres on Guadalcanal, which produced 900 tons a month at the peak, are still being worked.

Besides the communal projects, there were so-called unit gardens, planted and tended by the fighting men themselves. These continue, with FEA supplying the seed and tools as requested. There were nearly 100 such gardens on Guadalcanal.

The craving for green foodstuffs sometimes drives men to extremes of behavior to satisfy it. In planting their own gardens, they have been known to pick spots they had been warned were hopeless. A Negro unit once insisted upon working an area in a coconut grove, where the roots formed virtually a solid mat under the surface. They cheerfully accepted this obstacle and labored prodigiously to make it produce. A man was once seen to trade a bottle of high-grade whisky for three cucumbers. Thefts from FEA gardens, unmindful of possible court-martialing, occur in a volume that constitutes a major problem.

IN ONE instance four acres of corn being raised for seed disappeared overnight—vanished as cleanly as if the field had been stripped by a plague of locusts. This was no impulsive operation, but had been well planned. Less misinformation about the volume of produce being grown might have avoided this sort of thing.

G. I. Joe's fraternization with watermelons led one official to remark with a twinkle that, while watermelons thrived in the islands, "We can't capture them." He estimated that 40 per cent disappeared to the moonlight harvest, usually long before the melons were ripe. Declaring the melon patches out of bounds, explaining that they are for the hospitals, and making appeals by radio have availed little.

There was one patch on Tinian which seemed likely to live out its proper life. This one was being raised by and for the marines, under their own noses, and guards with automatic rifles patrolled it day and night.

But because of the pilfering, watermelons are being abandoned as a crop. Burton, a fatherly, soft-spoken man, has given them up not so much because the effort is futile as because their theft draws the same penalty as stealing any other military property. This, he feels, is too high a price for a man to pay for a misdeed which at home is looked upon as a folk custom.

Bringing the Stateside features of field and dairy to these islands in the shadow of Asia has not been easy. Nature was at once generous and niggardly, friendly and hostile.

The Marianas fields grow corn so fast, the saying goes, that the planters have to jump back to keep the tassels out of their eyes. The corn, a strain developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in the Caribbean islands before the war and known as USDA-34, is ready to harvest sixty-five days after planting. This allows four crops a year, three pickings to the crop.

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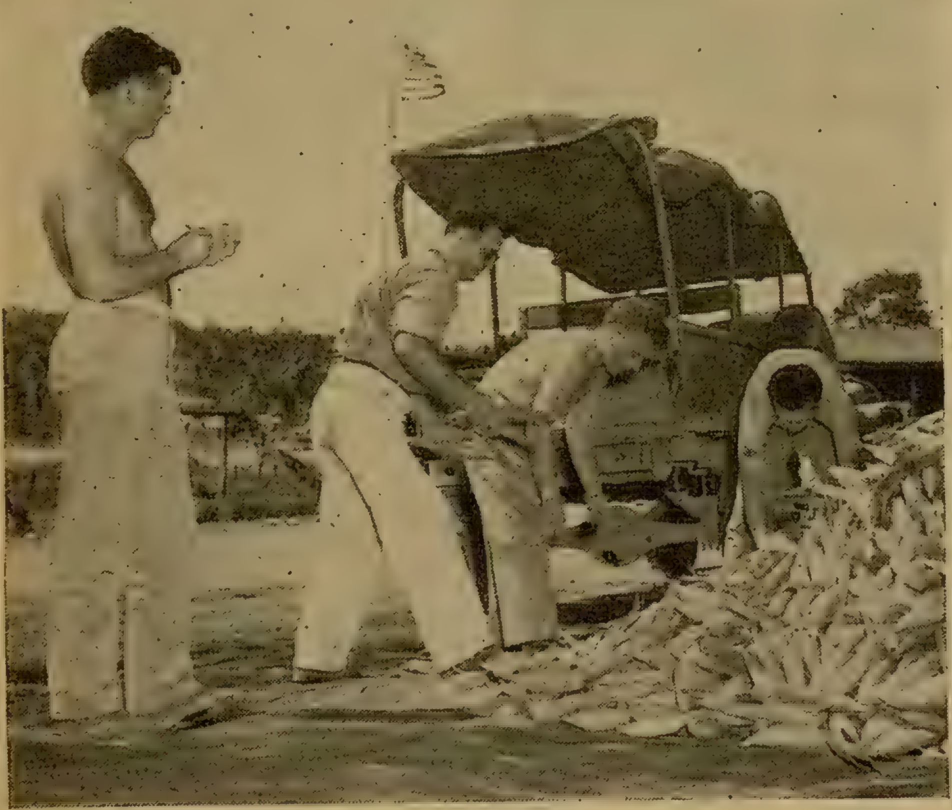

Sweet corn is one of the leading crops grown on farms that now stretch over part of yesterday's battlefields.

Here comes fresh milk for wounded service men, as seventy-five purebred cattle arrive at the Navy—FEA farm on Guam.

Death Before Death

The mere mention of the word leprosy is enough to throw terror into the minds of most people. But few of us know what leprosy is all about. Here's an up-to-date report on this age-old disease

BY VICTOR RACE

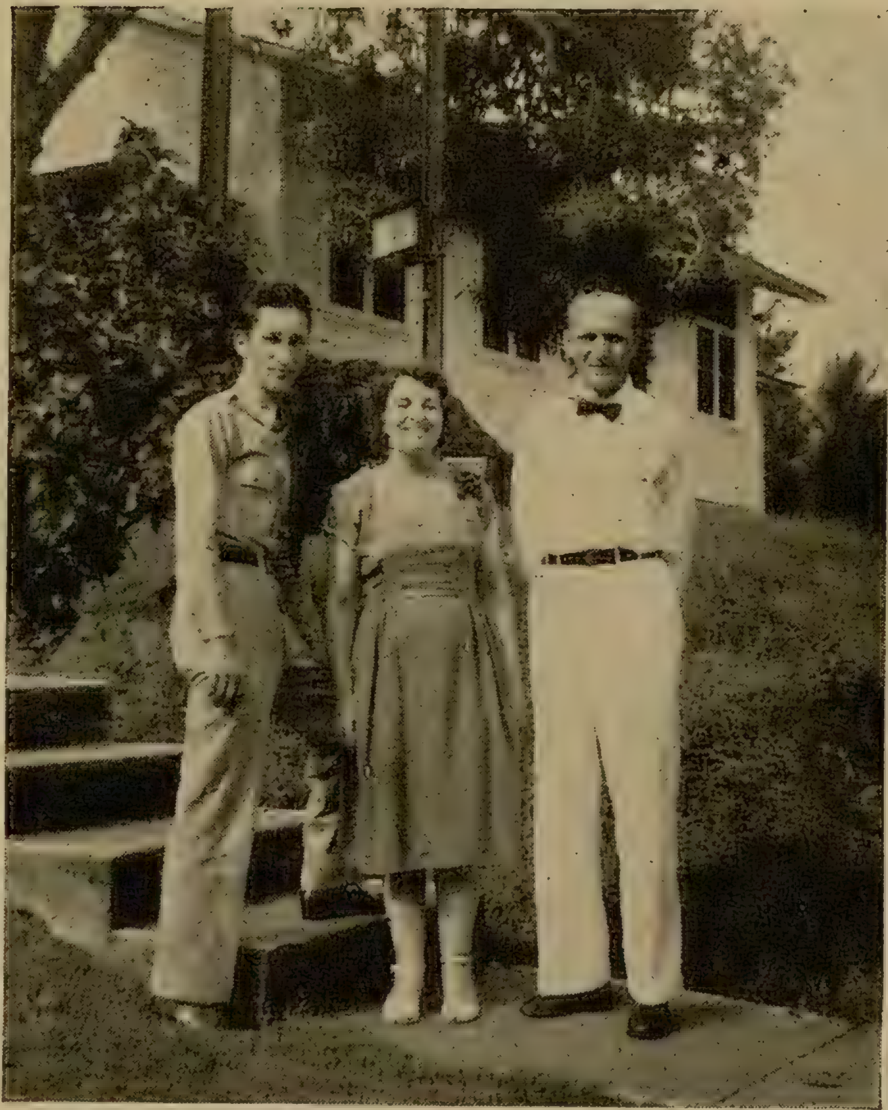
THANKS largely to ignorance, fear, and prejudice, leprosy has been a dreaded scourge for ages. But Americans, vaguely aware of its existence, have looked on the disease—erroneously—as something that couldn't happen here.

Now, however, U. S. servicemen are quartered all over the globe. Some of them, inevitably, are being thrown into contact with lepers. How much of a risk do these Americans run? Will they "catch" it? And what is mankind doing to prevent its spread or assuage the misery of those millions already infected?

Keenly interested in leprosy for years, I got my chance to answer these questions when I was made transportation officer aboard a troop transport and often visited tropical leprosariums.

Actually, leprosy is anything but rare, for 4,000,000 of the world's inhabitants—one out of every 500 people—are lepers. At one time nearly one third of England's population was afflicted. Yet our knowledge of the disease today is only slightly more advanced than that of Old Testament days. Medical science still does not know for sure how the leprosy bacillus is transmitted.

Equally serious is the blind prejudice about leprosy and its victims. Actually, we're not far ahead of the Middle Age Europeans who called the disease "death before death" and held public funeral services for living lepers, sprinkling dirt from a fresh-dug grave over their heads and pronouncing them legally dead.



Mr. Race with Palo Seco's Dr. Ezra Hurwitz and his wife near the entrance to the leper colony's church.

Today in this country you have such fantastic tales, told and believed, as that of the man who contracted leprosy from the Chinese who laundered his shirts, or from a letter handled en route by a leper. Once a supposedly sophisticated New York editor gingerly handled one of my manuscripts on leprosy by the very corners, for fear of contagion!

Leprosy, thriving best in warm and sultry climates, was originally tropical. But human filth and congestion have carried it even to the Arctic, and to our own hemisphere. There are lepers in every Central and South American country, Chile possibly excepted, and in the islands of the Caribbean. There are almost 10,000 known cases in Colombia.

But it comes even nearer to home. Active new cases are found regularly in the United States, where it appears to be localized in Florida, Texas, and—most frequently—Louisiana. New York City reports four or five cases annually. Investigation has proved that every one of the 100 or more U. S. cases reported was imported; none was traced to infection acquired locally.

In large foreign cities like Shanghai, Singapore, Calcutta, Bangkok, or Panama, lepers mingle with the populace every day. Tourists by the thousand have been jostled by them—without becoming infected. Why? And why shouldn't we be alarmed if a leper did appear among us?

The answer is, principally because leprosy is acquired, not inherited; and because current medical opinion holds that, to become infected, a person virtually must have had prolonged and intimate physical contact with a leper in early life and under substandard conditions of sanitation. Apparently the bacillus enters the human body by direct contact with the mucous membranes or a skin abrasion. Once infected, two years or as many as thirty may elapse before clinical manifestations occur.

Highly unorthodox theories flourish in the Far East, where probably 2,000,000 are afflicted. In China, for example, it is believed that an infected female may rid herself of her affliction through sexual intercourse, and many leprous women deliberately roam the streets for this purpose. Very rarely, however, is the disease transmitted through a single sexual contact. Probably not more than 5 per cent of all known cases can be traced to normal conjugal relations.

Primarily, one should picture leprosy as a mutilating and insidiously progressive skin disease of two major types, quite different in character, which often combine to produce a third condition, a so-called "mixed type."

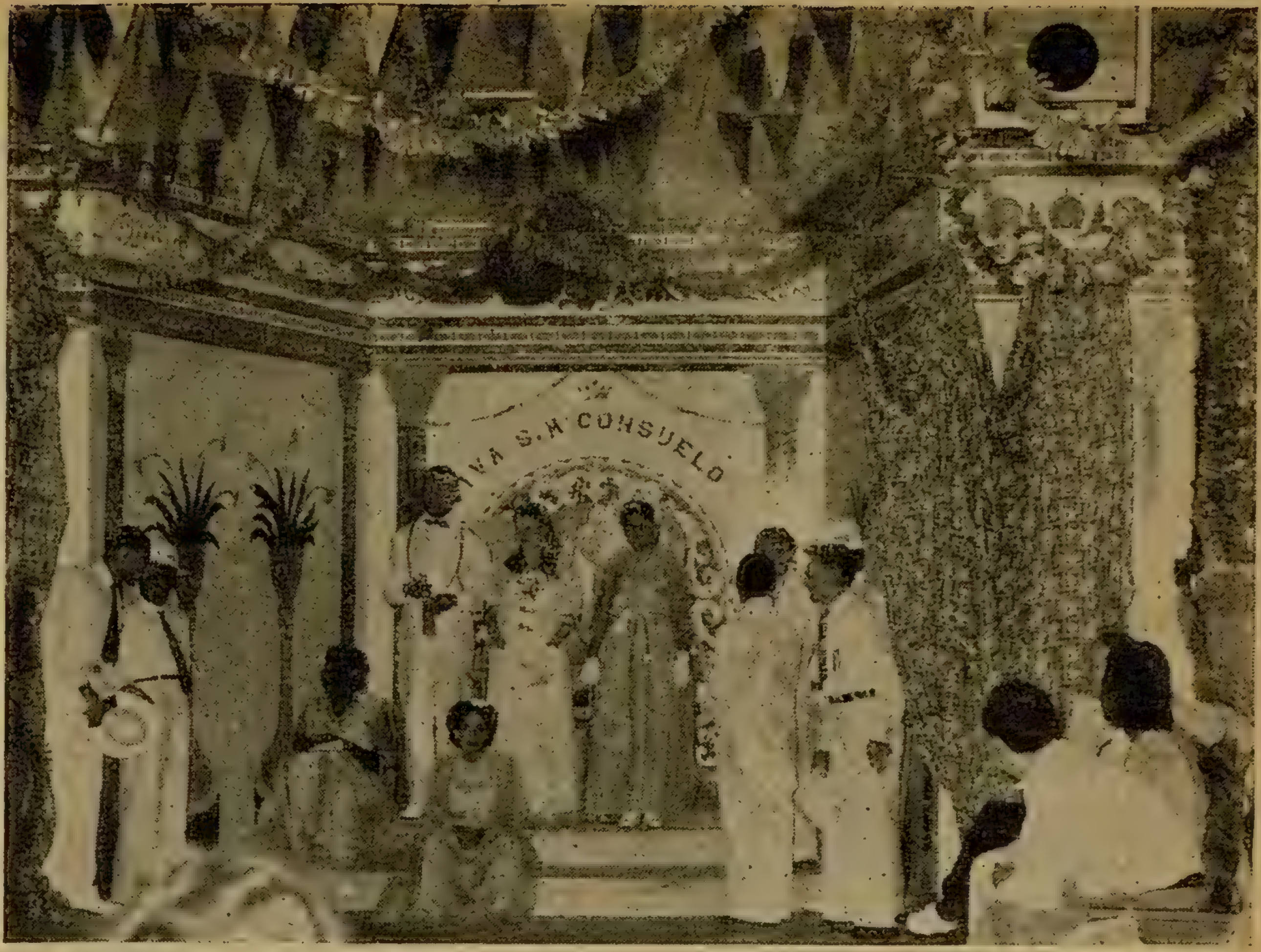
The *nodular* type of leprosy is commonly called the "skin type" because symptoms affect mainly the surface of the skin. The first manifestation is often an innocent-looking pinkish spot usually on the face or a forearm, sometimes on a thigh or a buttock. After a period of years the spots develop into numb patches, with total loss of feeling and inability to perspire. Existence of leprosy is often detected by these two characteristics.

The celebrated martyr Father Damien first knew of his infection when he spilled hot water on his arm and felt no pain.

In his last days, almost fifteen years later, he had assumed what the doctors call a leonine countenance—the face of a lion—a crude trick of nature manifested in heavy raised nodules on the face, enlarged cheeks, elongated flabby ears, drooping lips, and thickened skin.

As an interesting side light, witnesses who prepared Father Damien's body for burial reported an ironic phenomenon: when he was laid to rest, his face showed no trace of the disease, appearing as smooth and clean as the day he arrived at Molokai.

The *anesthetic* or "nerve" type of leprosy is marked chiefly by irritation of the nerve fibers in the extremities. There are neuralgic pains, sensory disturbances, and then loss of feeling, usually in the fingers and toes. Often a person first becomes aware of his likely infection when he burns or cuts the tips of his fingers or toes and feels no pain.



Palo Seco crowns its annual carnival's queen. All of those around her are lepers.

As a corollary, small spots appear, sunburned in color. But unlike the skin type of leprosy, they usually occur on the covered portions of the body, such as the trunk, thighs, and arms. Their only similarity to those of the nodular type is that they do not sweat. Their surface is not raised, they are oval rather than round, and the skin does not scale. In the early stages of the disease, these spots are often mistaken for ringworm lesions, which they resemble.

As the disease develops, the nerves of the face, elbows, and knees are particularly attacked; often the fourth and fifth fingers become contracted; and the nerve trunks begin to enlarge, especially at the elbow. Tender at first, these nerve enlargements later become painless. Open ulcers attack the fingers and toes, and then an apparent disintegration of the bone causes a gradual shortening of these digits from the tips inward.

THE disease was thought to be the curse of the devil himself until 1871, when the brilliant Norwegian bacteriologist, Dr. Armauer Hansen, discovered and isolated the bacillus responsible. It closely resembles the tuberculosis bacillus; indeed, their single organisms are virtually indistinguishable. This is what confounds leprologists, for despite the great similarity of the causative agents, people generally sympathize with the victim of tuberculosis and are comparatively little concerned about contagion, yet the leper is the object of universal discrimination and fear. For example, tuberculous patients may ride in public conveyances in the United States, yet the law bars the leprous patient. The startling truth is that tuberculosis is far more contagious!

Obviously the germ is stubborn. It is one of the few known germs never found living outside the human body, and all efforts to grow it in artificial media have failed. In the almost fifty laboratory-recorded cases, heroic scientists and volunteers have deliberately attempted to infect themselves, but not one succeeded. Similarly, every experiment to infect animals has failed, even when injections were made into the eyes, the most sensitive of all organs.

With this background, let's visit an actual leper colony—Palo Seco, the U. S. government colony in the Canal Zone.

Palo Seco seems to be operated on a more "human" basis than other colonies. Its tropical setting is beautiful. But more impressive are the inspiring work and devotion of Dr. Ezra Hurwitz, resident doctor and superintendent of Palo Seco, and his charming wife.

When the United States decided to build the Panama Canal, the government realized that it would encounter some cases of leprosy, and entered into an agreement with the Republic of Panama: the United States would establish a colony, to care for its own charges and those from the Republic of Panama, with the cost of operation borne jointly.

A beautiful site was selected facing the Bay of Panama. Although not an island, as many other colonies are, it is sufficiently remote. Before the war it was accessible only by launch, but now it can be reached by road.

Palo Seco covers about 500 rolling, heavily wooded acres sloping to the ocean, affording a truly magnificent view of the bay, the South American side of the canal, and the passing parade of ships. The grounds are profusely planted. On the side of the hill, each with a full view of the Pacific and surrounded by stately palms, are the buildings for the patients, the hospital, laboratory, church, and the residence of the doctor. Above them all is an open-air shrine erected to Our Lady of Lourdes.

IN contrast to other leprosariums I had visited, there was not the slightest indication of enforced segregation at Palo Seco—no high, forbidding walls and patrolling guards, not even a fence around the colony property.

I had expected to meet a doctor advanced in years and dry as dust, with an equally aged wife—people devoid of youth and its zest for life, for what other kind would isolate themselves from the world in such a fashion? But it was a smiling young woman who came down the cottage steps to greet me, introduced herself as Mrs. Hurwitz, and led me to the doctor's headquarters.

Dr. Ezra Hurwitz, the first resident doctor in the history of Palo Seco, is a youthful-looking Chicagoan who has lived and worked with his patients for sixteen years. Mrs. Hurwitz, daughter of a prominent Panamanian family, whom the doctor married after he became superintendent of Palo Seco, has been there since the day after their honeymoon.

The colony, a model of efficiency and cleanliness, houses 119 patients, mostly from Central America and the West Indies, in eight modern two-story buildings. As we walked along palm-shaded paths, we were greeted everywhere with a smiling, pleasant *"Buenos dias"* by the patients sitting about. These were the early, non-confined cases, few of whom were recognizable to a layman as leprous; a few, however, bore the unmistakable signs of their affliction.

We paused before a group of a half dozen patients, young men in their late twenties, sitting on a bench under a huge breadfruit tree. They were some of the colony's base-

(Continued on page 87)

In Palo Seco's one-pupil school room Sister Concepcion, from the Canal Zone, gives a geography lesson to twelve-year-old Ruth, the colony's youngest patient.

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

The Love Expert

Dan made a specialty of analyzing women. When his own wife left him he knew the reason all right, but he had little or no understanding of what brought her back

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

IT was one of those nights at Randy's Restaurant when practically everybody showed up; being Monday, a lot of the other spots were closed, and around eleven o'clock the boys began flocking in. Big Dan knew that any minute now somebody'd start a jam session, and the place would be really rocking—but he couldn't stay for it. The kids were alone—and it was a long trip to New Jersey in that old Ford of his. Somehow he'd have to make an excuse.

There were about ten guys at Big Dan's table now, and an eleventh was trying to squeeze his chair in—he'd heard, no doubt, that Big Dan was in form tonight.

Big Dan talked about only two things—love and music; the boys were used to talking about only one thing—music. So, in a way, Big Dan was a change of tempo. He was a musician too, but only a "sitter-inner," which is to say when somebody got sick he could date a job and fill in on the drums. Drums were his specialty, though he had been known to bang out very good boogie-woogie piano.

But Big Dan didn't work much somehow—there were some who said it was because he was, well—lazy; or else just too easygoing. But he could talk music—and intelligently—and that's what he liked to do even better than working at it. He'd been one of the original Jazzland Five back in the days when jazz was born, and when he recalled "Bix" and some of the other early greats, the boys really listened with awe.

But lately Big Dan had been reading up on "glands." Big Dan was a tall, lean, hungry-looking Irishman. His coat never matched his pants, and his pants were very old, old pants. But despite his appearance, whenever he spoke he was convincing; the boys had great love and respect for him. He was utterly serious about everything, and never once had he "touched" anybody for so much as a dime, though the boys could possibly guess how he managed to keep body and soul together.

Big Dan's research on "glands" was very enlightening. He could tell, he said, just by looking at a woman what type she was. He could tell from her face what kind of glands she had, and from her glands what she was apt to do—how loyal or disloyal she might be; whether she would make a good wife; how much true affection she had in her heart, whether she was highly emotional or icy cold.

The types varied *ad infinitum,* and each type was a separate and complete case history. The boys would nod out the plate-glass window of Randy's at a young lady going by on the street, and with no more than a glimpse at her Big Dan would rattle off a convincing thumbnail description of what she was like.

It got to be a nightly game at Randy's every time Big Dan showed up, and this was frequently.

However, lately the boys had grown tired of gland analysis of only passing strangers; they began bringing their girl friends in. When an opportune moment came they'd seat the girl with the others at Big Dan's table. Without any embarrassment on Big Dan's part at all he'd start the analysis then and there, and with an accuracy that was amazing, he'd sum up the girl's entire character, bad faults with good. Most of the ladies admitted Big Dan had them pegged.

Tonight Big Dan had analyzed four different ladies and had done a lot of talking, and he was ready to go. The conversation had dwindled, anyway, into small talk. "How's Nan?" somebody asked.

"Fine."

"And the kids?"

"Swell."

"That old bike frame you bought for a buck here one day—ever get it fixed up, Dan?"

"Can't get the right parts," Dan said. "I've got it in the shed at home. I'll get to it some day."

Everything was some day, he thought: that article he was going to write for Downbeat on boogie-woogie; that song he was working on.

THEN two more people were sitting down at the table. Two of the boys got up to make room because it was a guy with a girl—and they were both grinning. Big Dan looked up at them as they sat down. He knew what they wanted. He glanced at the woman—then he looked again. Very unusual type, he thought. That was the way he started:

"Very unusual type," he said. He leaned forward, studying her. The boys at the table were intent. The woman had soft rust-red hair; a naïve, oval face, a generous mouth, blue eyes. Big Dan concentrated on the details.

"Postpituitary gland," he said. "Loyal—patient. But she has a limit. Isn't that right?" The woman nodded. "She'd be neat, efficient, very tidy," Bib Dan went on, "save your pennies for you. She's the type who'll endure a lot and suffer in silence. She's a complete poker-face. Whatever emotion she feels is buried deep inside of her. That right?" The woman nodded again. "But, buried or not, the emotion's there all right," Big Dan continued, "intense, vital, and capable of reaching a point where it will eventually explode."

"How'd she be as a wife?" her companion asked, smiling. He was a trumpeter.

"Tender she'd be, and loving," Big Dan said. "You couldn't miss!"

He ended the analysis with this, a little abruptly perhaps, but he was tired, and already the first licks of the jam sessions had started. As he rose, he heard the trumpeter thanking him, then the voices of the others: "Old Big Dan, he sure tags them, doesn't he?"

IN New Jersey, driving in through the yard of the old ramshackle country house which he rented for thirty dollars a month (that reminded him, he hadn't paid the rent in a long time; he'd have to think about that tomorrow), he saw that the house was in total darkness. He put the old Ford in the shed and came in through the back door.

"That you, daddy?"

"Yes, Mimi," he said. Mimi was thirteen. "How's Igit?" Igit was only four.

"Fine, daddy. She's asleep."

"That's good. You go to sleep now too, dear."

He tiptoed into his room, the old floor creaking under him. He sat on the bed and undressed. It seemed funny not to see Nan asleep there on the bed—even after six weeks it still seemed funny! He didn't blame her for anything—old country house, him, and worn-out bikes and worn-out dreams. All he could do was *talk* a good dream. She had a good job in town now. She could take care of herself. He didn't blame her for leaving him at all—only he felt lonely! Still, Mimi was getting bigger; he could talk to her pretty soon.

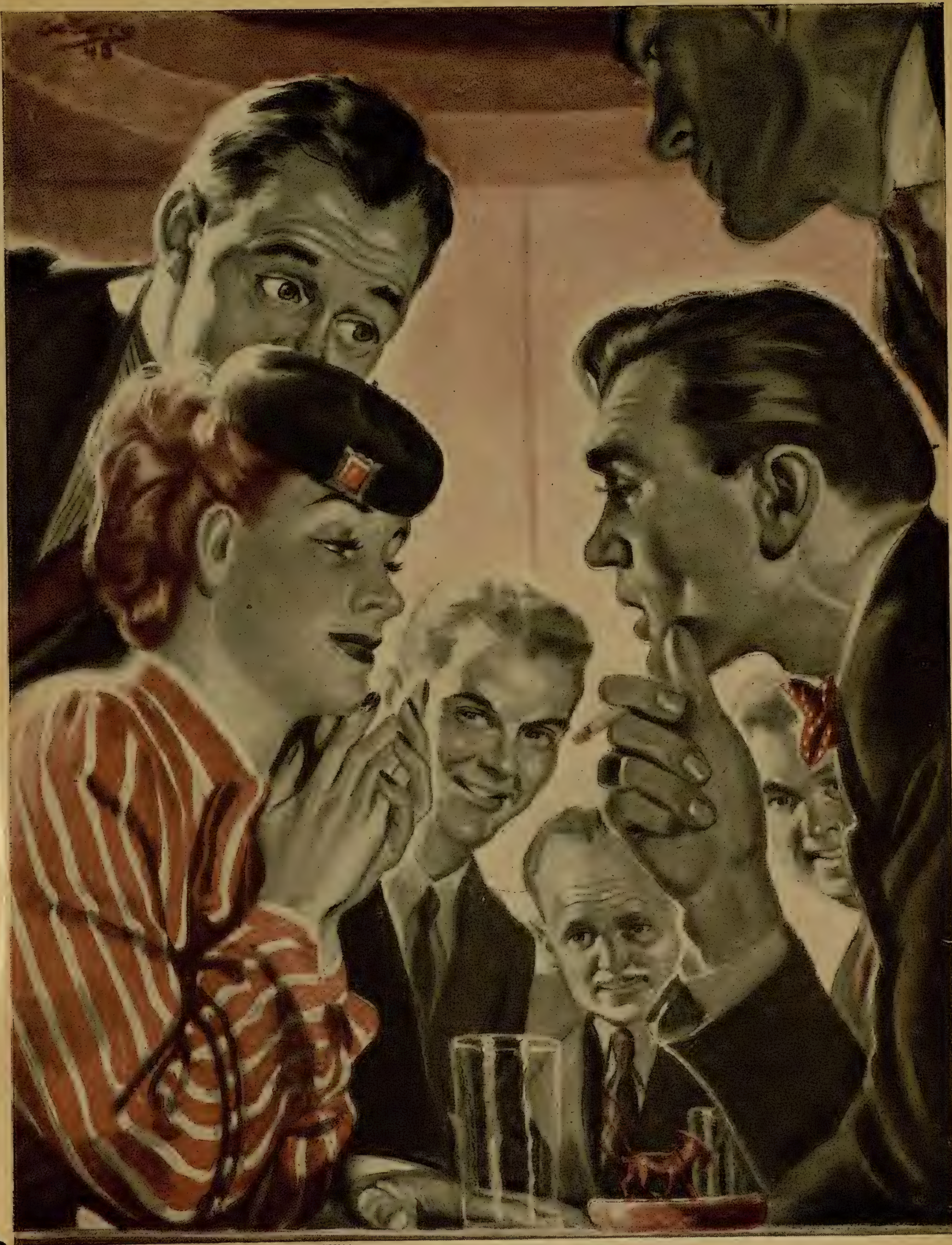
He climbed into bed. It'd been a tight moment tonight at Randy's; he'd never told her how he wasted his time there—so she hadn't expected to see him when she came in. Poker-face! He smiled. He'd been glad tonight she was a poker-face. It would have been awful any other way! He hoped she'd be happy with the trumpeter. She deserved a break with a swell guy like him.

An hour later, after the doorbell rang, he stood barefoot in his odd-fitting pajamas, staring, as the trumpeter brought Nan's bags in. Then Nan came in herself and the trumpeter left. Nan was crying.

Much, much later, his voice still choked, Big Dan was saying:

"I'm cured, honey! Honest! Tomorrow I'm going out and look for a steady job. Tomorrow—*first thing!*"

THE END



"How'd she be as a wife?" her companion asked, smiling. "Tender she'd be, and loving," Big Dan said. "You couldn't miss!"

This is "Philbert." His Seabee masters have recently issued a warning that he is positively not to be eaten.

"Hawkey-Tawkey," a Muscovy duck, perches happily on the knee of his Navy Seabee master, Mitchel E. Boe.

Pets of the Can-Do's

By Lt. Sam Stowe, U.S.N.R.

When Seabees on a Pacific island start collecting native pets, anything goes — a raven with an aversion to gold braid, a beer-guzzling chicken, a monkey with a taste for shaving soap. The story of the world's wackiest collection of mascots

A COMPANY of Navy Seabees named him "Stupid," and they boast that he's the dumbest dog on any Pacific island. They chuckle at how he gave up not catching rats for the more spectacular sport of not catching deer. They point to his lopsided trot and recount how he once challenged a Sherman tank head-on. And they tell you, too, how Stupid won a nip-and-tuck election. He alone was chosen to go with his Seabees on their next jump toward Tokyo.

It was a tough election. You'd know just how tough it was if you could appreciate the way battle-hardened construction men will lavish affection on the startling assortment of animals and fowl they adopt as pets. Whether it be a bony little rooster, a thieving monkey with a taste for shaving soap, a beer-guzzling wild hog, or just a plain cur rescued from the Japs, the Seabees—like the men of every other branch of service—will defend their pets with a ferocity that would put a mother tigress to shame.

Consider the backgrounds of the contestants. There was Tojo, who was "strictly an enlisted man's dog" because he snarled at all officers; Saipan, the iridescent-plumaged parrot who had been taught to scream, "All the mail goes to the B. O. Q.!" (Officers' Quarters); little Beansie, the "dog with the beautiful face," who trotted beside men on night guard duty; and Spotty, who had no use for any Seabee who didn't drive a truck. There were others, too, including some of the original mascots smuggled aboard ship by three Seabee crane operators who had kindly volunteered to help take on supplies with the ship's booms. (Ship's guards, please note. That's how they got aboard.)

Then the blow fell. Only one pet could accompany the outfit on the next big move. An election was set for the following day, and heated was the campaigning. "He howls at lousy movies," proclaimed the sponsors of Tuffy, a red-and-white pointer-spitz. "Tojo bit a j.g." (junior-grade lieutenant), bragged another's campaign managers. "Nursed 'im since he was a pup," declared the owner of still another in a bid for a sympathy vote.

Stupid won. The political experts attributed his victory to his stupidity in following the outfit through all its training courses. Others explained that the Seabees couldn't resist owning the dumbest dog on the islands.

While the Seabees jump at the chance to nurse very young or crippled pets to maturity and health, they prefer scrappy pets—birds and animals that will fight back. And if by happy chance the critter develops a special aversion to gold braid, his popularity is permanently assured. Take for instance "the Deacon."

He was a raven. Big as a small eagle and the "meanest bird on Adak," the Deacon first won the Seabees' hearts by challenging their right to use a boardwalk they had laid over the sticky tundra. He would perch himself in the center of the walk and wait for victims. As they started across the boards, the Deacon would shuffle menacingly toward them, watching to see if they showed the slightest fear or hesitation. Heaven help them if they did!

"I found out," chuckled Lieutenant Commander James Douglas, C. E. C., U.S.N.R., of San Antonio, Texas, "that the slightest pause in my stride would bring the Deacon down on me like a dive bomber. The whole sky would be blotted out with black feathers and beating wings."

The enlisted men approved. The Deacon was adopted. And little by little he accepted the honor—by raising hell with radio antennae, by tearing tar paper off the Seabees' huts, and by responding to all caresses with lusty pecks that would draw blood. His reputation neared its peak the day he tore up an admiral's

"Stupid" won the heated election to decide which mascot should stay with the outfit.

"Grunt," with Seabees Ronald J. Eagan, left, and Adolph J. Heider, was mascot for a Seabee football team. But his popularity waned after they took a 50 to 1 licking.

flag, but he really took his place with the immortals when he strafed a vice-admiral and came out of his dive with that eminent one's glittering hat firmly in his claws. The resulting blast from the admiral only slightly singed the Deacon's feathers, but his terrified masters were moved to hide him for several days in the brig.

About the same time and several thousand miles to the south, a Seabee, Adolph J. Heider, carpenter's mate, Third Class, of Runge, Texas, heard a familiar squeal as he was wandering through a jungle. Peering through the dense undergrowth, he spied an orphaned porker, so small that all of him wouldn't have cost ten red points. He gathered him in his arms, got an empty beer bottle, a nipple, some milk, and took on the obligations of the little Grunt's wayward mother.

Today, Grunt is the island's only mascot. It seems that he's a wild boar, and, once grown, made short work of his canine competitors. As a result, he was made mascot for the island's Seabee football team, complete with a "zoot" sweater. Thus attired, he flew with the team to play a Marine eleven at a near-by base. The Seabees were edged out 51 to 0, and Grunt caught the blame. The defeated players were last reported hunting for an apple to put in Grunt's mouth for his final appearance as a mascot.

Philbert, on the other hand, is likely to die only of old age. Philbert joined the Seabees when he was no more than a faint pecking on the inside of his natal shell. It was in the Marshall Islands that Seabee Leonard L. Clanton of Corpus Christi, Texas, discovered him while preparing an omelet. Clanton accepted his somewhat unexpected responsibility. He caught Philbert enough worms and insects to raise this tiny mascot to a startling state of maturity.

Philbert lacks practically all the virtues of a properly reared chicken. Instead of squawking for the high timber at the approach of one of the island's king-size lizards, Philbert attacks. Thereupon a contest ensues to determine which eats. So far, Philbert has won each bout. His reward is the lizard, a cigarette (which he swallows), and an after-dinner cordial of either beer or a vastly more potent local beverage known as Sneaky Pete. Philbert wears a leg band with this legend:

"This is Philbert, a pet of the ——th Seabee Battalion. Please do not eat."

Not all pets are unqualified successes, and one, at least, came pretty close to being a downright failure. Just ask Seabee Arthur M. Suderland of McHenry, Illinois, about his kangaroo.

SUDERLAND first spied the animal in a pet shop in Australia and grudgingly forked over a five-pound note for him. Now, a kangaroo is hardly a walking companion in a crowded city, so the Seabee hailed a cab. That was a mistake. Terrified at being locked in the back seat of a moving automobile, the 'roo tried jumping out the window. This was rough on the upholstery and the window glass, as well as annoying to Suderland and the cab driver. The Seabee paid an additional five pounds for the damages.

A burly Marine sentry saw the havoc and refused to let Suderland bring his pet into camp. But the Seabee already had invested the equivalent of thirty-two American dollars in the 'roo, so he tried to sneak it through a hole in the fence at the rear of the camp. The kangaroo didn't like the idea of being shoved. Furthermore the hole was too small and was bounded by barbed wire. The 'roo got stuck. He kicked Suderland in the stomach. The surprised Seabee fell on top of the terrified animal, and in no time both were tangled in barbed wire and fighting wildly. At long last the 'roo shook free and bounded off into the brush, leaving the bloody Seabee flat in more ways than one.

Only a little less woeful was the case of Cobo the monk. Cobo was the smartest of four monkeys a battalion of Seabees adopted as mascots at a Caribbean base. The other three didn't last long. They lacked the wit to distinguish between jungle vines and high-tension electric wires. But Cobo was too busy bedeviling (and delighting) his masters by tipping over washbuckets, dropping empty soft-drink bottles on the heads of the unwary, and feasting on tooth paste and shaving cream. One irate Seabee retaliated by giving Cobo a lighted cigar butt. That started a feud that threatened to be permanent, but ended when the Seabee picked up Cobo by the tail and threw him as far as he could. Cobo made a three-point landing and came back eagerly for more. At last report the monk had ruined the pitching arms of half the men in camp.

Another feud developed between a Seabee mascot and the Japs. "Queenie of Saipan" her masters call her, a thin little fox terrier with brown spots and cocked-up ears. She was hiding in a wreckage-littered shell hole with her five new-born pups when Chief Machinist's Mate Harold M. Perkins of Troy, New York, found her. She was trembling violently from the shock of the naval bombardment.

Slowly the Seabees' affection and kindness conquered her shyness and soon she scampered at their heels like any other dog. But Queenie still remembered the months of mistreatment at the hands of the Japs. The sight of a Japanese prisoner would set her to growling.

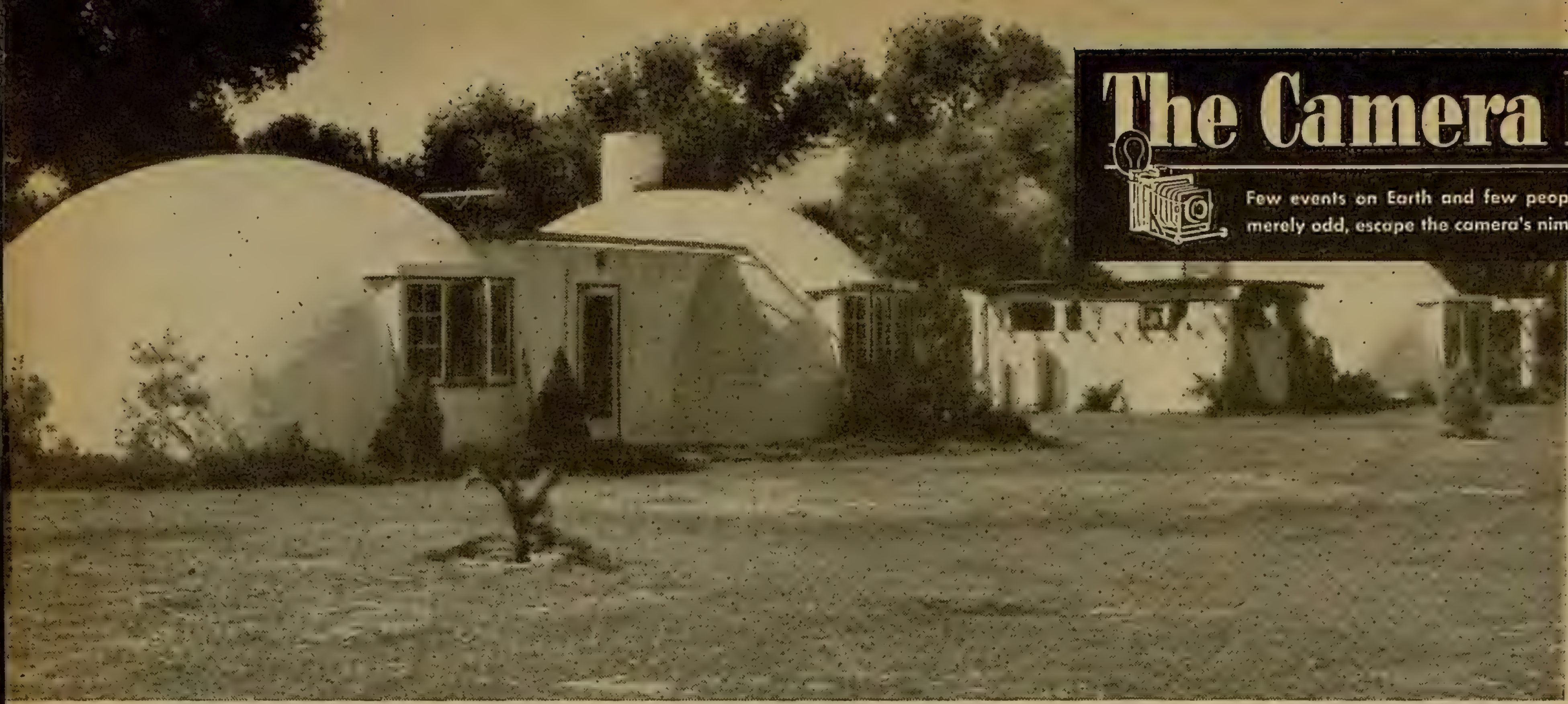
One night she was with Perkins when Japs bombed the camp. She cowered in his arms in his foxhole as the first bombs struck. Suddenly she wriggled free and, during the height of the bombing, scampered away. One by one, she carried her pups by the scruff of their necks back to Perkins and safety.

Later she found a way to express her gratitude. Undetected, a Jap had infiltrated the American lines and set up a machine gun within a few yards of Perkins' bivouac. The Jap was in a perfect spot to murder an untold number of Seabees until Queenie of Saipan growled the warning that ended his career.

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



INFLATION'S O. K.—when it is used to build homes like these of Goodyear's in Arizona. To fashion them, concrete is poured over inflated balloons. Thus there's no fuss, truss—or corners to sweep. They're also useful and versatile as farm buildings.

ATTLEE TEATIME—Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee relaxes for a moment with his family. Left to right, it includes Section Officer Janet, Mrs. Attlee, Felicity, and Alison, the youngest.

BACK TO SCHOOL—Kindergarten educators learn children's dances in order to teach them. In Chicago, DePaul University drew nuns from twenty-four states for its summertime curriculum.

ONE OF THE FAMILY—"No dogs," was the rule at Maine's Presque Isle air base. That was enough for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Schonleber and their daughter June. They chucked up good jobs at the base and returned to Boston, 42 miles. Fluffy went also

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ENGLAND'S BACK IN FORM—Its first beauty contest in six years was won by Miss Mary ▲ Drummond, third from right. A bookkeeper, she should master any column of figures.

UNSCORCHER—Just ten minutes' exposure to this sun lamp takes out slight scorching, according to Westinghouse researchers, and restores hubby's shirt to its original whiteness. It'll be just as well if your scatterbrained laundress doesn't hear about it.

▶

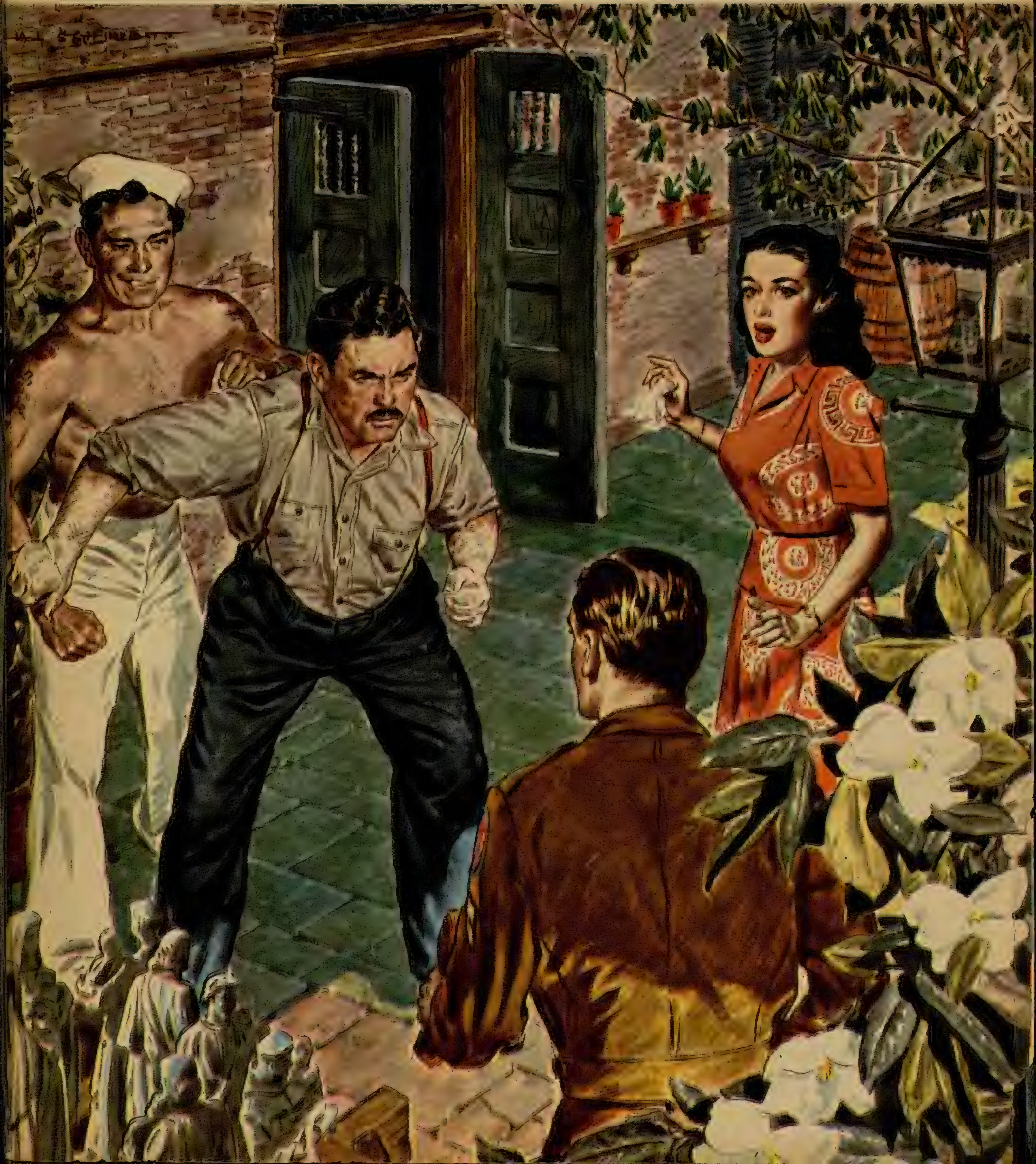
◀

CLAMBAKE—Okinawa style. A Taira damsel helps serve U. S. Army officers who attended a recent Ryukyu dance festival. Geisha girls were among the native performers who entertained the party with choregraphy.

UNUSUAL WEATHER—is simulated here by Humphrey Bogart for a scene in The Two Mrs. Carrolls. But it's not so tough. After Bogart takes shelter from the rain, he goes into the arms of Barbara Stanwyck, a maneuver which should make him forget all minor discomforts.

▶

THESE THINGS CORPORAL PURDY HAD DREAMED OF FOR YEARS — A PRETTY GIRL, AN ICE-CREAM SODA, AND PEACE AND QUIET. BUT WHEN HE FOUND THE GIRL, PEACE AND QUIET FLED



"Let us hear from him." the father said. "You are the soldier who took her down to Bayou Bigolets last night. Do you deny it?"

The DANDY TRAP

BY KENNETH PERKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

"HOW about that girl you had in this town?" Corporal Purdy asked. "Aren't you going to ring her up?" Sergeant Jim Donnelly had a lot of pin-up girls and their addresses which he had collected everywhere—induction center, boot camp, P. O. E., even Normandy. No, he had no time for his New Orleans girl, he said, because his train was leaving for Memphis in half an hour. All he wanted was to get home.

That sounded quite plausible. All of these G. I.s on leaving their transport had gathered at the Louisville & Nashville station to buy tickets for home. "But she's the prettiest girl in the lot," Corporal Purdy said, puzzled, "and you've even got her address."

Several of the G. I.s laughed. Sergeant Donnelly's pin-up girls were beautiful, but were they bona fide? These addresses might be made up to show what a success the sergeant was. "Back home from overseas, a pretty girl, an address, a half an hour—and he doesn't even ring her up! What sense does that make?"

The sergeant turned on his hecklers. "So you're telling me I made the address up? Well, I'm going to show you birds something." He picked out the trusting and lonely Corporal Purdy. "When are you going home, Matt?"

"Haven't any home."

"I thought you said something about a farm in Ohio."

"It's sold for a housing project."

"How about your folks?"

"My stepfather moved to the Coast to work in a war plant, but I'm not going there. Not on a thirty-day furlough."

"Tsk-tsk! That's sad!" the sergeant observed. "Tell you what I'm going to do, Matt. You like the picture of Alice best of all, don't you? O. K. I'm going to phone her you're coming to see her."

It was an incredible bit of fortune to fall in Corporal Matt Purdy's lap, heaven sent! While the other G. I.s watched, big-eyed, Sergeant Jim looked up the number, went into a phone booth. Matt and some of the others heard a part of the talk—the part about Matt saving Sergeant Jim's life at Cherbourg. This was stretching a point. Matt had merely gotten Jim out of an altercation in a café. But it was a good way to put it, since this was to be a blind date.

Coming out of the booth, the sergeant announced breezily, "She's home and says she'll be glad to see you. Her name's Alice Lafone and I'm telling you she's a knockout!" He handed the photo to Purdy, then looked triumphantly at the other G. I.s. "Do I hear any more ribbing?"

Corporal Matt Purdy walked past the Pontalba building into the oldest part of New Orleans. He was on American soil again. But in these streets of pastel-painted houses and wrought-iron galleries he felt that he was as far from home as ever. It was not like America at all. He might as well be in Normandy. Why, it did not even smell like America! It smelled of jasmine and fig trees, of crawfish bisque, of stale wine and oysters.

But this did not matter. This America he had dreamed of coming back to was a picture in his pocket—a lovely young girl at a drugstore counter, sipping ice-cream soda. She could have been in any home town in the United States, but nowhere else in the world! And of course Corporal Purdy would be in the picture soon, sitting at her side.

When he found the address, he had that same misgiving again. This was like France. There was no front door as there should have been in an American house. It was merely a batten gate leading into a dank overhung alley. On the lavender-painted wall a sign read: ESRON LAFONE—Saints and Figurines.

He pressed a bell at the gate and saw an old woman in black hobbling toward him. She scowled when he asked for Miss Lafone, mumbling, "A soldier! But yes, of course! A brave fellow!' Then she snapped, 'You will have to ask her father." She nodded toward the end of the alley and stepped aside to let him pass. He was somewhat surprised that instead of following him, she went out the batten gate and hurried across the street.

Purdy followed the alley, which got darker because of the overhanging galleries. Passing some wine barrels, he found himself in a garden almost completely roofed in by the galleries on all four sides. Fig trees and magnolias shut out the sunlight so that the flagstones were moist and green. There was even a plaster saint on top of a wine barrel in one corner. And on the other side, on a board set on sawhorses, was a row of smaller saints.

IN ANOTHER corner, behind a basket of ferns, he saw a black-browed sailor with tattooed shoulders staring at him. He was sewing. "Yes? You want something?"

Purdy thought it best not to mention Alice again, at least not for the moment. This fellow looked like a French apache and the setting was perfect for murder. "I wanted to see Mr. Lafone."

The sailor grinned on one side of his mouth and then continued his sewing. He bit a thread and said laconically, "I don't suppose you wanted to see my sister?"

Purdy answered, unruffled, "All right. I came to see your sister, since you want to know."

The grin left the seaman's face. "Hey, pops! A soldier's here. A corporal. Got service ribbons too."

An enormous man with a blue-black mustache and arms whitened with plaster of Paris appeared at the door. When he saw Purdy his eyes bulged slowly. "So? What is this?"

"He asked to see you first," the sailor chuckled. "*You!* That's a good one!"

"Well, then, maybe you do want to see me. About my daughter, of course?"

"Yes, of course," Purdy said brightly. "I'm a friend of Jim Donnelly—Sergeant Donnelly. He just phoned her."

"What do you mean, just phoned her? Why, she just got back from the delicatessen. Nobody has phoned her."

"Well, I meant," Purdy said, beginning to perspire, "it was a little while ago, perhaps not quite half an hour. I'm Matt Purdy."

"Very well, you are Matt Purdy, but what is this thing about a sergeant? Are there two of you after her? Or are you making up excuses to cover something?"

Purdy was astonished at this uncalled-for suspicion. Evidently these people did not like American soldiers.

"I thought from what the sergeant said, I'd be welcome here," he said wistfully. "I didn't know I'd get into an argument."

"Now he says we're arguing!" the sailor piped up.

"Just what *do* you want?" the father asked.

Purdy could have answered very definitely. He wanted to get home—back to the United States. He wanted a blue-eyed girl, a summer's evening, a soda fountain on Main and Elm streets, with the girl on a high stool by his side. He wanted peace.

THE man with the blue-black mustache burst out, "Well, why don't you say something? We will settle this mystery right now. Babet!" he called into the house, "Come here!"

"Babet?" Purdy repeated, puzzled. The name, as he remembered was Alice, but he had no time to clear up this point, for a girl appeared at the door.

It was not the Alice of the picture, but that did not matter in the slightest. The slim dark-haired beauty could be called by any name she wanted. Corporal Purdy gaped, then blushed, confused. He had seen her out there in the street somewhere. He remembered the bobby socks and her cream-colored legs. She had passed him, trundling a creaky baby carriage along the banquette. He recalled that detail distinctly, surprised that such a young slip of a girl could be a mother. He had almost been on the point of stopping her with the excuse of asking if she could direct him to this address, but she had hurried on.

Now she looked at him hard. "You say you want to see me? About what?"

"Don't you even know who he is?" the father exclaimed.

"I saw him in the street, come to think of it. When I turned into Conti, he turned too." She shrugged her shoulders. "I didn't know he was following me."

"I wasn't following you! If you'll let me explain," Purdy said politely. "I didn't say you knew me. It was a friend of mine. Jim Donnelly."

"Who is Jim Donnelly?" she asked blandly.

Purdy muttered with the first touch of panic, "Perhaps it's your sister he was talking about. The name was Alice, Alice Lafone."

"But I haven't any sister. Only that brother there," she nodded to the sailor. "And he's trouble enough."

So Sergeant Donnelly had made it all

(*Continued on page 68*)

BOSS LADY

By Elizabeth Wilson

Most stars build themselves up, but Joan Davis got to the top of the heap by knocking herself down. The story of the highest-paid woman entertainer in radio—and what makes her that way

ONE night last May, in Hollywood's Brown Derby, Joan Davis obligingly wrote her name on a paper. Autographs are nothing new to Joan. "I get more pencils that way," she says in her funny cracked voice. But this wasn't an ordinary autograph. It was something special for Lever Brothers. It meant that on September 3 she would replace George Burns and Gracie Allen in the Monday-night Swan Soap program over CBS. It meant also that, at thirty-two, she was the highest-paid woman entertainer on the air.

Lever Brothers pays her $17,500 a week for a thirty-minute show for forty weeks a year. This is a package deal, by which Joan hires the orchestra, writers, stooges, etc. In radio, bossing your own show is heaven. At the end of four years, with spaced salary jumps, Joan will have collected from her soap sponsor a very neat $4,000,000. And even though the tax collectors will riddle that figure, there's nothing like four million bucks to soothe a bruised ego. And you can't fall on your rear (Joan's specialty) for eleven years in Hollywood without bruising your ego.

Radio welcomed Joan Davis four years ago the way Atlanta welcomed Sherman. She had decided that there must be some way to eat regularly besides being mauled and mussed in front of a camera. Her agent suggested radio. The radio people said they thought not. Miss Davis' grimaces, contortions, pantomime, and—er—falls would be lost to the listening audience.

"It was only because my agent kept nagging them," says Joan, "that I finally landed the guest spot on the Vallee show. They hastily assured me that I wasn't important enough to carry the guest spot alone. I was the second guest star that evening. Nat Pendleton was the first."

Joan kidded herself on the show, and the audience liked her. Vallee invited her back to the Sealtest show for three more guest spots. When Joan failed to appear on the program some weeks later, fans wrote letters to the sponsor. Sponsors are a sensitive folk, and soon Joan was working steady with Rudy and the late John Barrymore. Vallee—who labeled her the radio find of '41, '42, and '43—entered the Coast Guard in 1942, and the following year she took his place on the Village Store program. Radio critics doubted her ability to handle such a responsibility. They needn't have worried. The show's Crossley rating jumped as if from a shot of adrenalin. Scripps-Howard and Cleveland Plain Dealer polls voted Joan radio's top comedienne of 1943. That year and again in 1944 she also won the Motion Picture Daily's Fame Poll, representing the votes of 600 radio editors.

Once, to improve her rating, Joan appeared as guest star on eight big radio programs in one week. Her show promptly jumped from nineteenth to fifth place in both Crossley and Hooper ratings. "I had four hours' sleep that week," groans Joan. "It was murder." By March, 1945, her Hooper rating was 26.5, marking her the biggest attraction on radio except for Bob Hope and Fibber McGee and Molly.

When she signed her Lever Brothers contract, "the hottest femme in radio" (Variety's quotes) decided that it was high time she unsuppressed one of her long suppressed desires. "All my life I've wanted to be an executive," says Joan dreamily, "with an office and a desk and a typewriter." So she took over a furnished office on the Sunset Strip, and nailed up her shingle which read, "Joan Davis Enterprises." Inside, she sat down importantly at her desk, feeling very executive, and started interviewing writers for her new program. The chair promptly tossed her into the waste-paper basket. When the next writer arrived she forgot to unwind her legs—she always sits with her legs intertwined—and greeted him with one of her more humorous falls. The third writer was treated to a mild strip tease when the pencil she had tucked behind her ear dropped embarrassingly down the front of her dress. Joan gave up.

She may not be office-broken, but she's a very shrewd business woman. She keeps a lawyer on tap, but draws up her own contracts. She's one of the few stars in Hollywood who doesn't employ a business manager to do her arithmetic for her. "I even do my own income tax," she says sadly. "That's why my hand shakes."

The highest-paid woman on the air is also just about the highest-paid comedienne in films. Joan is signed to do two pictures a year at RKO for $175,000, and two more a year at Universal for $150,000. She now demands, and gets, star billing. Her last two pictures at RKO, Show Business and George White's Scandals, were strictly big-budget, big-time productions.

Her greatest problem, of course, is to get everything done in a twenty-four-hour day. She usually starts at 4.45 A. M., at which ungodly hour her maid wakes her and refuses to retreat until Joan is under the shower. Joan hates getting up, and even tries to bribe her maid to let her sleep just five minutes longer.

At five fifteen she drinks breakfast—orange juice and coffee, year in and year out. Then, because she prides herself on having never been late to a studio or a broadcast, she manages to dress, get her car out of the garage and start on that sleeper jump from Bel-Air to the RKO studios. "There's always a pea-soup fog, and I have to drive hanging out the side of the car. Sometimes it takes me fifty minutes." Then she adds, "Do you think I am making this gruesome enough to scare off competition?"

Joan's specialty bruises her—ego.

After a befogged passage through hairdressing and make-up, she's usually the first one on the set at nine. She's in a complete haze until that first take—and then she's wide awake. When the set breaks for lunch she grabs a quick sandwich and a soft drink. She leaves the studio at six and rushes over to CBS to rehearse. Naturally, there's a lot more to a show than meets the ear on broadcast night. And, being the boss, Joan has to be in on all of it. When she has finished at CBS she goes straight home to bed. Dinner is served to her on a tray. Her dessert: celery. She usually gets to sleep around eleven.

Such a schedule knocks the tar out of Joan's social life. When she and husband Si Wills, former vaudeville partners, first came to Hollywood, eleven years ago, they haunted night clubs and had more friends than a Tammany district leader. But when Joan took up radio along with pictures, she became too busy. "My friends," says Joan sadly, "are always sneering at me, 'You and your big fat career.'"

Her best friend is Mrs. Helen Isaacson, a nonprofessional. When Mrs. Isaacson complained of being lonely, Joan suggested that she get a job as extra in one of her pictures, so they could visit on the set. The first day Mrs. Isaacson got a six-o'clock call. The second day she got another. "This is not for me, Joan," she said, trying to steam her eyes open with hot coffee. "I'd rather be lonesome."

Whenever Joan can finagle a few days' vacation, she and Si rent a boat and go fishing. Both are avid fisherfolk. The big event in her life was when she hauled in two marlins—among the gamest of fighting fish—one day a couple years ago. Joan insisted upon having her picture taken with the marlins to prove her fish story. The picture now hangs in a prominent spot in her office, even though the marlin fins, apparently sprouting from her upper lip, make her resemble a mustachioed subway poster.

Joan likes to go to Los Angeles' Chinatown for a Chinese dinner, or to the race track, when she can find the time. She complains resignedly that her horses are always looking around to see what became of the milk wagon. There doesn't seem to be much time for gin rummy or poker these days either. Joan, Si will tell you, has always been a pushover for poker. As he recalls it, vaudeville actors would take a cut in salary just to get on the same bill with Joan. She could go a full year without winning a pot. Realizing that his bride was a pigeon, Si finally put her on a twenty-dollar weekly allowance, which she invariably lost after the Monday matinee.

The funniest woman in the world, according to the polls, lives in a colonial house, rather small, but with a swimming pool, in very swanky Bel-Air. She decorated the house herself in eighteen-century style. It's the third house the Willses have had in Hollywood. "Every house, I go back a century," says Joan. "If I keep moving I'll end up in a log cabin." With her rigid schedule, she isn't home much, except week-ends, and the house is run by a cook, and a butler who doubles as gardener, and a maid who doubles as secretary. Her one pet, to whom she is devoted, is the aged Big Boy, an English bulldog, now fourteen. At various times Beverly, her lively young daughter, has brought home lizards, snakes, turtles, rabbits, and frogs, but fortunately they proved only transients. Beverly's latest attachment was for a goat. Joan, an adoring mother, put up with it as long as she could. "When the goat ate my last package of cigarettes, I said, 'That's all, Beverly, the goat goes.'"

Luckily Joan's "big fat career" has not upset her family life. Her husband writes gags for her programs, and Beverly has appeared often on the Village Store show, billed as her mother's little sister. Beverly also had a scene in the first reel of Joan's latest picture, George White's Scandals. Eleven-year-old Beverly, now in boarding school, gets home only for week-ends.

She's her mother's greatest fan, and has been imitating her almost since the day she was born. "Her first word," says Joan, "was mama, in the same cracked voice I have. I turned to Si and said, 'Oh, no, not another one in the family.' We had sort of hoped that Beverly would be a lady—but soon we knew she was going to be a chip off the old gag."

Beverly complained one night of not being able to sleep. "What do you want me to do," asked Joan, "sing you a lullaby?"

"With that voice?" shot back Beverly.

More recently Beverly returned from school one afternoon looking very important. "Well, I certainly stuck up for you today," she announced.

(Continued on page 62)

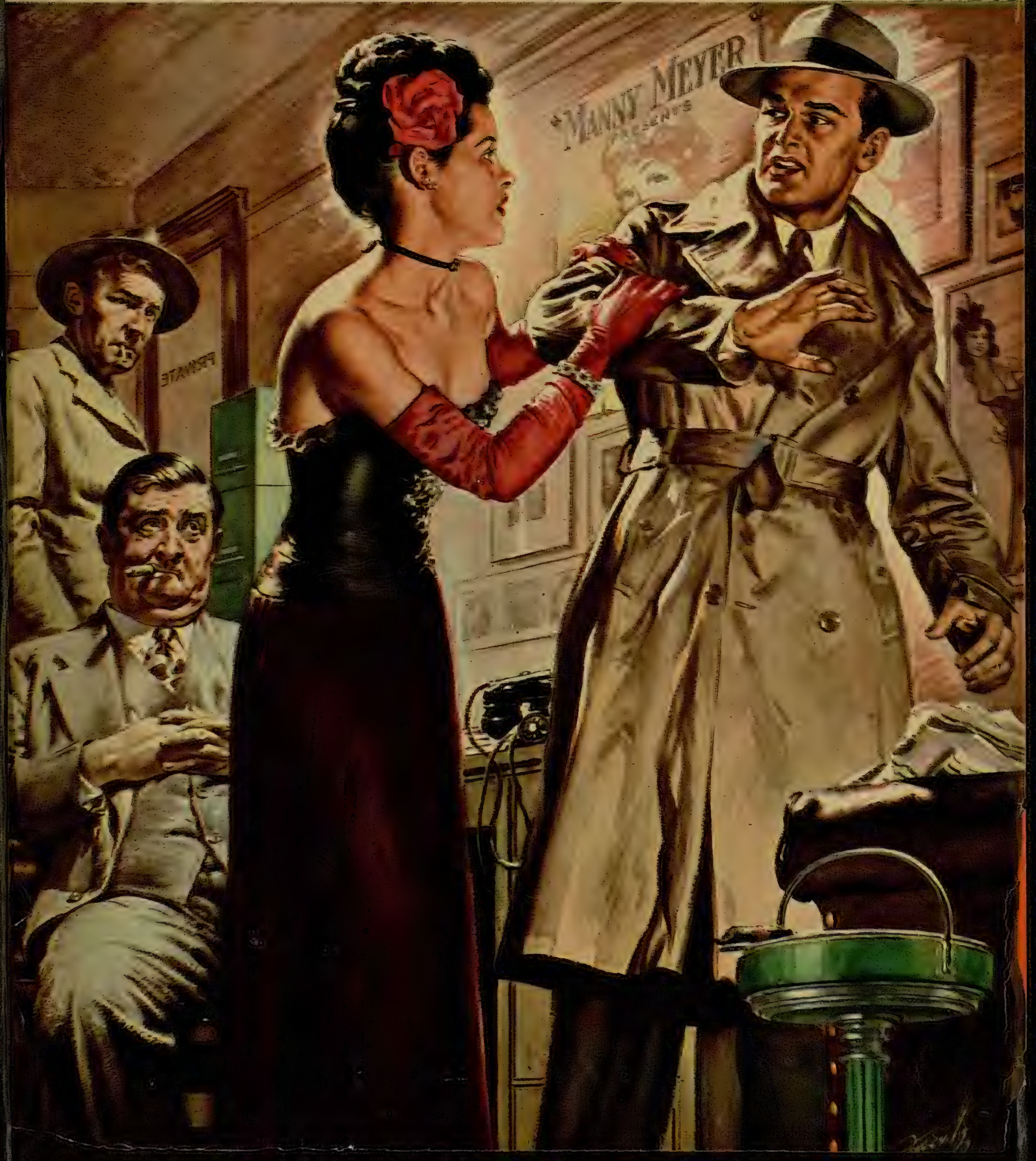
Daughter Beverly, Boss Lady's greatest fan, gets expert coaching for movie debut.

Almost from birth Joe's life had been a struggle. Then with success in sight, it happened—he killed a man. How he made amends is a strange and fantastic story

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

BY PAUL THIELEN

"I'm through with this." He turned away and started to go. "Get outa' my way. I said I'm through with this. I'm through with you, too."



Remember Joe Campello

I STEPPED out of the Army plane at LaGuardia airport at eleven in the morning. First of all I checked in at the Sentinel office, and most of the same familiar faces were still around, shackled to the desks the way they were when I embarked two years, two months, and sixteen days before. I wore my uniform with "War Correspondent" neatly pinned across my chest and a service ribbon with four stars. Quite a guy I was, a credit to the New York Sentinel.

I lunched with the boss in the cafeteria downstairs and listened to the nice words he had to say. I'd been around, all right, with date lines from the Aleutians, Kwajalein, Guam, Saipan, and Okinawa, and the yarns I wrote were readable indeed. I was the guy who had parachuted from a Superfortress returning from a Tokyo strike, and here I was now, home from the wars.

I thought I'd go out to the Yankee Stadium and see what McCarthy had this year. I still remembered the way to Manny Meyer's Birdhouse. The place was still and quiet and the sunshine waited outside. A bartender in a starched white jacket was polishing glasses behind the bar, and over in the corner sat Manny himself.

He looked up from the table as I approached and his eyes widened in surprise. "This I don't believe," he told himself. His face brightened in a smile. "Welcome home, Pete. When you get into town? Whatcha have to drink, huh?"

I said I'd have a double whisky, and Manny looked me up and down. "You're looking good, Pete," he said. "Big-time now, eh, kid?"

I said, "Yeah. The world's my oyster, Manny. How are things with you?"

"Fine. Just fine," he said. "I could serve horsemeat and iodine, they'd love it." Manny's shape was rounder. A nice guy, Manny.

"I seen your stories in the papers, Pete," he said. "I was proud. Hell, you're my protajay, ain't you? Why don'tcha have a steak, kid? I got some nice ones I save for people."

"No, thanks," I said. "Give me a rain check on it, though." I paused and thought of other things. "You liked my stories, huh, Manny?" I said.

"I loved 'em. Terrific. By me they were the nuts."

"I've got a better one, Manny," I said. "The best one of all. The one I never wrote. You remember Joe Campello, Manny?"

He looked at me and nodded his head sadly. "How could I forget?" he said. "Certainly I remember Joe."

HIS name was Joseph Campello, and he came from somewhere over in Brooklyn. His whole family had been killed one day when a gas heater leaked and spilled its fumes through the tenement apartment. He had come into Manny Meyer's one afternoon, a tall skinny kid with big hands and a hungry look, and Manny, sympathetic slob, put him to work. He hauled beer and soda water cases from one place to another, and sometimes bused the dinner trays in Manny's dining room. Later, when he grew older, he mixed prescriptions behind the bar. He was promoted step by step until at length he knew more about the operations than Manny did himself.

I was covering district that fall for the Sentinel, and I started coming into Manny's place. That was when I first met Joe. He was a big man, about my age, and he made a large and somewhat handsome spectacle as he moved around the premises, creating small talk with the white-collar trade that Manny had begun to assemble. His hair was black as a lump of hard coal and his white teeth were neat and even, and the many social graces he'd acquired so vicariously were commencing to develop.

He was shrewd and smart in a manner not gathered from study of the textbooks, and tough and hard with many muscles spread throughout his body, and maybe some between his ears. A lad of many talents, Joe's hands could maneuver a deck of cards, do tricks with them, some not legal, I had heard. They could, with equal grace, hold a demitasse, I suspect, or tear telephone directories in two. Joe read books. Joe was moving up all right. "Nothing will stop me, Pete," he'd say. "What I don't know, I'll learn."

I SAW him hit a man one time. No doubt the guy deserved the punch, a stewpot heckling an act when one of Manny's hired hands was doing his stint in the midnight show. The words he used would not have been endorsed by the Gideon Society. Joe deftly conveyed the guy outside the door, slapped him once across the face, and that was that. Almost.

The guy spat, called Joe a nasty name. Joe didn't see the gimmick in his fist. I did. I hollered.

Joe whirled around quickly and hit him squarely on the chin. The man twisted like a corkscrew to the sidewalk. Joe rolled him over. He raised his foot and kicked him in the mouth, and I saw the guy's teeth crumble. He raised the guy's head and smashed it to the cement. I jumped and pulled him off, and it was a struggle I want no part of again.

Joe waved to the kid who supervised the parking lot. "Take this guy and dump him somewhere. Anywhere. Only get him out of here."

"Yessir," the kid said. There was an expression of awe upon his face.

The hatred was still smoldering in Joe's eyes. "Good Lord, Joe," I said. "You could have killed the guy. Are you crazy?"

"I got no time for bums," he said. He brushed off his clothes, adjusted the tie. We wended our way through the room and I watched him nodding to nice people here and there. It was frightening and perversely thrilling to see the conversion of Joe's sentiments.

It doesn't tell much, that incident, and yet it tells a tale of great dimensions. No skirting obstacles for him. He charged through them and the people in the thoroughfares be damned. "He isn't really bad, Pete," Angie told me once, a long time later. "He just can't stand things being in his way. He's good, Pete, and kind. But he wants success so much, it scares me." Which was a rather adequate summation of his character.

He got into trouble from time to time, but not seriously, and Manny, artful merchant, had connections. Joe got along. I did, too. I was moved up to features on the Sentinel before I saw another side to Joseph Campello.

HE brought the girl around one afternoon when Manny and I were playing cribbage. He came over to the table. Manny looked up.

"I got her here," he told Manny.

Manny said, "Huh? Who?"

"A girl. We can use her in the show. She'll add some class to the place."

"So?" Manny said. "Class we already got."

Joe said, "We'll have more. Come see."

Manny pushed the cards and the cribbage board away. "What she do?" he asked.

"She sings," Joe said. "You listen now." He went away and came back presently with the girl in tow. "This is Angela Rocco," he introduced her. "Once a classmate of mine at St. Theresa's grade school." He turned to her and grinned reassuringly. "Say hello to the nice man who's going to be your boss."

The girl smiled tentatively, held out her hand. She was a tall girl on neat long legs. Her hair and her eyes were black, and she wore a simple dress that was kind to the perfection of her curves.

Manny nodded, kept his seat, and bit off the end of his cigar. "O. K.," he said. "So let's hear what you can do."

The song she chose was called My Prayer, a ditty that was a rather hot commodity that year. She handled the tune with care, and her voice was soft and as clear as Manny's polished glasses, and you could almost feel the candlelight and wine, and it became very still within the walls of Manny Meyer's Birdhouse. When it was all over she smiled, and looked inquiringly at Manny.

Joe said, "Well, Manny, what did I tell you, huh? How much?"

"She got evening dresses?" Manny asked.

The girl started to speak, but Joe cut in, "She'll have 'em. How much?"

Manny studied his cigar. "Thirty-five."

"Seventy-five," Joe said.

Manny shook his head. "Only to Manny Meyer could it happen," he told me. "My own man picks my pocket."

(*Continued on page 56*)

HURRELL

To my darling wife Bill

Beginning of Time!

Your phone will ring. Your heart will leap. His voice. "I'm back!" And time will begin again. Time to do together all the things you've planned. Yet time to relax and linger over every precious moment. For U. S. Time will help you find more hours for fun. U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timepieces, in beauty, in accuracy.

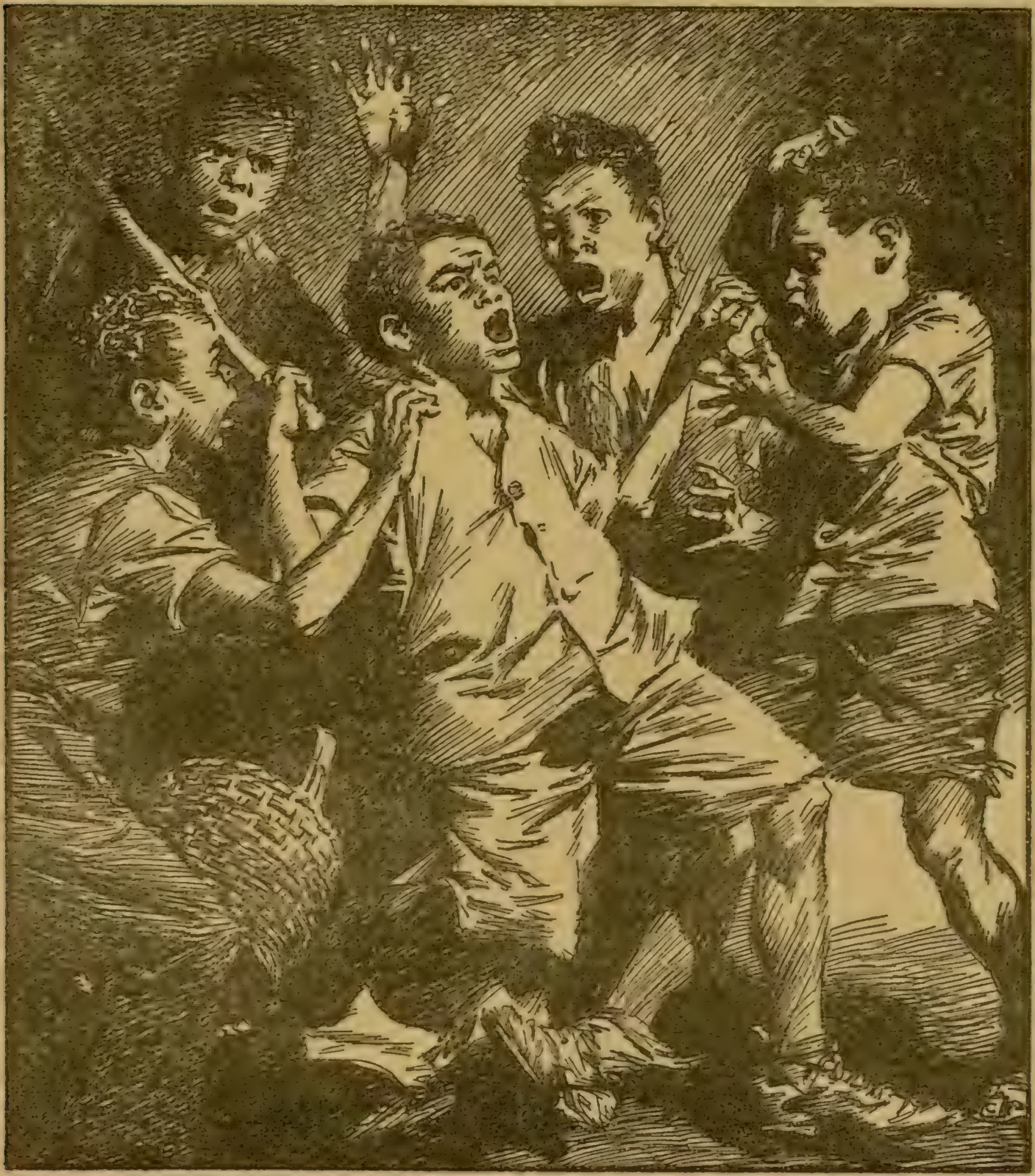
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS
INGERSOLL · KELTON · WATERBURY · SAGA

US TIME

THE UNITED STATES TIME CORPORATION, INTERNATIONAL BUILDING, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

BLACK BOY

BY RICHARD WRIGHT



This dynamic story of a Negro's boyhood — a Book of the Month Club selection — is one of the outstanding national best sellers of the year, and has won wide critical acclaim. Mr. Wright hews to the line of his own startling experience, letting the chips fall where they may.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

EACH event spoke with a cryptic tongue. And the moments of living slowly revealed their coded meanings. There was the wonder I felt when I first saw a brace of mountainlike, spotted, black-and-white horses clopping down a dusty road.

There was the delight I caught in seeing long straight rows of red and green vegetables stretching away in the sun to the bright horizon.

There was the vague sense of the infinite as I looked down upon the yellow, dreaming waters of the Mississippi River from the verdant bluffs of Natchez.

There was the tantalizing melancholy in the tingling scent of burning hickory wood.

There was the teasing and impossible desire to imitate the petty pride of sparrows wallowing and flouncing in the red dust of country roads.

There was the great joke that I felt God had played on cats and dogs by making them lap their milk and water with their tongues.

There was the hot panic that welled up in my throat and swept through my blood when I first saw the lazy, limp coils of a blue-skinned snake sleeping in the sun.

And there was the love I had for the mute regality of tall, moss-clad oaks . . .

ONE day my mother told me that we were going to Memphis on a boat, the Kate Adams, and my eagerness thereafter made the days seem endless. Each night I went to bed hoping that the next morning would be the day of departure.

"How big is the boat?" I asked my mother.

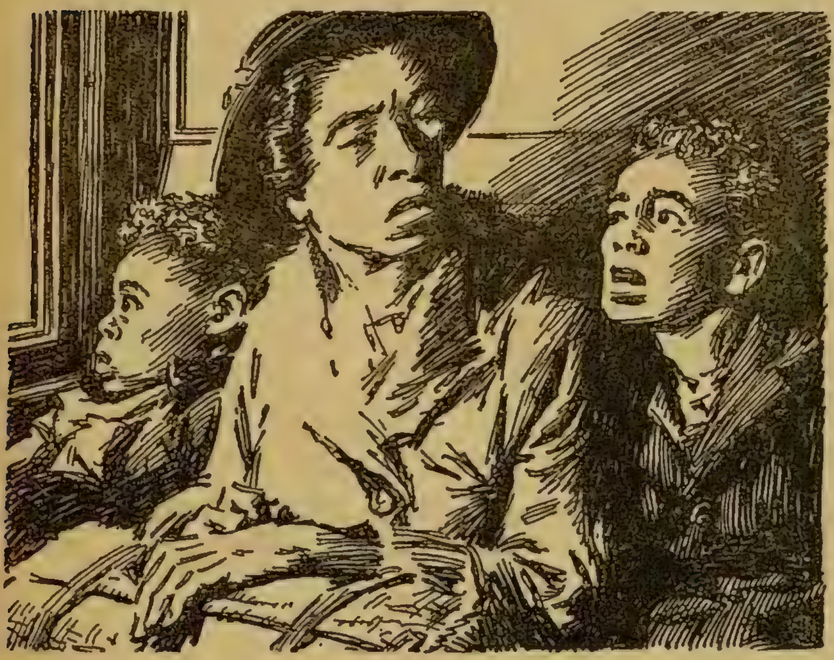
"As big as a mountain," she said.

Copyright, 1945, by Richard Wright. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price $2.50.

For days I had dreamed about a huge white boat floating on a vast body of water, but when my mother took me down to the levee on the day of leaving, I saw a tiny, dirty boat that was not at all like the boat I had imagined. Solace came when I wandered about the boat and gazed at Negroes throwing dice, drinking whisky, playing cards, lolling on boxes, eating, talking, and singing. My father took me down into the engine room and the throbbing machines enthralled me for hours.

In Memphis we lived in a one-story brick tenement. The stone buildings and the concrete pavements looked bleak and hostile to me. The absence of green, growing things made the city seem dead. Living space for the four of us—my mother, my brother, my father, and me—was a kitchen and a bedroom. In the front and rear were paved areas in which my brother and I could play, but for days I was afraid to go into the strange city streets alone.

It was in this tenement that the personality of my father first came fully into the orbit of my concern. He worked as a night porter in a Beale Street drugstore and he became important and forbidding to me only when I learned that I could not make noise when he was asleep in the daytime. He was the lawgiver in our family and I never laughed in his presence. I used to lurk timidly in the kitchen doorway and watch his huge body sitting slumped at the table.



Hunger stole upon me so slowly that at first I was not aware of what hunger really meant. Hunger had always been more or less at my elbow when I played, but now I began to wake up at night to find hunger standing at my bedside, staring at me gauntly.

Whenever I begged for food now my mother would pour me a cup of tea which would still the clamor in my stomach for a moment or two; but a little later I would feel hunger nudging my ribs, twisting my empty guts until they ached. I would grow dizzy and my vision would dim. I became less active in my play, and for the first time in my life I had to pause and think of what was happening to me.

"Mama, I'm hungry," I complained one afternoon.

"But there's nothing to eat," she told me.

"But I want to eat," I said, beginning to cry.

"You'll just have to wait," she said again.

"But why?"

"For God to send some food."

"When is He going to send it?"

"I don't know."

"But I'm hungry!"

She was ironing and she paused and looked at me with tears in her eyes.

"Who brings food into the house?" my mother asked me.

"Papa," I said. "He always brought food."

"Well, your father isn't here now," she said.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know," she said.

As the days slipped past the image of my father became associated with my pangs of hunger, and whenever I felt hunger I thought of him with a deep biological bitterness.

My mother finally went to work as a cook and left me and my brother alone in the flat each day with a loaf of bread and a pot of tea. When she returned at evening she would be tired and dispirited and would cry a lot.

Sometimes, when she was in despair, she would call us to her and talk to us for hours, telling us that we now had no father, that our lives would be different from those of other children, that we must learn as soon as possible to take care of ourselves, to dress ourselves, to prepare our own food; that we must take upon ourselves the responsibility of the flat while she worked. Half frightened, we would promise solemnly. Whenever we asked why father had left, she would tell us that we were too young to know.

One evening my mother told me that thereafter I would have to do the shopping for food. She took me to the corner store to show me the way. I was proud; I felt grown up. The next afternoon I looped the basket over my arm and went down the pavement toward the store. When I reached the corner, a gang of boys grabbed me, knocked me down, snatched the basket, took the money, and sent me running home in panic. That evening I told my mother what had happened, but she made no comment; she sat down at once, wrote another note, gave me more money, and sent me out to the grocery again. I crept down the steps and saw the same gang of boys playing down the street. I ran back into the house.

"What's the matter?" my mother asked.

"It's those same boys," I said. "They'll beat me."

"You've got to get over that," she said. "Now, go on."

"I'm scared," I said.

"Go on and don't pay any attention to them," she said.

I went out of the door and walked briskly down the sidewalk, praying that the gang would not molest me. But when I came abreast of them someone shouted, "There he is!"

They came toward me and I broke into a wild run toward home. They overtook me and flung me to the pavement. I yelled, pleaded, kicked, but they wrenched the money out of my hand. They yanked me to my feet, gave me a few slaps, and sent me home sobbing. My mother met me at the door.

"They b-beat m-me," I gasped. "They t-t-took the m-money."

I started up the steps, seeking the shelter of the house.

"Don't you come in here," my mother warned me.

I froze in my tracks and stared at her.

"But they're coming after me," I said.

"You must stay right where you are," she said in a deadly tone. "I'm going to teach you this night to stand up and fight for yourself."

SHE went into the house and I waited, terrified, wondering what she was about. Presently she returned with more money and another note; she also had a long heavy stick.

"Take this money, this note, and this stick," she said. "Go to the store and buy those groceries. If those boys bother you, then fight."

I was baffled. My mother was telling me to fight, a thing that she had never done before.

"But I'm scared," I said.

"Don't you come into this house until you've gotten those groceries," she said.

I ran up the steps and tried to force my way past her into the house. A stinging slap came on my jaw. I stood on the sidewalk, crying.

"Please, let me wait until tomorrow," I begged.

"No," she said. "Go now! If you come back into this house without those groceries, I'll whip you!"

She slammed the door and I heard the key turn in the lock. I shook with fright. I was alone upon the dark, hostile streets and gangs were after me. I had the choice of being beaten at home or away from home. I clutched the stick, crying, trying to reason. If I were beaten at home, there was absolutely nothing I could do about it; but if I were beaten in the streets, I had a chance to fight and defend myself. I walked slowly down the sidewalk, coming closer to the gang of boys, holding the stick tightly. I was so full of fear that I could scarcely breathe. I was almost upon them now.

"There he is again!" the cry went up.

They surrounded me quickly and began to grab my hand. In blind fear I let the stick fly, feeling it crack against a boy's skull. I flayed with tears in my eyes, teeth clenched, stark fear making me throw every ounce of my strength behind each blow. I hit again and again, dropping the money and the grocery list. The boys scattered, yelling, nursing their heads, staring at me in utter disbelief. They had never seen such frenzy. I finally found my grocery list and the money and went to the store. On my way back I kept my stick poised for instant use, but there was not a single boy in sight. That night I won the right to the streets of Memphis.

ONE morning my mother awakened me and told me that, because there was no coal in the house, she was taking my brother to the job with her and that I must remain in bed until the coal she had ordered was delivered. For the payment of the coal, she left a note together with some money under the dresser scarf. I went back to sleep and was awakened by the ringing of the doorbell. I opened the door, let in the coal man, and gave him the money and the note. He brought in a few bushels of coal, then lingered, asking me if I were cold.

"Yes," I said, shivering.

He made a fire, then sat and smoked.

"How much change do I owe you?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I said.

"Shame on you," he said. "Don't you know how to count?"

"No, sir," I said.

"Listen and repeat after me," he said.

In about an hour's time I had learned to count to a hundred and I was overjoyed. Long after the coal man had gone I danced up and down on the bed in my nightclothes, counting again and again to a hundred. When my mother returned from her job that night I insisted that she stand still and listen while I counted to one hundred. She was dumfounded. After that she taught me to read, told me stories.

IT MIGHT have been that my tardiness in learning to sense white people as "white" people came from the fact that many of my relatives were "white"-looking people. My grandmother, who was white as any "white" person, had never looked "white" to me. And when word circulated among the black people of the neighborhood that a "black" boy had been severely beaten by a "white" man, I felt that the "white" man had had a right to beat the "black" boy, for I naïvely assumed that the "white" man must have been the "black" boy's father. And did not all fathers, like my father, have the right to beat their children? A paternal right was the only right, to my understanding, that a man had to beat a child. But when my mother told me that the "white" man was not the father of the "black" boy, was no kin to him at all, I was puzzled.

The more questions I asked, the more bewildering it all became. Whenever I saw "white" people now I stared at them, wondering what they were really like.

I began school at Howard Institute at a later age than was usual; my mother had not been able to buy me the necessary clothes to make me presentable. The boys of the neighborhood took me to school the first day and when I reached the edge of the school grounds I became terrified, wanted to return home. But the boys simply took my hand and pulled me inside the building.

I was frightened speechless and the other children had to identify me, tell the teacher my name and address. I sat listening to pupils recite, knowing and understanding what was being said and done, but utterly incapable of opening my mouth when called upon. The students around me seemed so sure of themselves that I despaired of ever being able to conduct myself at they did.

WHEN I awakened one morning my mother told me we were going to see a judge who would make my father support me and my brother. An hour later all three of us were sitting in a huge crowded room. I was overwhelmed by the many faces and the voices which I could not understand. High above me was a white face which my mother told me was the face of the judge.

For some reason the entire thing struck me as being useless; I felt that if my father were going to feed me, then he would have done so regardless of what a judge said to him. Finally I heard my mother's name called; she rose and began weeping so copiously that she could not talk for a few moments; at last she managed to say that her husband had deserted her and her two children, that her children were hungry, that they stayed hungry, that she worked, that she was trying to raise them alone. Then my father was called; he came forward jauntily, smiling. He tried to kiss my mother, but she turned away from him. I only heard one sentence of what he said.

"I'm doing all I can, Your Honor," he mumbled, grinning.

Back at home my mother wept again and talked complainingly about the unfairness of the judge who had accepted my father's word. After the court scene, I tried to forget my father; I did not hate him; I simply did not want to think of him.

My mother fell ill and the problem of food became an acute, daily agony. Hunger was with us always. Sometimes the neighbors would feed us or a dollar bill would come in the mail from my grandmother. It was winter and I would buy a dime's worth of coal each morning from the corner coalyard and lug it home in paper bags. For a time I remained out of school to wait upon my mother, then Granny came to visit us and I returned to school.

Finally we could no longer pay the rent for our dingy flat; the few dollars that Granny had left us before she went home were gone. Half sick and in despair, my mother made the rounds of the charitable institutions, seeking help. She found an orphan home that agreed to assume the guidance of me and my brother provided my mother worked and made small payments. My mother hated to be separated from us, but she had no choice.

The orphan home was a two-story frame building set amid trees in a wide, green field. My mother ushered me and my brother one morning into the building and into the presence of a tall, gaunt mulatto woman who called herself Miss Simon. At once she took a fancy to me and I was frightened speechless; I was afraid of her the moment I saw her and my fear lasted during my entire stay in the home.

MY MOTHER arrived one afternoon with news that we were going to live with her sister in Elaine, Arkansas, and that en route we would visit Granny, who had moved from Natchez to Jackson, Mississippi. As the words fell from my mother's lips, a long and heavy anxiety lifted from me. Excited, I rushed about and gathered my ragged clothes. I was leaving the hated home, hunger, fear, leaving days that had been as dark and lonely as death.

I was so eager to be gone that when I stood in the front hallway, packed and ready, I did not even think of saying good-by to the boys and girls with whom I had eaten and slept and lived for so many weeks. My mother scolded me for my thoughtlessness and bade me say good-by to them. Reluctantly I obeyed her. As I shook the dingy palms extended to me I kept my eyes averted, not wanting to look again into faces that hurt me because they had become so thoroughly associated in my feelings with hunger and fear. In shaking hands I was doing something that I was to do countless times in the years to come: acting in conformity with what others expected of me even though, by the very nature and form of my life, I did not and could not share their spirit.

(After I had outlived the shocks of childhood, after the habit of reflection had been born in me, I used to mull over the strange absence of real kindness in Negroes, how unstable was our tenderness, how lacking in genuine passion we were, how void of great hope, how timid our joy, how bare our traditions, how hollow our memories, how lacking we were in those intangible sentiments that bind man to man, and how shallow was even our despair. After I had learned other ways of life I used to brood upon the unconscious irony of those who felt that Negroes led so passional an existence! I saw that what had been taken for our emotional strength was our negative confusions, our flights, our fears, our frenzy under pressure.

(Whenever I thought of the essential bleakness of black life in America, I knew that Negroes had never been allowed to catch the full spirit of Western civilization, that they lived somehow in it but not of it. And when I brooded upon the cultural barrenness of black life, I wondered if clean, positive tenderness, love, honor, loyalty, and the capacity to remember were native with man. I asked myself if these human qualities were not fostered, won, struggled and suffered for, preserved in ritual from one generation to another.)

GRANNY'S home in Jackson was an enchanting place to explore. It was a two-story frame structure of seven rooms. My brother and I used to play hide and seek in the long, narrow hallways, and on and under the stairs. Granny's son, Uncle Clark, had bought her this home, and its white plastered walls, its front and back porches, its round columns and banisters, made me feel that surely there was no finer house in all the round world.

There were wide green fields in which my brother and I roamed and played and shouted. And there were the timid children of the neighbors, boys and girls to whom my brother and I felt superior in worldly knowledge. We took pride in telling them what it was like to ride on a train, what the yellow, sleepy Mississippi River looked like, how it felt to sail on the Kate Adams, and what Memphis looked like. And we would hint that we were pausing for but a few days and then would be off to even more fabulous places and marvelous experiences.

At last we were at the railroad station with our bags, waiting for the train that would take us to Arkansas; and for the first time I noticed that there were two lines of people at the ticket window, a "white" line and a "black" line. During my visit at Granny's a sense of the two races had been born in me with a sharp concreteness that would never die until I died. When I boarded the train I was aware that we Negroes were in one part of the train and that the whites were in another. Naïvely I wanted to go and see how the whites looked while sitting in their part of the train.

I had begun to notice that my mother became irritated when I questioned her about whites and blacks, and I could not quite understand it. I wanted to understand these two sets of people who lived side by side and never touched, it seemed, except in violence. Now, there was my grandmother . . .

"Mama, is Granny white?" I asked as the train rolled through the darkness.

"If you've got eyes, you can see what color she is," my mother said.

Later, grudgingly, she told me that Granny came of Irish, Scotch, and French stock in which Negro blood had somewhere and somehow been infused. She explained it all in a matter-of-fact, offhand, neutral way.

"What has Papa got in him?" I asked.

"Some white and some red and some black," she said.

"Indian, white, and Negro?"

"Yes."

"Then what am I?"

"They'll call you a colored man when you grow up," she said. Then she turned to me and smiled mockingly and asked: "Do you mind, Mr. Wright?"

I was angry and I did not answer. I did not object to being called colored, but I knew that there was something my mother was holding back. She was not concealing facts, but feelings, attitudes, convictions which she did not want me to know; and she became angry when I prodded her. All right, I would find out someday.

WHEN we arrived in Elaine I saw that Aunt Maggie lived in a bungalow with a fence around it. A wide dusty road ran past the house and on each side of the road wild flowers grew. It was summer and the smell of clay dust was everywhere, day and night. I would get up early every morning to wade with my bare feet through the dust of the road, reveling in the strange mixture of the cold dew-wet crust on top of the road and the warm sun-baked dust beneath.

Aunt Maggie's husband, Uncle Hoskins, owned a saloon that catered to the hundreds of Negroes who worked in the surrounding sawmills. And at mealtime Aunt Maggie's table was so loaded with food that I could scarcely believe it was real. It took me some time to get used to the idea of there being enough to eat; I felt that if I ate enough there would not be anything left for another time.

Each day Uncle Hoskins went to his saloon in the evening and did not return home until the early hours of the morning. One morning I awakened to learn that he had not come home. Aunt Maggie fretted and worried. She wanted to visit the saloon and find out what had happened, but Uncle Hoskins had forbidden her to come to the place. The day wore on and dinnertime came.

It grew dark and still he had not come. Aunt Maggie was silent and restless. Later there was the sound of heavy footsteps on the front porch and a loud knock came. Aunt Maggie ran to the door and flung it open. A tall black boy stood sweating, panting, and shaking his head. He pulled off his cap.

"Mr. Hoskins . . . he done been shot. Done been shot by a white man," the boy gasped. "Mrs. Hoskins, he dead."

I learned afterwards that Uncle Hoskins had been killed by whites who had long coveted his flourishing liquor business. He had been threatened with death and warned many times to leave, but he had wanted to hold on a while longer to amass more money. We got rooms in West Helena, and Aunt Maggie and my mother kept huddled in the house all day and night, afraid to be seen on the streets. Finally Aunt Maggie defied her fear and made frequent trips back to Elaine, but she went at night.

There was no funeral. There was no music. There was no period of mourning. There were no flowers. There was only silence, quiet weeping, whispers, and fear.

Shocked, frightened, alone without their husbands or friends, my mother and Aunt Maggie lost faith in themselves and, after much debate and hesitation, they decided to return home to Granny and rest, think, map out new plans for living. I had grown used to moving suddenly and the prospects of another trip did not excite me. I had learned to leave old places without regret and to accept new ones for what they looked like.

Though I was nearly nine years of age, I had not had a single, unbroken year of school, and I was not conscious of it. I could read and count and that was about as much as most of the people I met could do, grownups or children. Again our household was torn apart; belongings were sold, given away, or simply left behind, and we were off for another long train ride.

MY mother could not earn enough to feed us and my stomach kept so consistently empty that my head ached most of the day. One afternoon hunger haunted me so acutely that I decided to try to sell my dog Betsy and buy some food. Betsy was a tiny, white, fluffy poodle and when I had washed, dried, and combed her, she looked like a toy. I tucked her under my arm and went for the first time alone into a white neighborhood where there were wide clean streets and big white houses. I went from door to door, ringing the bells. Some white people slammed the door in my face. Others told me to come to the rear of the house, but pride would never let me do that. Finally a young white woman came to the door and smiled.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Do you want to buy a pretty dog?" I asked.

"Let me see it."

She took the dog into her arms and fondled and kissed it. "What do you want for her?"

"A dollar," I said.

"Wait a moment," she said. "Let me see if I have a dollar."

She took Betsy into the house with her and I waited on the porch, marveling at the cleanliness, the quietness of the white world. How orderly everything was! Yet I felt out of place. I had no desire to live here. What was keeping the woman so long? Would she tell other people that a nigger boy had said something wrong to her? Perhaps she was getting a mob? My mounting anxieties drowned out my hunger. I wanted to rush back to the safety of the black faces I knew.

The door opened and the woman came out, smiling, still hugging Betsy in her arms. But I could not see her smile now; my eyes were full of the fears I had conjured up.

"I just love this dog," she said, "and I'm going to buy her. I haven't got a dollar. All I have is ninety-seven cents. I'll give you the other three cents when my mother comes home tonight."

"No, ma'am," I said, shaking my head. "I want a dollar."

"But I'll give you the other three cents!"

"My mama told me to sell her for a dollar," I said, feeling that I was being too aggressive and trying to switch the moral blame to my absent mother.

"But what could you want with a dollar now?" she asked.

"I want to buy something to eat," I said.

"Then ninety-seven cents will buy you a lot of food," she said.

"No, ma'am. I want my dog."

She stared at me for a moment and her face grew red.

"Here's your dog," she snapped, thrusting Betsy into my arms. "Now, get away from here! You're just about the craziest nigger boy I ever did see!"

I took Betsy and ran all the way home, glad that I had not sold her. But my hunger returned.

A week later Betsy was crushed to death beneath the wheels of a coal wagon. I cried and buried her in the back yard and drove a barrel staving into the ground at the head of her grave. My mother's sole comment was:

"You could have had a dollar. But you can't eat a dead dog, can you?"

I did not answer.

I LIVED in West Helena an undeterminedly long time before I returned to school and took up regular study. My mother luckily secured a job in a white doctor's office at the unheard-of wages of five dollars per week and she announced that her "sons were going to school again."

I was happy. But I was still shy and half paralyzed when in the presence of a crowd, and my first day at the new school made me the laughingstock of the classroom. I was sent to the blackboard to write my name and address; I knew my name and address, knew how to write it, knew how to spell it; but standing at the blackboard with the eyes of the many girls and boys looking at my back made me freeze inside and I was unable to write a single letter.

ON SUNDAYS, if our clothes were presentable, mother would take me and my brother to Sunday School. We did not object, for church was not where we learned of God or His ways, but where we met our school friends. Some of the bible stories were interesting in themselves, but we always twisted them, secularized them to the level of our street life. And we did the same to the beautiful hymns. When the preacher intoned:

"Amazing grace, how sweet it sounds

we would wink at one another and hum under our breath:

"A bulldog ran my grandma down."

We were now large enough for the white boys to fear us, and both of us, the white boys and the black boys, began to play our traditional racial roles as though we had been born to them, as though it were in our blood, as though we were being guided by instinct. All the frightful descriptions we had heard about each other, all the violent expressions of hate and hostility that had seeped into us from our surroundings, came now to the surface.

The roundhouse was the racial boundary of the neighborhood, and it had been tacitly agreed between the white boys and the black boys that the whites were to keep to the far side of the roundhouse and we blacks were to keep to our side. Whenever we caught a white boy on our side we stoned him; if we strayed to their side, they stoned us.

ONE morning a shouting voice awakened me.

"Richard! Richard!"

I rolled out of bed. My brother came running into the room.

"Richard, you better come and see Mama. She's very sick," he said.

I ran into my mother's room and saw her lying upon her bed, dressed, her eyes open, her mouth gaped.

"Mama!" I called.

She did not answer or turn her head. I reached forward to shake her, but drew back, afraid that she was dead. "Mama!" I called again, my mind unable to grasp that she could not answer.

Finally I went to her and shook her. She moved slightly and groaned. I ran into the hallway and called a neighbor. She followed me into our flat.

My mother lay still, unseeing, silent. The woman felt my mother's hands.

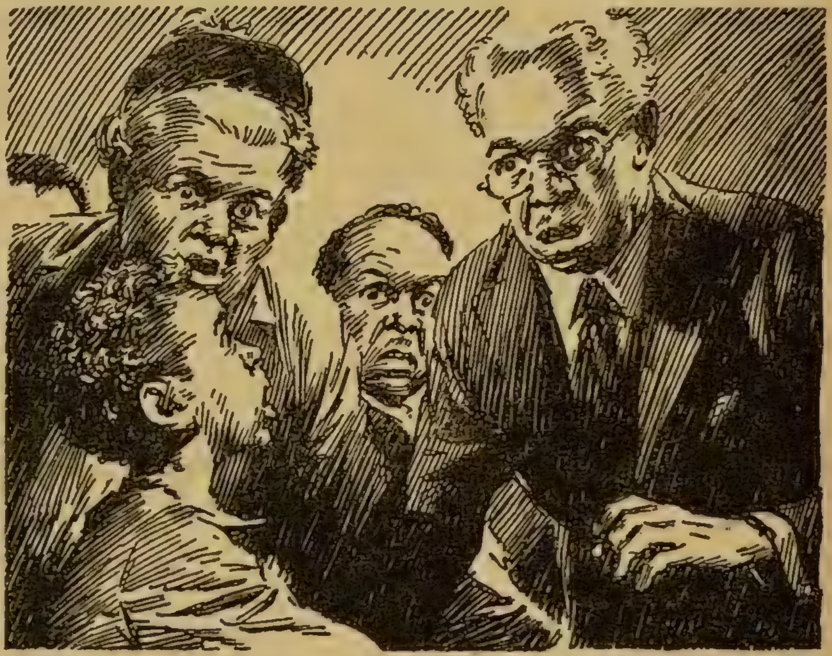
"She ain't dead," she said. "But she's sick, all right. I better get some more of the neighbors."

Five or six of the women came and my brother and I waited in the hallway while they undressed my mother and put her to bed. When we were allowed back in the room, a woman said, "Looks like a stroke to me."

"Just like paralysis," said another.

"And she's so young," someone else said.

My brother and I stood against a wall while the bustling women worked frantically over my mother. They searched through the dresser and found a dollar or two and sent for a doctor. The doctor arrived. Yes, he told us, my mother had suffered a stroke of paralysis. She was in a serious condition. She needed someone with her day and night; she needed medicine. Where was her husband? I told him the story and he shook his head.



Later that day I rummaged through the drawers and found Granny's address; I wrote to her, pleading with her to come and help us. The neighbors nursed my mother day and night, fed us and washed our clothes.

I went through the days with a stunned consciousness, unable to believe what had happened. Suppose Granny did not come? I tried not to think of it. She had to come. The utter loneliness was now terrifying. I had been suddenly thrown emotionally upon my own. Within an hour the half-friendly world that I had known had turned cold and hostile. I was too frightened to weep. I was glad that my mother was not dead, but there was the fact that she would be sick for a long, long time, perhaps for the balance of her life. I became morose. Though I was a child, I could no longer feel as a child, could no longer react as a child. The desire for play was gone and I brooded. I tried not to think of a tomorrow that was neither real nor wanted, for all tomorrows held questions that I could not answer.

When the neighbors offered me food, I refused, already ashamed that so often in my life I had to be fed by strangers. And after I had been prevailed upon to eat I would eat as little as possible, feeling that some shame of charity would be taken away. It pained me to think that other children were wondering if I were hungry, and whenever they asked me if I wanted food, I would say no, even though I was starving. I was tense during the days I waited for Granny, and when she came I gave up, letting her handle things, answering questions automatically, obeying, knowing that somehow I had to face things alone. I withdrew into myself.

I wrote letters that Granny dictated to her children asking for money with which "to take Ella and her two little children to our home." Money came. My mother was taken to the train in an ambulance.

My mother remained abed ten years, gradually growing better, but never completely recovering, relapsing periodically into her paralytic state.

A somberness of spirit that I was never to lose settled over me during the slow years of my mother's unrelieved suffering, a somberness that was to make me stand apart and look upon excessive joy with suspicion, that was to make me self-conscious, that was to make me keep forever on the move, as though to escape a nameless fate seeking to overtake me.

At the age of twelve, before I had had one full year of formal schooling, I had a conception of life that no experience would ever erase, a predilection for what was real that no argument could ever gainsay, a sense of the world that was mine and mine alone, a notion as to what life meant that no education could ever alter, a conviction that the meaning of living came only when one was struggling to wring a meaning out of meaningless suffering.

The spirit I had caught gave me insight into the sufferings of others, made me gravitate toward those whose feelings were like my own, made me sit for hours while others told me of their lives, made me strangely tender and cruel, violent and peaceful.

ONCE again I knew hunger, hunger that kept me on edge, that made my temper flare, that made hate leap out of my heart like the dart of a serpent's tongue, hunger that created in me odd cravings. No food that I could dream of seemed half so utterly delicious as vanilla wafers. Every time I had a nickel I would run to the corner grocery store and buy a box of vanilla wafers and walk back home, slowly, so that I could eat them all up without having to share them with anyone. Then I would sit on the front steps and dream of eating another box.

My position in Granny's household was a delicate one; I was a minor, an uninvited dependent, a blood relative who professed no salvation and whose soul stood in mortal peril. Granny was a Seventh-Day Adventist and intimated boldly, basing her logic on God's justice, that one sinful person in a household could bring down the wrath of God upon the entire establishment, damning both the innocent and the guilty, and on more than one occasion she interpreted my mother's long illness as the result of my faithlessness.

Aunt Addie, Granny's youngest child, had just finished the Seventh-Day Adventist religious school in Huntsville, Alabama, and came home to argue that if the family was compassionate enough to feed me, then the least I could do in return was to follow its guidance. She proposed that, when the fall school term started, I should be enrolled in the religious school rather than a secular one. I raised arguments and objections, but my mother sided with Granny and Aunt Addie and I had to accept.

The religious school opened and I put in a sullen attendance. Twenty pupils, ranging in age from five to nineteen and in grades from primary to high school, were crowded into one room. Aunt Addie was the only teacher and from the first day an acute, bitter antagonism sprang up between us. This was the first time she had ever taught school and she was nervous, self-conscious because a blood relative of hers—a relative who would not confess her faith and who was not a member of her church—was in her classroom. She was determined that every student should know I was a sinner of whom she did not approve, and that I was not to be granted any consideration.

Until she married, years later, we rarely spoke to each other, though we ate at the same table and slept under the same roof, though I was but a skinny, half-frightened boy and she was the secretary of the church and the church's day-school teacher.

A religious revival was announced and Granny felt that it was her last chance to bring me to God before I entered the precincts of sin at the public school, for I had already given loud and final notice that I would no longer attend the church school.

One evening during a sermon I heard the elder describe how Jacob had seen an angel. Immediately I felt that I had found a way to tell Granny that I needed proof before I could believe. Wishing to allay her fears for my soul, wanting to make her know that my heart was not all black and wrong, that I was actually giving serious thought to her passionate pleadings, I leaned to her and whispered, "You see, Granny, if I ever saw an angel like Jacob did, then I'd believe."

Granny stiffened and stared at me in amazement; then a glad smile lit up her old wrinkled white face and she nodded and gently patted my hand. The service ended and Granny rushed to the front of the church and began talking excitedly to the elder.

The elder hurried toward me. Automatically I rose. He extended his hand and I shook it.

"Your grandmother told me," he said in awed tones. "She says that you have seen an angel."

"No . . . N-nooo, sir! No, sir!" I stammered. "I didn't say that. She misunderstood me."

The last thing on earth I wanted was a mess like this. The elder blinked his eyes in bewilderment.

"What did you tell her?" he asked.

"I told her that if I ever saw an angel, then I would believe," I said, feeling foolish, ashamed, hating and pitying my believing granny. The elder's face became bleak and stricken. He was stunned with disappointment.

"You . . . you didn't see an angel?" he asked.

"No, sir!" I said emphatically, shaking my head.

I went to her and tried to tell her how it had happened.

"You shouldn't've spoken to me," Granny said in a breaking voice that revealed the depths of her disillusionment.

On our way home she would not utter a single word. I walked anxiously beside her, looking at her tired old white face, the wrinkles that lined her neck, the deep, waiting black eyes, and the frail body, and I knew more than she thought I knew about the meaning of religion, the hunger of the human heart for that which is not and can never be, the thirst of the human spirit to conquer and transcend the implacable limitations of human life.

Later, I convinced her that I had not wanted to hurt her.

I WENT to school, feeling that my life depended not so much upon learning as upon getting into another world of people.

I was now with boys and girls who were studying, fighting, talking; it revitalized my being, whipped my senses to a high, keen pitch of receptivity. I knew that my life was revolving about a world that I had to encounter and fight when I grew up. Suddenly the future loomed tangibly for me, as tangible as a future can loom for a black boy in Mississippi.

Most of my schoolmates worked mornings, evenings, and Saturdays; they earned enough to buy their clothes and books, and they had money in their pockets at school. To see a boy go into a grocery store at noon recess and let his eyes roam over filled shelves and pick out what he wanted—even a dime's worth—was a hairbreadth short of a miracle to me.

But when I broached the idea of my working to Granny, she would have none of it; she laid down the injunction that I could not work on Saturdays while I slept under her roof. Though we lived just on the borders of actual starvation, I could not bribe Granny with a promise of half or two-thirds of my salary.

To protect myself against pointed questions about my home and my life, to avoid being invited out when I knew that I could not accept, I was reserved with the boys and girls at school, seeking their company but never letting them guess how much I was being kept out of the world in which they lived, valuing their casual friendships but hiding it, acutely self-conscious but covering it with a quick smile and a ready phrase.

I now saw a world leap to life before my eyes because I could explore it, and that meant not going home when school was out, but wandering, watching, asking, talking. Had I gone home to eat my plate of greens, Granny would not have allowed me out again, so the penalty I paid for roaming was to forfeit my food for twelve hours. I would eat mush at eight in the morning and greens at seven or later at night. To starve in order to learn about my environment was irrational, but so were my hungers. With my books slung over my shoulder, I would tramp with a gang into the woods, to rivers, to creeks, into the business district, to the doors of poolrooms, into the movies when we could slip in without paying, to neighborhood ball games, to brick kilns, to lumberyards, to cotton-seed mills to watch men work.

In my class was a tall, black, rebellious boy who was bright in his studies and yet utterly fearless in his assertion of himself. It was he who detected my plaguing hunger and suggested to me a way to earn some money.

"You can't sit in school all day and not eat," he said.

"What am I going to eat?" I asked.

"Why don't you do like me?"

"What do you do?"

"I sell papers."

"What papers are you selling?"

"It's a paper published in Chicago. It comes out each week and it has a magazine supplement," he informed me.

"What kind of paper is it?"

"Well, I never read the newspaper. It isn't much. But, boy, the magazine supplement! What stories! I'm reading the serial of Zane Grey's Riders of the Purple Sage."

I FOLLOWED him home and he gave me a copy. The newspaper was thin, ill-edited, and designed to circulate among rural, white Protestant readers.

That night I ordered papers and waited anxiously. They arrived and I scoured the Negro area, slowly building up a string of customers who bought the papers more because they knew me than from any desire to read. When I returned home at night, I would go to my room and lock the door and revel in outlandish exploits of outlandish men in faraway, outlandish cities. For the first time in my life I became aware of the life of the modern world, of vast cities, and I was claimed by it; I loved it. Though they were merely stories, I accepted them as true because I wanted to believe them, because I hungered for a different life, for something new.

I was happy and would have continued to sell the newspaper and its magazine supplement indefinitely had it not been for the racial pride of a friend of the family. He was a tall, quiet, soft-spoken black man, a carpenter by trade. One evening I called at his home with the paper. He gave me a dime, then looked at me oddly.

"Listen, son," he said. "Listen! You're a black boy and you're trying to make a few pennies. All right. I don't want to stop you from selling these papers, if you want to sell 'em. But I've read these papers now for two months and I know what they're trying to do. If you sell 'em, you're just helping white people to kill you. Just you listen to this."

He read aloud a long article in which lynching was passionately advocated as a solution for the problems of the Negro. Even though I heard him reading it, I could not believe it.

I took the paper from him and sat on the edge of the steps; in the paling light I turned the pages and read articles so brutally anti-Negro that goose pimples broke out over my skin.

"Are you going to sell those papers now?"

"No, sir. Never again."

I handed him his dime, but he would not take it.

AS SUMMER waned I obtained a strange job. Our next-door neighbor, a janitor, decided to change his profession and become an insurance agent. He was handicapped by illiteracy and he offered me the job of accompanying him on trips into the delta plantation area to write and figure for him, at wages of five dollars a week. I made several trips with Brother Mance, as he was called, to plantation shacks, sleeping on shuck mattresses, eating salt pork and black-eyed peas for breakfast, dinner, and supper; and drinking, for once, all the milk I wanted.

I had been pitying myself for not having books to read, and now I saw children who had never read a book. Their chronic shyness made me seem bold and city-wise; a black mother would lure her brood into the room to shake hands with me and they would linger at the jamb of the door, peering at me with one eye, giggling hysterically.

At night, seated at a crude table, with a kerosene lamp spluttering at my elbow, I would fill out insurance applications, and a share-cropper family, fresh from laboring in the fields, would stand and gape. Brother Mance would pace the floor, extolling my abilities with pen and paper. Many of the naïve black families bought their insurance from us because they felt that they were connecting themselves with something that would make their children "write 'n' speak lak dat pretty boy from Jackson."

I returned home with a pocketful of money that melted into the bottomless hunger of the household. School opened and I began the seventh grade. My old hunger was still with me and I lived on what I did not eat.

My clothing became so shabby that I was ashamed to go to school. Many of the boys in my class were wearing their first long-pants suits. I grew so bitter that I decided to have it out with Granny. I followed her about the house, demanding the right to work on Saturday. Her answer was no and no and no.

"I'm going to get a job anyway."

"Then you can't live here," she said.

"Then I'll leave," I said, trembling violently.

I ran to my room, got a battered suitcase, and began packing my ragged clothes. I did not have a penny, but I was going to leave. She came to the door.

"You little fool! Put that suitcase down!"

"I'm going where I can work!"

She snatched the suitcase out of my hands; she was trembling.

"All right," she said. "If you want to go to hell, then go. But God'll know that it was not my fault. He'll forgive me, but He won't forgive you."

Weeping, she rushed from the door. Her humanity had triumphed over her fear. I emptied the suitcase, feeling spent. I hated these emotional outbursts, these tempests of passion, for they always left me tense and weak. Now I was truly dead to Granny and Aunt Addie, but my mother smiled when I told her that I had defied them. She rose and hobbled to me on her paralytic legs and kissed me.

THE next day at school I inquired among the students about jobs and was given the name of a white family who wanted a boy to do chores. That afternoon, as soon as school let out, I went to the address. A tall, dour white woman talked to me. Yes, she needed a boy, an honest boy. Two dollars a week. Mornings, evenings, and all day Saturdays. Washing dishes. Chopping wood. Scrubbing floors. Cleaning the yard. I would get my breakfast and dinner. As I asked timid questions, my eyes darted about. What kind of food would I get? Was the place as shabby as the kitchen indicated?

"Now, boy, I want to ask you one question and I want you to tell me the truth," the woman said.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, all attention.

"Do you steal?" she asked me seriously.

I burst into a laugh, then checked myself.

"What's so damn funny about that?" she asked me then.

"Lady, if I was a thief, I'd never tell anybody."

"What do you mean?" she blazed with a red face.

I had made a mistake during my first five minutes in the white world. I hung my head.

"No, ma'am," I mumbled. "I don't steal."

She stared at me, trying to make up her mind.

"Now, look, we don't want a sassy nigger around here," she said.

"No, ma'am," I assured her. "I'm not sassy."

Promising to report the next morning at six o'clock, I walked home and pondered on what could possibly have been in the woman's mind to have made her ask me point-blank if I stole. Then I recalled hearing that white people looked upon Negroes as a variety of children, and it was only in the light of that that her question made any sense.

What would happen now that I would be among white people for hours at a stretch? Would they hit me? Curse me? If they did, I would leave at once. In all my wishing for a job I had not thought of how I would be treated, and now it loomed important, decisive.

The next morning I chopped wood for the cook stove, lugged in scuttles of coal for the grates, washed the front porch and swept the back porch, swept the kitchen, helped wait on the table, and washed the dishes. I was sweating. I swept the front walk and ran to the store to shop.

When I returned the woman said, "Your breakfast is in the kitchen."

"Thank you, ma'am."

I saw a plate of thick black molasses and a hunk of white bread on the table. Would I get no more than this? They had had eggs, bacon, coffee. . . . I picked up the bread and tried to break it; it was stale and hard. Well, I would drink the molasses. I lifted the plate and brought it to my lips and saw floating on the surface green and white bits of mold. I can't eat this, I told myself. The food was not even clean. The woman came into the kitchen as I was putting on my coat.

"You didn't eat," she said.

"No, ma'am," I said. "I'm not hungry."

"You'll eat at home?" she asked hopefully.

"Well, I just wasn't hungry this morning, ma'am," I lied.

"You don't like molasses and bread," she said dramatically.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I do," I defended myself quickly, not wanting her to think that I dared criticize what she had given me.

"I don't know what's happening to you niggers nowadays," she sighed, wagging her head. She looked closely at the molasses. "It's a sin to throw out molasses like that. I'll put it up for you this evening."

"Yes, ma'am," I said heartily.

Neatly she covered the plate of molasses with another plate, then felt the bread and dumped it into the garbage. She turned to me, her face lit with an idea.

"What grade are you in school?"

"Seventh, ma'am."

"Then why are you going to school?" she asked.

"Well, I want to be a writer," I mumbled, unsure of myself. I had not planned to tell her that, but she had made me feel so utterly wrong and of no account that I needed to bolster myself.

"For what?"

"To write stories," I mumbled defensively.

"You'll never be a writer," she said. "Who on earth put such ideas into your nigger head?"

"Nobody," I said.

"I didn't think anybody ever would," she declared.

As I walked around her house to the street, I knew that I would not go back. The woman had assaulted my ego; she had assumed that she knew my place in life, what I felt, what I ought to be, and I resented it with all my heart. Perhaps she was right; perhaps I would never be a writer; but I did not want her to say so.

SUMMER. Bright hot days. Hunger still a vital part of my consciousness. My mother recovering slowly, but now definitely crippled for life. Will I be able to enter school in September? Loneliness. Reading. Job hunting. Vague hopes of going north. But what would become of my mother if I left her in this queer house? And how would I fare in a strange city? Doubt. Fear. My friends are buying long-pants suits that cost from seventeen to twenty dollars, a sum as huge to me as the Alps! This was my reality in 1924.

Word came that a near-by brickyard was hiring and I went to investigate. I asked questions and found that the water boy was missing; I ran to the office and was hired. I walked in the hot sun lugging a big zinc pail from one laboring gang of black men to another for a dollar a day; a man would lift the tin dipper to his lips, take a swallow, rinse out his mouth, spit, and then drink in long, slow gulps as sweat dripped into the dipper. And off again I would go, chanting:

"Water!"

And somebody would yell, "Here, boy!"

Deep into wet pits of clay, into sticky ditches, up slippery slopes I would struggle with the pail. I stuck it out, reeling at times from hunger, pausing to get my breath before clambering up a hill. At the end of the week the money sank into the endless expenses at home. Later I got a job in the yard that paid a dollar and a half a day, that of bat boy. I went between the walls of clay and picked up bricks that had cracked open; when my barrow was full, I would wheel it out onto a wooden scaffold and dump it into a pond.

I HAD but one fear here: a dog. He was owned by the boss of the brickyard and he haunted the clay aisles, snapping, growling. Several of the Negroes had been bitten and had been ill; the boss had been asked to leash the dog, but he had refused. One afternoon I was wheeling my barrow toward the pond when something sharp sank into my thigh. I whirled; the dog crouched a few feet away, snarling. I had been bitten. Teeth marks showed deep and red.

I did not mind the stinging hurt, but I was afraid of an infection. When I went to the office to report that the dog had bitten me, I was met by a tall blonde white girl.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to see the boss, ma'am."

"For what?"

"His dog bit me, ma'am, and I'm afraid I might get an infection."

"He isn't here now," she said, and went back to her typing.

I returned to work, stopping occasionally to examine the teeth marks; they were swelling. Later in the afternoon a tall white man wearing a cool white suit, a Panama hat, and white shoes came toward me.

"Is this the nigger?" he asked a black boy as he pointed at me.

"Yes, sir," the black boy answered.

"Come here, nigger," he called me.

I went to him.

"They tell me my dog bit you," he said.

"Yes, sir."

I pulled down my trousers and he looked.

"Humnnn," he grunted, then laughed. "A dog bite can't hurt a nigger."

"It's swelling and it hurts," I said.

"If it bothers you, let me know," he said. "But I never saw a dog yet that could really hurt a nigger."

He turned and walked away and the black boys gathered to watch his tall form disappear.

"Break up that prayer meeting!" the white straw boss yelled.

The wheelbarrows rolled again. A boy came to me.

"You better see a doctor," he whispered.

"I ain't got no money," I said.

Two days passed and luckily the redness and swelling went away.

SCHOOL opened and, though I had not prepared myself, I enrolled. The school was far across town and the walking distance alone consumed my breakfast of mush and lard gravy. I attended classes without books for a month, then got a job working mornings and evenings for three dollars a week.

I grew silent and reserved as the nature of the world in which I lived became plain and undeniable; the bleakness of the future affected my will to study. Granny had already thrown out hints that it was time for me to be on my own. But what had I learned so far that would help me to make a living? Nothing. I could be a porter like my father before me, but what else? And the problem of living as a Negro was cold and hard.

What was it that made the hate of whites for blacks so steady, seemingly so woven into the texture of things? What kind of life was possible under that hate? How had this hate come to be? Nothing about the problems of Negroes was ever taught at school; and whenever I would raise these questions with the boys, they would either remain silent or turn the subject into a joke.

The eighth-grade days flowed in their hungry path and I grew more conscious of myself; I sat in classes, bored, wondering, dreaming. One long dry afternoon I took out my composition book and told myself that I would write a story; it was sheer idleness that led me to it. What would the story be about? It resolved itself into a plot about a villain who wanted a widow's home and I called it The Voodoo of Hell's Half-Acre. It was crudely atmospheric, emotional, intuitively psychological, and stemmed from pure feeling. I finished it in three days and then wondered what to do with it.

The local Negro newspaper! That's it. . . I sailed into the office and shoved my ragged composition book under the nose of the man who called himself the editor.

"I'll read this and let you know about it tomorrow," he said.

I was disappointed; I had taken time to write it and he seemed distant and uninterested.

The next afternoon, en route to my job, I stepped into the newspaper office.

"Where's my story?" I asked.

"It's set up in type," he said. "We're publishing it."

"How much money will I get?" I asked, excited.

"We can't pay for manuscript," he said.

"But you sell your papers for money," I said with logic.

"Yes, but we're young in business," he explained. "Look, you're just starting. This story will put your name before our readers. Now, that's something."

"But if the story is good enough to sell to your readers, then you ought to give me some of the money you get from it," I insisted.

"I'm going to offer you something more valuable than money," he said. "I'll give you a chance to learn to write. Will you get news for me on a space rate basis?"

"I work mornings and evenings for three dollars a week," I said.

"Oh," he said. "Then you better keep that. But what are you doing this summer?"

"Nothing."

"Then come to see me before you take another job," he said. "And write some more stories."

A few days later my classmates came to me with baffled eyes, holding copies of the Southern Register in their hands. We never had had any instruction in literary matters at school; the literature of the nation or the Negro had never been mentioned. My schoolmates could not understand why anyone would want to write a story; and, above all, they could not understand why I had called it The Voodoo of Hell's Half-Acre. The mood out of which a story was written was the most alien thing conceivable to them. They looked at me with new eyes, and a distance, a suspiciousness came between us.

I dreamed of going north and writing books, novels. The North symbolized to me all that I had not felt and seen; it had no relation whatever to what actually existed. Yet, by imagining a place where everything was possible, I kept hope alive in me.

I WAS elected valedictorian of my class and assigned to write a paper to be delivered at one of the public auditoriums. One morning the principal summoned me to his office.

"Well, Richard Wright, here's your speech," he said with smooth bluntness and shoved a stack of stapled sheets across his desk.

"What speech?" I asked as I picked up the papers.

"The speech you're to say the night of graduation."

"But, professor, I've written my speech already," I said.

He laughed confidently, indulgently.

"Listen, boy, you're going to speak to both white and colored people that night. What can you alone think of saying to them? You have no experience. . ."

"I know that I'm not educated, professor," I said. "But the people are coming to hear the students, and I won't make a speech that you've written."

He leaned back in his chair and looked at me in surprise.

"You know, we've never had a boy in this school like you before," he said. He paused and added meaningfully: "The superintendent of schools will be there; you're in a position to make a good impression on him. I've been a principal for more years that you are old, boy. I've seen many a boy and girl graduate from this school, and none of them was too proud to recite a speech I wrote for them."

I had to make up my mind quickly; I was faced with a matter of principle. I wanted to graduate, but I did not want to make a public speech that was not my own.

"Professor, I'm going to say my own speech that night," I said.

He grew angry.

"You're just a young hotheaded fool," he said. He toyed with a pencil and looked at me. "Suppose you don't graduate?"

"But I passed my examinations," I said.

"Look, mister," he shot at me. "I'm the man who says who passes at this school."

"Then I don't graduate," I said flatly.

I turned to leave.

"Say, you. Come here," he called.

I turned and faced him; he was smiling at me in a remote, superior sort of way.

"You know, I'm glad I talked to you," he said. "I was seriously thinking of placing you in the school system, teaching. But, now, I don't think you'll fit. Wake up, boy. Learn the world you're living in. You're smart and I know what you're after. I've kept closer track of you than you think. I know your relatives. Now, if you play safe," he smiled and winked, "I'll help you to go to school, to college."

"I want to learn, professor," I told him. "But there are some things I don't want to know."

"Good-by," he said.

I had one more problem to settle before I could make my speech. I was the only boy in my class wearing short pants and I was grimly determined to leave school in long pants. I borrowed money from Mrs. Bibbs, my employer, made a down payment on a pearl-gray suit.

On the night of graduation I was nervous and tense; I rose and faced the audience and my speech rolled out. When my voice stopped there was some applause. I did not care if they liked it or not; I was through. Immediately, even before I left the platform, I tried to shunt all memory of the event from me. A few of my classmates managed to shake my hand as I pushed toward the door, seeking the street. Somebody invited me to a party and I did not accept. I did not want to see any of them again. I walked home, saying to myself: The hell with it! With almost seventeen years of baffled living behind me, I faced the world in 1925.

MY LIFE now depended upon my finding work, and I was so anxious that I accepted the first offer, a job as a porter in a clothing store selling cheap goods to Negroes on credit.

I was learning rapidly how to watch white people, to observe their every move, every fleeting expression; how to interpret what was said and what left unsaid.

Late one Saturday night I made some deliveries in a white neighborhood. I was pedaling my bicycle back to the store as fast as I could when a police car, swerving toward me, jammed me into the curbing.

"Get down, nigger, and put up your hands!" they ordered.

I did. They climbed out of the car, guns drawn, faces set, and advanced slowly.

"Keep still!" they ordered.

I reached my hands higher. They searched my pockets and packages. They seemed dissatisfied when they could find nothing incriminating. Finally, one of them said,

"Boy, tell your boss not to send you out in white neighborhoods at this time of night."

"Yes, sir," I said.

The boss's son cornered me one morning.

"Say, nigger, look here," he began.

"Yes, sir."

"What's on your mind?"

"Nothing, sir," I said, trying to look amazed, trying to fool him.

"Why don't you laugh and talk like the other niggers?"

"Well, sir, there's nothing much to say or smile about," I said, smiling.

His face was hard, baffled; I knew that I had not convinced him. He whirled from me and went to the front of the store; he came back a moment later, his face red. He tossed a few green bills at me.

"I don't like your looks, nigger. Now, get!" he snapped.

I picked up the money and did not count it. I grabbed my hat and left.

I HELD a series of petty jobs for short periods, quitting some to work elsewhere, being driven off others because of my attitude, my speech, the look in my eyes. I was no nearer than ever to my goal of saving enough money to leave.

One jobless morning I went to my old classmate, Griggs, who worked for a Capitol Street jeweler. He was washing the windows of the store when I came upon him.

"Do you know where I can find a job?" I asked.

"Yes, I know where you can find a job," he said, laughing. "But I wonder if you can hold it."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Where's the job?"

"Take your time," he said. "Dick, I know you. You've been trying to hold a job all summer, and you can't. Why? Because you're impatient."

What Griggs was saying was true, but it was simply utterly impossible for me to calculate, to scheme, to act, to plot all the time. I would remember to dissemble for short periods, then I would forget and act straight and human again, not with the desire to harm anybody, but merely forgetting the artificial status of race and class. It was the same with whites as with blacks; it was my way with everybody.

For a week I did not hear from him and I gave up hope. Then one afternoon Griggs came to my house.

"It looks like you've got a job," he said. "You're going to have a chance to learn a trade. But remember to keep your head. Remember you're black. You start tomorrow."

"What will I get?"

"Five dollars a week to start with; they'll raise you if they like you," he explained. "You'll be working for a Yankee and you ought to get along."

The next morning I was outside the office of the optical company long before it opened.

Mr. Crane told me that he wanted to train a Negro boy in the optical trade; he wanted to help him, guide him. I tried to answer in a way that would let him know that I would try to be worthy of what he was doing.

He took me to the stenographer and said, "This is Richard. He's going to be with us."

He then led me into the rear room of the office, which turned out to be a tiny factory filled with many strange machines smeared with red dust.

"Reynolds," he said to a young white man, "this is Richard."

"What you saying there, boy!" Reynolds grinned and boomed at me.

Mr. Crane took me to the older man.

"Pease, this is Richard, who'll work with us."

Pease looked at me and nodded. Mr. Crane then told them to break me in gradually to the workings of the shop, to instruct me in the mechanics of grinding and polishing lenses. They nodded their assent.

A MONTH passed. But I was not learning anything and nobody had volunteered to help me. One afternoon I walked up to Reynolds and asked him to tell me about the work.

"What are you trying to do, get smart, nigger?" he asked me.

"No, sir," I said.

I was baffled. Perhaps he just did not want to help me. I went to Pease, reminding him that the boss had said that I was to be given a chance to learn the trade.

Pease shook his fist in my face.

"This is a white man's work around here," he said.

From then on they changed toward me. The climax came at noon one summer day. Pease called me to his workbench; to get to him I had to go between two narrow benches and stand with my back against a wall.

"Richard, I want to ask you something," Pease began pleasantly, not looking up from his work.

"Yes, sir."

Reynolds came over and stood blocking the narrow passage between the benches; he folded his arms and stared at me solemnly. I looked from one to the other, sensing trouble. Pease looked up and spoke slowly, so there would be no possibility of my not understanding.

"Richard, Reynolds here tells me that you called me Pease," he said.

He meant that I had failed to call him Mr. Pease. I looked at Reynolds; he was gripping a steel bar in his hand. I opened my mouth to speak, to protest, to assure Pease that I had never called him simply Pease, and that I had never had any intention of doing so, when Reynolds grabbed me by the collar, ramming my head against a wall.

I wilted. I begged them not to hit me. I knew what they wanted. They wanted me to leave the job.

"I'll leave," I promised. "I'll leave right now!"

They gave me a minute to get out of the factory, and warned me not to show up again or tell the boss. Reynolds loosened his hand on my collar and I ducked out of the room. Pease and Reynolds had so timed it that Mr. Crane and the stenographer would be out when they turned on the terror. I went to the street and waited for the boss to return. I saw Griggs wiping glass shelves in the jewelry store and I beckoned to him. He came out and I told him what had happened.

"Then what are you standing there like a fool for?" he demanded. "Get home! They might come down!"

I felt that I had been slapped out of the human race.

That night Griggs came to my house. "Mr. Crane wants you to come in at ten in the morning," he told me.

The next morning at ten I crept up the stairs and peered into the office of the optical shop to make sure that Mr. Crane was in. He was at his desk. Pease and Reynolds were at their machines in the rear.

"Come in, Richard," Mr. Crane said.

I pulled off my hat and walked into the office.

"Sit down," he said.

I sat. He stared at me and shook his head.

"Tell me, what happened?"

I tried to speak several times and could make no sounds, I grew tense and tears burnt my cheeks.

"Now, just keep control of yourself," Mr. Crane said.

"I tried to do my best here," I said.

"I believe you," he said. "But I want to know what happened. Which one bothered you?"

"Both of 'em," I said.

Reynolds came running to the door and I rose. Mr. Crane jumped to his feet.

"Get back in there," he told Reynolds.

"That nigger's lying!" Reynolds said. "I'll kill 'im if he lies on me!"

"Get back in there or get out," Mr. Crane said.

Reynolds backed away, keeping his eyes on me.

"Go ahead," Mr. Crane said. "Tell me what happened."

Then again I could not speak. What could I accomplish by telling him? I was black; I lived in the South. I would never learn to operate those machines as long as those two white men in there stood by them. Anger and fear welled in me as I felt what I had missed; I leaned forward and clapped my hands to my face.

"No, no, now," Mr. Crane said. "Keep control of yourself. No matter what happens, keep control. . ."

"I know," I said in a voice not my own. "There's no use of saying anything."

Mr. Crane turned and called Pease and Reynolds in.

"Now, tell me which one bothered you. Don't be afraid. Nobody's going to hurt you," Mr. Crane said.

I stared ahead of me and did not answer. He waved the men inside. I was breathing hard and struggling to master my feelings.

"Can I get my money, sir?" I asked at last.

"Just sit a minute and take hold of yourself," he said.

I waited and my roused senses grew slowly calm.

"I'm awfully sorry about this," he said.

"I had hoped for a lot from this job," I said. "I'd wanted to go to school, to college. . ."

"I know. But what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to get out of the South," I breathed.

He handed me my money, more than I had earned for the week. I thanked him and rose to leave. He rose. I went into the hallway and he followed me. He reached out his hand.

"It's tough for you down here," he said.

I barely touched his hand. I walked swiftly down the hall, fighting against crying again. I ran down the steps, then paused and looked back up. He was standing at the head of the stairs, shaking his head. I went into the sunshine and walked home like a blind man.

As time separated me from the experience, I could feel no hate for the men who had driven me from the job. They did not seem to be individual men, but part of a huge, implacable, elemental design toward which hate was futile.

I WAS idle for weeks. The summer waned. Hope for school was now definitely gone. Autumn came and many of the boys who held jobs returned to school.

I heard that hallboys were needed at one of the hotels. I applied and was accepted to mop long white tiled hallways. I reported each night at ten, got a huge pail of water, a bushel of soap flakes, and with a gang of moppers I worked. All the boys were Negroes and I was happy; at least I could talk, joke, laugh, sing, say what I pleased.

I began to marvel at how smoothly the black boys acted out the roles that the white race had mapped out for them. Although they lived in an America where in theory there existed equality of opportunity, they knew unerringly what to aspire to and what not to aspire to. Had a black boy announced that he aspired to be a writer, he would have been called crazy by his pals.

Out of my salary I had begun to save a few dollars, for my determination to leave had not lessened. But I found the saving exasperatingly slow. I pondered continuously ways of making money, and the only ways that I could think of involved transgressions of the law. No, I must not do that, I told myself. To go to jail in the South would mean the end. And there was the possibility that if I were caught I would never reach jail.

THIS was the first time in my life that I had ever consciously entertained the idea of violating the laws of the land. I had felt that my intelligence and industry could cope with all situations, and, until that time, I had never stolen a penny from anyone.

I had now seen at close quarters the haughty white men who made the laws; I had seen how they acted, how they regarded black people, how they regarded me; and I no longer felt bound by the laws which white and black were supposed to obey in common. I was outside those laws; the white people had told me so. Now when I thought of ways to escape from my environment I no longer felt the inner restraint that would have made stealing impossible, and this new freedom made me afraid.

In spite of myself I would dream of a locked cupboard in a neighbor's house where a gun was kept. If I stole it, how much would it bring? When the yearning to leave would become strong in me, I could not keep out of my mind a storehouse at a near-by Negro college that held huge cans of preserved fruit. My inability to adjust myself to the white world had already shattered a part of the structure of my personality and had broken down the inner barriers to crime; the only thing that now stood in the way was lack of immediate opportunity, a final push of circumstance. And that came.

One of the boys at the hotel whispered to me one night that the only local Negro movie house wanted a boy to take tickets at the door.

"The girl who sells tickets is using a system," he explained. "If you get the job, you can make some good gravy."

When I presented myself to the Jewish proprietor of the movie house I was immediately accepted. The next day I reported for duty and began taking tickets. I went through another week. Late one night I resolved to make that week the last. The gun in the neighbor's house came to my mind, and the cans of fruit preserves in the storehouse of the college. If I stole them and sold them, I would have enough to tide me over in Memphis until I could get a job, work, save, and go north.

I crept from bed and found the neighbor's house empty. My heart beat so fast that it ached. I forced a window with a screwdriver and entered and took the gun; I slipped it in my shirt and returned home. When I took it out to look at it, it was wet with sweat. I pawned it under an assumed name.

The following night I rounded up two boys whom I knew to be ready for adventure. We broke into the college storehouse and lugged out cans of fruit preserves and sold them to restaurants.

I bought clothes, shoes, a cardboard suitcase, all of which I hid at home. Saturday night came and I sent word to the boss that I was sick. Granny and Aunt Addie were at church. My mother sat in her rocking chair, humming to herself. I packed my suitcase and went to her.

"Mama, I'm going away," I whispered.

"Oh, no," she protested.

"I've got to, mama. I can't live this way."

"You're not running away from something you've done?"

"I'll send for you, mama. I'll be all right."

"Take care of yourself. And send for me quickly. I'm not happy here," she said.

"I'm sorry for all these long years, mama. But I could not have helped it."

I kissed her and she cried.

An hour later I was sitting in a Jim Crow coach, speeding northward, making the first lap of my journey to a land where I could live with a little less fear. Slowly the burden I had carried for many months lifted somewhat. My cheeks itched and when I scratched them I found tears. In that moment I understood the pain that accompanied crime and I hoped that I would never have to feel it again. I never did feel it again, for I never stole again; and what kept me from it was the knowledge that, for me, crime carried its own punishment.

Well, it's my life, I told myself. I'll see now what I can make of it. . .

I ARRIVED in Memphis on a cold November Sunday morning in 1925. I found Beale Street, the street that I had been told was filled with danger: pickpockets, prostitutes, cutthroats, and black confidence men. After walking several blocks, I saw a big frame house with a sign in the window: Rooms. I walked past the house to the end of the block, then turned and walked slowly past it again.

I walked up the steps and was about to ring the bell when I saw a big mulatto woman staring at me through the window. A moment later she appeared in the doorway.

"Come inside," she said.

I stared at her a moment, then stepped into a warm hallway. The woman smiled, turned on a light, and looked at me from my head to my feet.

She said, "I'm Mrs. Moss."

I told her my name.

"That's a real nice name," she said after a moment's serious thought. "I own this place; this is my home. I'm a church member. I got a daughter seventeen years old, and I sure make her walk a straight chalk line. Sit down, son. You in safe hands here."

I laughed and sat.

"My husband works in a bakery," she rattled on pleasantly, as though she had known me for years. "We take in roomers to help out. You can call this home, if you got a mind to. The rent's three dollars."

"That's a little high," I said.

"Then give me two dollars and a half till you get yourself a job," she said.

I accepted and she showed me my room.

"You can eat dinner with us when we come from church," she said.

"Thank you, I'd like to."

I lay on the bed and reveled in the delightful sensation of living out a long-sought dream. I relaxed completely and dozed off to sleep, for I had not slept much for many nights. Later I came awake with a sudden start, remembering the fright and tension that had accompanied my foray into crime. Well, all that was gone now. I could start anew. I did not like to feel tension and fear. I wanted something else, to be human, to be caught up in something meaningful. But I must first get a job.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Moss called me for dinner and introduced me to her daughter, Bess, whom I liked at once. She was young, simple, sweet, and brown.

Later, after I had grown to understand the peasant mentality of Bess and her mother, I learned the full degree to which my life at home had cut me off, not only from white people but from Negroes as well. To Bess and her mother, money was important, but they did not strive for it too hard. They had no tensions, unappeasable longings, no desire to do something to redeem themselves. The main value in their lives was simple, clean, good living, and when they thought they had found those same qualities in one of their race, they instinctively embraced him, liked him, and asked no questions. But such simple unaffected trust flabbergasted me. It was impossible.

I walked down Beale Street and into the heart of Memphis. My body was thin, my overcoat shabby, and each gust of wind chilled my blood. On Main Street I saw a sign in a café window: Dish Washer Wanted. I went in and spoke to the manager and was hired to come to work the following night. The salary was ten dollars for the first week and twelve thereafter.

"Don't hire anyone else," I told him. "I'll be here."

I would get two meals at the café. But how would I eat in the daytime? I went into a store and bought a can of pork and beans and a can opener. Well, that problem was solved. I would pay two dollars and a half a week for my room and I would save the balance for my trip to Chicago. All my thought and movements were dictated by distant hopes.

Mrs. Moss was astonished when I told her that I had a job. "You see, Bess," she said. "That boy's got a job his first day here. That's get-up for you. He's going somewhere."

Bess smiled at me. It seemed that every move I made captivated her. Mrs. Moss went to bed. I was uneasy.

Bess was looking at me with melting eyes. We went into the front room.

"I wanna get married," she whispered to me.

"You have a lot of time yet for that," I said, tense and uneasy.

"Don't you like me?" she asked.

"I do," I said. "We're friends."

"But I want more'n a friend," she sighed.

Her simplicity frightened me. The girls I had known had been hard and calculating, those who had worked at the hotel and those whom I had met at school. We were silent for a while.

"Say, what's them books in your room?" she asked.

"Were you in my room?" I asked with soft pointedness.

"Sure," she said without batting an eye. "I looked through your suitcase."

She leaned over and kissed me. She was warm, eager, childish, pliable.

"You love me?" she asked in a whisper.

I stared at her, becoming more aware each minute of the terrible simplicity of her life. She just did not attach to words the same meanings I did. She caught my hands in a viselike grip. I looked at her and could not believe in her existence.

"I love you," she said.

"Don't say that," I said, then was sorry I had said it.

"But I do love you," she said. "I'd make a good wife."

I disengaged my hand from hers. I looked at her and wanted either to laugh or to slap her. I was about to hurt her and I did not want to. I rose. Oh, hell. . . This girl's crazy. . . I heard her crying and I bent to her.

"Look," I whispered. "You don't know me. Let's get to know each other better."

Her eyes were beaten, baffled. Love was that simple to her; it could be turned on or off in a moment.

"You just think I'm nothing," she whimpered.

I reached out my hand to touch her, to speak to her, to try to tell her of my life, my feelings, my doubts; and she leaped to her feet.

"I hate you," she burst out in a passionate whisper and ran out of the room.

I LIT a cigarette and sat for a long time. I had never dreamed that anyone would accept me so simply, so completely, without question or the least hint of personal aggrandizement. The truth was that I had—even though I had fought against it—grown to accept the value of myself that my old environment had created in me, and I had thought that no other kind of environment was possible. My life had changed too suddenly. Had I met Bess upon a Mississippi plantation, I would have expected her to act as she had. But in Memphis, on Beale Street, how could there be such hope, belief, faith in others? I wanted to go to Bess and talk to her, but I knew no words to say to her.

When I awakened the next morning and recalled Bess's naïve hopes, I was glad that I had the can of pork and beans. I did not want to face her across the breakfast table.

I dressed to go out; then, with my coat and hat on, I sat on the edge of the bed and propped my feet on a chair. Taking puffs from a cigarette, I scooped the beans out of the can with my fingers and ate them. I slipped out of the house and went to the water front and sat on a knoll of earth in the cold wind and sun, looking at the boats on the Mississippi River. Tonight I would begin my new job. I knew how to save money, thanks to my long starvation in Mississippi. My heart was at peace. I was freer than I had ever been.

WHILE wandering aimlessly about the streets of Memphis, gaping at the buildings and the crowds, killing time, eating bags of popcorn, I was struck by an idea. If I had attempted to work for an optical company in Jackson and had failed, why should I not try to work for an optical company in Memphis?

I looked for the address of a company in a directory and walked boldly into the building, rode up in the elevator. I was hired at eight dollars per week and promised a raise of a dollar a week until my wages reached ten. Though this was less than I had been offered for the café job, I accepted it. I liked the open, honest way in which the man talked to me; and, too, the place seemed clean, brisk, businesslike.

I was assigned to run errands and wash eyeglasses after they had come from the rouge-smeared machines. Each evening I had to take sacks of packages to the post office for mailing. The first day I made a dollar and a half in tips. I deposited the money I had left from my trip and resolved to live off my tips.

When I returned to Mrs. Moss's, she was surprised that I had changed my plans and had taken a new job. I showed her my bankbook and told her my plan for saving money and bringing my mother to Memphis.

One night I returned home from work and found Mrs. Moss sitting by the stove in the hall, nodding. She smiled.

"Ain't you and Bess got to be friends or something yet?"

"No, ma'am," I said softly.

"How come you don't like Bess?" she demanded.

"Oh, I don't know." I was becoming angry.

"You and Bess could have this house for your home," she went on. "You-all could bring up your children here."

"But people have to find their own way to each other," I said.

"Young folks ain't got no sense these days."

"Mrs. Moss," I said, "I think I'd better move."

"Move then!" she exploded. "You ain't got no sense!"

I went to my room and began to pack. A knock came at the door. I opened it. Mrs. Moss stood in the doorway, weeping.

"Son, forgive me," she said. "I didn't mean it. I wouldn't hurt you for nothing. You just like a son to me."

"That's all right," I said. "But I'd better move."

Bess appeared in the doorway. "Don't leave, Richard."

"We won't bother you no more," Mrs. Moss said.

I wilted, baffled, sorry, ashamed. Mrs. Moss took Bess's hand and led her away.

I centered my attention now upon making enough money to send for my mother and brother. I saved each penny I came by, stinting myself on food, walking to work, eating out of paper bags, living on a pint of milk and two sweet rolls for breakfast, a hamburger and peanuts for lunch, and a can of beans which I would eat at night in my room. I was used to hunger and I did not need much food to keep me alive.

I now had more money than I had ever had before, and I began patronizing secondhand bookstores, buying magazines and books. In this way I became acquainted with periodicals like Harper's Magazine, the Atlantic Monthly, and the American Mercury. I would buy them for a few cents, read them, then resell them to the bookdealer.

ONE day I went to the optical counter of a department store to deliver a pair of eyeglasses. The counter was empty of customers and a tall, florid-faced white man looked at me curiously. He was unmistakably a Yankee.

"Will you please sign for this, sir?" I asked.

He picked up the book and the glasses, but his eyes were still upon me.

"Say, boy, I'm from the North," he said quietly.

I held very still. Was this a trap? With one sentence he had lifted out of the silent dark the race question and I stood on the edge of a precipice.

"Don't be afraid of me," he went on. "I just want to ask you one question."

"Yes, sir," I said in a waiting, neutral tone.

"Tell me, boy, are you hungry?" he asked seriously.

I stared at him. He had spoken one word that touched the very soul of me, but I could not talk to him, could not let him know that I was starving myself to save money to go north. I did not trust him.

"Oh, no, sir," I said, managing a smile.

"Boy, I can see hunger in your face and eyes," he said. "Here, take this dollar and buy some food."

"No, sir," I said.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "You're ashamed to take it. God, boy, don't let a thing like that stop you from taking a dollar and eating."

The more he talked the more it became impossible for me to take the dollar. I wanted it, but I could not look at it. I wanted to speak, but I could not move my tongue. I wanted him to leave me alone. I stood waiting for him to give me the signal that would let me go.

(There are some elusive, profound, recondite things that men find hard to say to other men; but with the Negro it is the little things of life that become hard to say, for these tiny items shape his destiny. A man will seek to express his relation to the stars; but when a man's consciousness has been riveted upon obtaining a loaf of bread, that loaf of bread is as important as the stars.)

Another white man walked up to the counter and I sighed with relief.

"Do you want the dollar?" the man asked.

"No, sir," I whispered.

"All right," he said. "Just forget it."

ONE summer morning I stood at a sink in the rear of the factory washing a pair of eyeglasses that had just come from the polishing machines whose throbbing shook the floor upon which I stood.

I presently heard footsteps behind me and turned my head. At my elbow stood a young white man—Mr. Olin, the immediate foreman under whom I worked. He was smiling and observing me.

"Boy, how's it going?" he asked.

"Oh, fine, sir!" I answered with false heartiness.

It was unusual for him to stand there and watch me; I wanted to look at him, but was afraid to.

"Say, Richard, do you believe that I'm your friend?" he asked me.

The question was so loaded with danger that I could not reply at once. I scarcely knew Mr. Olin. My relationship to him had been the typical relationship of Negroes to southern whites. He gave me orders and I said, "Yes, sir," and obeyed them. While fishing for an answer that would say nothing, I smiled.

"I mean," he persisted, "do you think I'm your friend?"

"Well," I answered, skirting the vast racial chasm between us, "I hope you are."

"I am," he said emphatically.

Already a wave of apprehension was rising in me.

"I want to tell you something," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"We don't want you to get hurt," he explained. "We like you round here. You act like a good boy."

"Yes, sir," I said. "What's wrong?"

"Well, I don't know," he said and paused, letting his words sink meaningfully into my mind. He lit a cigarette. "Do you know Harrison?"

He was referring to a Negro boy of about my own age who worked across the street for a rival optical house. There had never been the slightest trouble between us.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I know him."

"He's got a terrific grudge against you. What have you done to him?"

The eyeglasses I was washing were forgotten. My eyes were upon Mr. Olin's face, trying to make out what he meant. Was this something serious? I did not trust the white man, and neither did I trust Harrison. Negroes who worked on jobs in the South were usually loyal to their white bosses; they felt that that was the best way to ensure their jobs. Had Harrison felt that I had in some way jeopardized his job? Who was my friend: the white man or the black boy?

"I haven't done anything to Harrison," I said.

"Well," Mr. Olin said in a low, confidential tone, "a little while ago Harrison was waiting for you at the door of the building with a knife. He asked me when you were coming down. Said he was going to get you. Said you called him a dirty name. Now, we don't want any fighting or bloodshed on the job."

"I've got to see that boy and talk to him," I said.

"No, you'd better not," Mr. Olin said. "You'd better let some of us white boys talk to him."

"But how did this start?" I asked, still doubting but half believing.

"He just told me that he was going to get even with you, going to cut you and teach you a lesson," he said. "But don't you worry. Let me handle this."

AT NOON I went across the street and found Harrison sitting on a box in the basement. He was eating lunch and reading a pulp magazine. As I approached him, he ran his hand into his pocket and looked at me with cold, watchful eyes.

"Say, Harrison, what's this all about?" I asked, standing cautiously four feet from him.

He looked at me a long time and did not answer.

"I haven't done anything to you," I said.

"And I ain't got nothing against you," he mumbled, still watchful. "I don't bother anybody."

"But Mr. Olin said that you came over to the factory this morning, looking for me with a knife."

"Aw, naw," he said, more at ease now. "I ain't been in your factory all day." He had not looked at me as he spoke.

"Then what did Mr. Olin mean?" I asked. "I'm not angry with you."

"Shucks, I thought you was looking for me to cut me," Harrison explained. "Mr. Olin, he came over here this morning and said you was going to kill me with a knife the moment you saw me. He said you was mad at me because I had insulted you. But I ain't said nothing about you." He still had not looked at me. He rose.

"And I haven't said anything about you," I said.

Finally he looked at me and I felt better. We two black boys, each working for ten dollars a week, stood staring at each other, each asking himself if he could believe the other.

"Look here," I said. "Don't believe what Mr. Olin says."

"I see now," Harrison said. "He's playing a dirty trick on us."

"He's trying to make us kill each other for nothing."

"How come he wanna do that?" Harrison asked.

I shook my head. Harrison sat, but still played with the open knife. I began to doubt. Was he really angry with me? Was he waiting until I turned my back to stab me?

Standing well out of each other's reach, we discussed the problem and decided that we would keep silent about our conference. We would not let Mr. Olin know that we knew that he was egging us to fight. We agreed to ignore any further provocations. At one o'clock I went back to the factory. Mr. Olin was waiting for me, his manner grave, his face serious.

"Did you see that Harrison nigger?" he asked.

"No, sir," I lied.

"Well, he still has that knife for you," he said.

Hate tightened in me. But I kept a dead face.

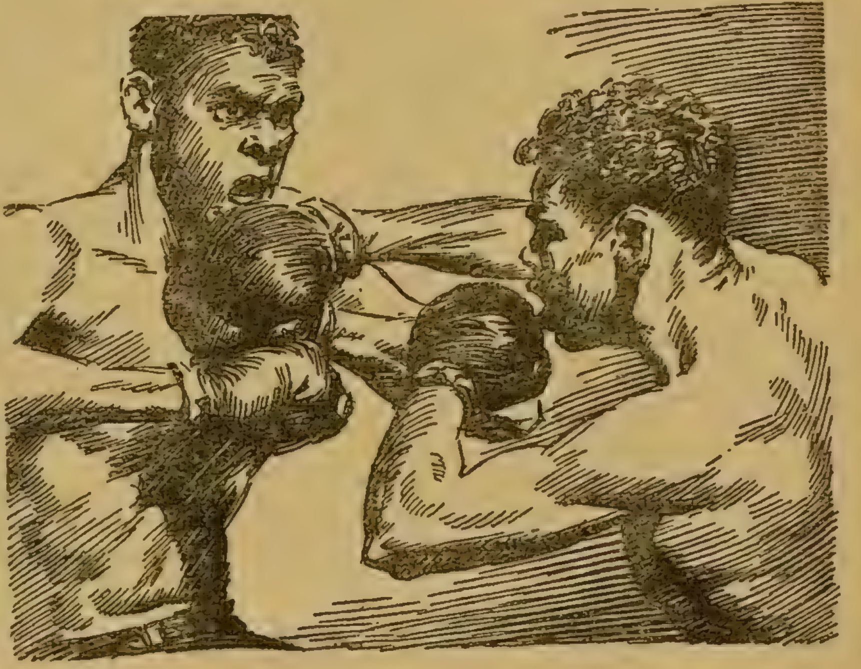
"Did you buy a knife yet?" he asked me.

"No, sir," I answered.

"Do you want to use mine?" he asked. "You've got to protect yourself, you know."

"No, sir. I'm not afraid," I said.

"Nigger, you're a fool," he spluttered. "Are you going to just let that nigger cut your heart out? His boss gave him a knife to use against you! Take this knife, nigger, and stop acting crazy!"



He laid an open knife on the edge of his workbench, about a foot from my hand. I had a fleeting urge to pick it up and give it to him, point first into his chest. But I picked it up and put it into my pocket.

"Now, you're acting like a nigger with some sense," he said.

As I worked, Mr. Olin watched me from his machine. Later when I passed him he called me.

"Now, look here, boy," he began. "We told that Harrison nigger to stay out of this building and leave you alone, see? But I can't protect you when you go home. If that nigger starts at you, you stab him before he gets a chance to stab you, see?"

I avoided looking at him and remained silent.

The game of egging Harrison and me to fight, to cut each other, kept up for a week.

One morning a few days later Mr. Olin and a group of white men came to me and asked me if I was willing to settle my grudge with Harrison with gloves, according to boxing rules. I told them that, though I was not afraid of Harrison, I did not want to fight him and that I did not know how to box. I could feel now that they knew I no longer believed them.

For another week the white men of both factories begged us to fight. They made up stories about what Harrison had said about me; and when they saw Harrison they lied to him in the same way. Harrison and I were wary of each other whenever we met. We kept out of arm's reach, ashamed of ourselves and of each other.

Harrison called to me one evening as I was on my way home. "Look, let's fool them white men," he said. "We won't hurt each other. We'll just pretend, see? Four rounds for five dollars. You scared?"

"No."

"Then come on and fight."

"All right," I said. "It's just exercise."

The fight took place one Saturday afternoon in the basement of a Main Street building. Each white man who attended the fight dropped his share of the pot into a hat.

We fought four hard rounds, stabbing, slugging, grunting, spitting, cursing, crying, bleeding. The white men made the rounds last as long as five minutes and each of us was afraid to stop and ask for time for fear of receiving a blow that would knock us out. When we were on the point of collapsing from exhaustion, they pulled us apart.

I could not look at Harrison. I hated him and I hated myself. I clutched my five dollars in my fist and walked home. I felt that I had done something unclean, something for which I could never properly atone.

ONE day I arrived early at work and went into the bank lobby where the Negro porter was mopping. I stood at a counter and picked up the Memphis Commercial Appeal. I came finally to the editorial page and saw an article dealing with one H. L. Mencken. I knew by hearsay that he was the editor of the American Mercury, but aside from that I knew nothing about him. The article was a furious denunciation of Mencken, concluding with one, hot, short sentence: Mencken is a fool.

I wondered what on earth this Mencken had done to call down upon him the scorn of the South. The only people I had never heard denounced in the South were Negroes, and this man was not a Negro. Knowing no more of Mencken than I did at that moment, I felt a vague sympathy for him. Had not the South, which had assigned me the role of a non-man, cast at him its hardest words?

Now, how could I find out about this Mencken? There was a huge library near the riverfront, but I knew that Negroes were not allowed to patronize its shelves any more than they were the parks and playgrounds of the city. I had gone into the library several times to get books for the white men on the job. Which of them would now help me to get books?

There was only one man whose attitude did not fit into an anti-Negro category. He was an Irish Catholic and was hated by the white Southerners. I knew he read books, because I had got him volumes from the library several times.

One morning I paused before the Catholic fellow's desk. "I want to ask you a favor," I whispered to him.

"What is it?"

"I want to read. I can't get books from the library. I wonder if you'd let me use your card?"

"You're not trying to get me into trouble, are you, boy?" he asked, staring at me.

"Oh, no, sir."

A few days later he called me to him. "I've got a card in my wife's name," he said. "Here's mine."

"Thank you, sir."

"Do you think you can manage it?"

"I'll write the same kind of notes to the library that you wrote when you sent me for books," I told him. "I'll sign your name."

He laughed. "Go ahead," he said.

That afternoon I addressed myself to forging what I thought would be a fool-proof note: "Dear Madam: Will you please let this nigger boy"—I used the word 'nigger' to make the librarian feel that I could not possibly be the author of the note—"have some books by H. L. Mencken?" I forged the white man's name.

I entered the library as I had always done when on errand for whites. I doffed my hat and waited for the white patrons to be taken care of. The white librarian looked at me.

"What do you want, boy?"

As though I did not possess the power of speech, I stepped forward and simply handed her the forged note.

She went to the shelves. Once or twice she looked over her shoulder at me, as though she was still doubtful. Finally she came forward with two books in her hand.

"I'm sending him two books," she said. "But tell Mr. Falk to come in next time, or send me the names of the books he wants. I don't know what he wants to read."

I said nothing. She stamped the card and handed me the books. A block away from the library I opened one of the books and read a title: A Book of Prefaces. I was nearing my nineteenth birthday and I did not know how to pronounce the word "preface."

I thumbed the pages and saw strange words and strange names. I shook my head, disappointed. I looked at the other book; it was called Prejudices. I know what the word meant; I had heard it all my life. And right off I was on guard against Mencken's books. A man who had prejudices must be wrong.

That night in my rented room, while letting the hot water run over my can of pork and beans in the sink, I opened A Book of Prefaces and began to read. I was jarred and shocked by the style, the clear, clean, sweeping sentences. He was using words as a weapon, as one would use a club.

I concluded the book with the conviction that I had somehow overlooked something terribly important in life. The impulse to dream had been slowly beaten out of me by experience. Now it surged up again and I hungered for books, new ways of looking and seeing.

I forged more notes and my trips to the library became frequent. All my life had shaped me for the realism, the naturalism of the modern novel, and I could not read enough of them.

Steeped in new moods and ideas, I bought a ream of paper and tried to write; but nothing would come, or what did come was flat beyond telling. Could I ever learn about life and people? To me, with my vast ignorance, my Jim Crow station in life, it seemed a task impossible of achievement. I now knew what being a Negro meant. I could endure the hunger. I had learned to live with hate. But to feel that there were feelings denied me, that the very breath of life itself was beyond my reach, that more than anything else hurt, wounded me.

I seemed forever condemned, ringed by walls.

THE accidental visit of Aunt Maggie to Memphis formed a practical basis for my planning to go north. Aunt Maggie's husband, who had fled from Arkansas in the dead of night, had deserted her; and now she was casting about for a living. My mother, Aunt Maggie, my brother, and I held long conferences, speculating on the prospects of jobs and the cost of apartments in Chicago. And every time we conferred, we defeated ourselves. It was impossible for all four of us to go at once; we did not have enough money.

Finally sheer wish and hope prevailed over common sense and facts. We discovered that if we waited until we were prepared to go, we would never leave, we would never amass enough money to see us through. We would have to gamble. We finally decided that Aunt Maggie and I would go first, even though it was winter, and prepare a place for my mother and brother.

I made my last errand to the post office, put my bag away, washed my hands, and pulled on my cap. I shot a quick glance about the factory; most of the men were working late. One or two looked up. Mr. Falk, to whom I had returned my library card, gave me a quick, secret smile. I walked to the elevator and rode down.

I stepped from the elevator into the street, half expecting someone to call me back and tell me that it was all a dream, that I was not leaving.

The next day when I was already in full flight—aboard a northward bound train—I could not have accounted, if it had been demanded of me, for all the varied forces that were making me reject the culture that had molded and shaped me. I was leaving without a qualm, without a single backward glance. The face of the South that I had known was hostile and forbidding, and yet out of all the conflicts and the curses, the blows and the anger, the tension and terror, I had gotten the idea life could be different, could be lived in a fuller, richer manner.

The white South said that it knew "niggers," and I was what the white South called a "nigger." Well, the white South had never known me—never known what I thought, what I felt. I had been what my surroundings had demanded, what my family—conforming to the dictates of the whites above them—had exacted of me, and what the whites had said that I must be.

With ever watchful eyes and bearing scars, visible and invisible, I headed North, full of a hazy notion that life could be lived with dignity, that the personalities of others should not be violated, that men should be able to confront other men without fear or shame, and that if men were lucky in their living on earth they might win some redeeming meaning for their having struggled and suffered here beneath the stars.

THE END

Puzzle 336 9/16/44

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

THE great psychologist William James maintained that every man has hidden reserves of physical strength far greater than he suspects, ready to be tapped when he shakes off preconceived ideas about the limit of his endurance. **Battle Below, Robert J. Casey**'s account of the adventures of our submarine crews, offers exciting proof of James's theory.

The submarine man, Mr. Casey points out, is both the hunter and the hunted. He gambles his life against depth charges dropped in methodical patterns by destroyers; against storms and uncharted reefs; against the mechanical failure of delicate gadgets; and against the tendency of all airmen, friends as well as foes, to be quick on the bomb release when a conning tower is sighted.

Robert J. Casey

However, submarine captains seem to have only one subject about which they like to boast—each firmly believes that at one particular moment he was the scaredest man in the universe. Mr. Casey tells the story of one skipper who put a torpedo into a Jap munitions ship, but didn't have much time to be pleased about it. A skyful of planes began dropping bombs—and an inexperienced engineman at the controls bungled the job of submerging.

Afterward, says Mr. Casey, a sailor said to the captain: "I wasn't scared. . . . They say that when you're in real danger, all your life passes before your eyes. . . . And, Captain, I didn't see a damn thing."

The captain's answer was: "Smitty, when I looked at that depth gauge and saw the second hand passing twenty, I was just getting out of high school."

Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price $3.50.

THE JOURNEY HOME, by **Zelda Popkin**, is the story of an eventful trip from Miami to New York on a train crowded with war heroes, war hogs, and an assortment of the normal folk who gripe over trifles as an outlet for the strain of their real burdens. Grief shares the ride with youth in search of its fling.

In spite of the fact that there is nothing original about its story ingredients, The Journey Home has an engaging air of freshness. Its two main characters—an Air Corps bombardier on furlough, and a brisk career girl—have an eager reality.

Zelda Popkin

Don Corbett, the flier, has the soldier's traditional chip-on-shoulder attitude toward those who haven't shared, and cannot understand, his unprettified view of war. Nina Gilmore, the sleekly successful girl, bristles with defensive wisecracks, like a beautiful pin-up with the tacks placed wrong side out. It takes a train wreck to bring them together.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price $2.50.

MORE than twenty years ago, while editing an annual of newswriting, I was impressed with the sensitivity and vigor of much of the material on the sports pages. **Irving T. Marsh** and **Edward Ehre**, editors of the excellent anthology, **Best Sports Stories of 1944**, bring those qualities into sharp focus.

Some conservative souls still believe that descriptions of sports events are unworthy of the dignity of cloth covers. But Homer and Vergil didn't consider them unworthy of a place in their epic poems.

Mr. Marsh and Mr. Ehre have done an outstanding service to the typewriter-pounding fraternity, and to every one interested in good writing.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. ~~Price $3~~.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

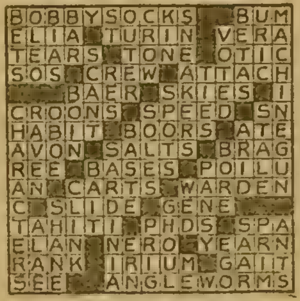
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What naughty-sounding larvae of certain flies are much used as bait?
13 A co'orless person is called a what?
14 What antiseptic is used a lot in photography?
15 In what state would you find the Sugar Bowl? (abbr.)
16 Complete this song title: Oh, What a — Was Mary!
17 Who was the Galloping Ghost?
18 What title would you have used to address Falstaff?
20 In French a potato is called a *pomme de* what?
22 Performed
23 What gal in the Idylls of the King's a symbol of uxorial purity and devotion?
25 The Salton's an inland what?
26 Playwright O'Neill's nickname
27 What territory did Ibn Saud conquer in 1934?
29 Unlucky people are said to be ill-whatted?
31 Latin dough
33 The period between 2 B. C. and 7 B. C. was known as the Vulgar what?
34 In law, a recoverable debt is said to be what?
38 Jewish history from David's death to the Temple's destruction is covered in what books of the Bible?
42 What jolly Britishers stem from the word tarpaulin?
43 Topaz hummingbird
45 "Time," according to Swinburne, "stoops to no man's" what?
46 What's the altar constellation?
47 Name the author of The Republic
49 Henry George believed in a single what on economic rent for all government revenue?
50 What name is also underworld slang for gun?
52 What man's name is found in phony butter?
54 In what kind of boat did Lt. Com. Bulkley ride to fame?
55 De-euphemize: Emp'oys a detergent to eradicate impurities
56 Name the infamous Negro persecutor of fiction
58 What's a fancy term for a snake authority?

VERTICAL

1 Who plans to ride Hirohito's hoss up Tokyo's Main Street?
2 Who pined and died for Lancelot?
3 The abbr. for pound is what?
4 Dodger Manager Durocher is known as Leo the what?
5 Midges and punkies, often called mosquitoes, are actually species of what?
6 Hams are usually found wrapped up in whats?
7 Lemmings, humans, and fishes do what in common?
8 What was it Oliver Twist wanted?
9 Name the lass as sweet as apple cider
10 Before lucifer matches, folks had to carry a what box?
11 You'd look for connecting rods and cylinder heads in a what?
12 The best competitors in tennis tournaments are usually whatted so they'll meet in the later rounds?
19 Lip
21 Species of property
24 Darlings
26 Lancie gave up Gwinny to hunt for the what?
28 Name an American news service
30 What's a good thing to keep handy on St. Swithin's day?
32 Set salt (anag.)
34 Dextrose is what kind of sugar?
35 Grant a pardon with a string attached
36 Inaccuracy rectifier
37 What was Miss (Vodvil) Tanguay's given name?
39 The jerk of yesteryear was known as a what?
40 Concords, Massasoits, and Wyomings are varieties of whats?
41 Name the All-time Hit Parade number from Lucia di Lammermoor
44 Kwajalein is technically a what?
47 What's a writ to move an action from a lower to a superior court?
48 What's another name for butterine?
51 Name a kind of pistol
53 Name a kind of shaped head that almost comes to a point
57 The Narragansetts hung out in what state? (abbr.)



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E	L	I	A	■	T	U	R	I	N	■	V	E	R	A
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H	A	B	I	T	■	B	O	O	R	S	■	A	T	E
A	V	O	N	■	S	A	L	T	S	■	B	R	A	G
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E	L	A	N	■	N	E	R	O	■	Y	E	A	R	N
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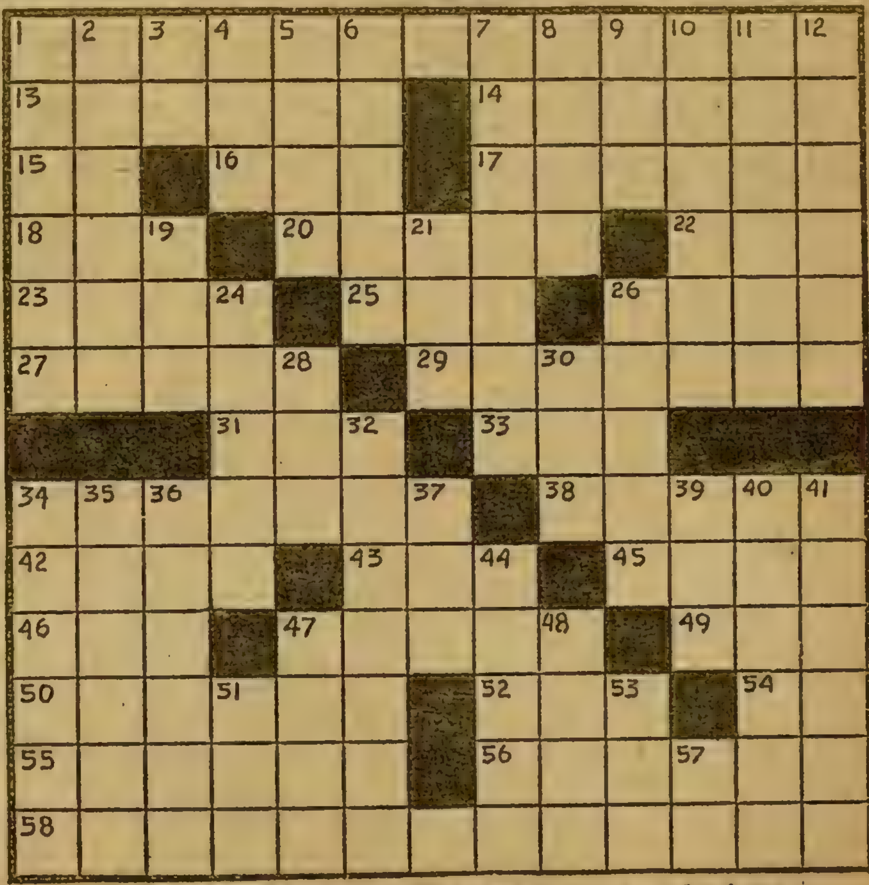
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Discovery in YUCATAN

1 **"I literally stumbled on it,"** writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, "—a centuries-old Mayan ceremonial bowl. Holding it, I couldn't help wondering what mystic, torch-lit rites it had seen . . . what secrets it could tell of that amazingly advanced Indian civilization whose story may never be fully revealed. That was in Yucatan last Spring while I was awaiting Clipper passage to New Orleans—nowadays just 3½ hours away by air.

2 **"The day** had started out as a turkey hunt, but even the teeming game in this hunter's dream-land couldn't compete for my attention with the fascination of the ruins, the eerie land itself.

3 **"One memorable** experience was swimming *underground.* You *must* go underground (or to the beaches) . . . there are no surface streams or lakes in Yucatan.

4 **"Winding up** that day at an henequen plantation was an eye-widening experience too—eye-widening for two reasons: the vast fields of spiky henequen (source of rope and twine) and . . .

5 **"The hacienda house** dating back almost to Cortez! I felt I'd been transported back three hundred years—till I sipped a treat that's prized wherever civilized moderns meet. No mistaking its distinctive flavor—Canadian Club!"

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

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Hiram Walker & Sons

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VENUS

REMEMBER JOE CAMPELLO

Continued from Page 37

"I don't know the consequences of the barter, but the next Sunday evening she went on. Angie did all right. Her manner at the microphone was simple and direct. It would be nice to say she stood 'em on their ears, but Angie never stopped the show. She was just another sentimental singer, pleasant and effective, but the town had scores of them already.

THE months went by, and then it was another autumn, two years later, and the intervening time had rested very well on all of us. The New York Sentinel, an enterprising institution, jumped my salary, began to treat me with respect, and endowed me with the choice assignments. And up on Fifty-second Street the trio of Meyer, Campello, and Rocco was moving up too.

The dining room was remodeled now, and nine tables replaced four booths against the wall. "It's Joe's idea," Manny explained. "Thirty-six clients we should have instead of sixteen. Simple, huh?"

"Yeah," I said. "He's tremendous, Manny. Another Billy Rose."

Joe came over to us. "The place is looking good, huh, Pete? Soon we'll be crowding the Rainbow Room."

"Hah, who wants the Rainbow Room?" Manny said. "It's only headaches. Already we got troubles now we're getting bigger. Fire inspectors, police inspectors, worry over who to buy the liquor from. We'll have shooting if we don't watch out."

"We'll have no shooting, Manny," Joe said grimly. "I can handle those babies, one way or another. I'm not a patsy for a bunch of racketeers."

Manny shook his head sadly. "See what I mean, Pete?" he asked me. "It's not good. He now even carries a gun, he's so tough."

I said, "You're crazy. Throw the gun away. Guns are only good for hunting."

He studied me slowly and his eyes were ice cubes set beneath his dark brows. "You write your stories, huh, Pete?" he said. "Let me run the Birdhouse."

I shrugged. O. K., I thought, no skin off me. "Sure, Joe," I said. "Only I hope you don't point the thing at anybody."

Angie came in just then, her face flushed in the early autumn wind. "Hello, boys," she said. She looked at us and there was worry in her eyes. "Trouble, boys?"

Joe grinned. His emotions always could run hot and cold, like water in a tap. They were warm now. "No trouble, honey." He got up and moved to her, and cupped her chin within his hand. "What is this? Don't you kiss a guy hello?" He tilted her face upward.

The air was clear suddenly, the tension vanished. Manny winked at me. "Romance we got here, Pete. Lovers. You see the ring she's wearing? From Joe. It cost a fortune, the dope he is."

The ring was slightly on the vulgar side, like Joe himself, but it was very pretty. "Nice," I said when Angie held up her hand for me, and the stone was sparkling like the light within her eyes.

She slipped her arm through mine and Joe's and smiled in the gentle way she had. She looked up at the two of us. "Everything's all right now, isn't it?"

"Sure," I said. "Everything's fine. Only good things can happen to us."

I WAS wrong, of course. One night, five weeks later, I learned just how wrong I was. It had been wet and disagreeable all day, the rain carrying the first faint touches of winter in its chill. I sat with Manny in the office of the Birdhouse.

We were sitting there when Joe walked in, the rain dripping from his coat and off his hat. He made an unaccustomed spectacle. His face was gray, his eyes glassy, and there was a touch of panic in the lines about his eyes, his shaky hands. He had no words for me. "I got to see you, Manny," he said hoarsely.

"Sure," I said. "Excuse me. I've got to make a phone call."

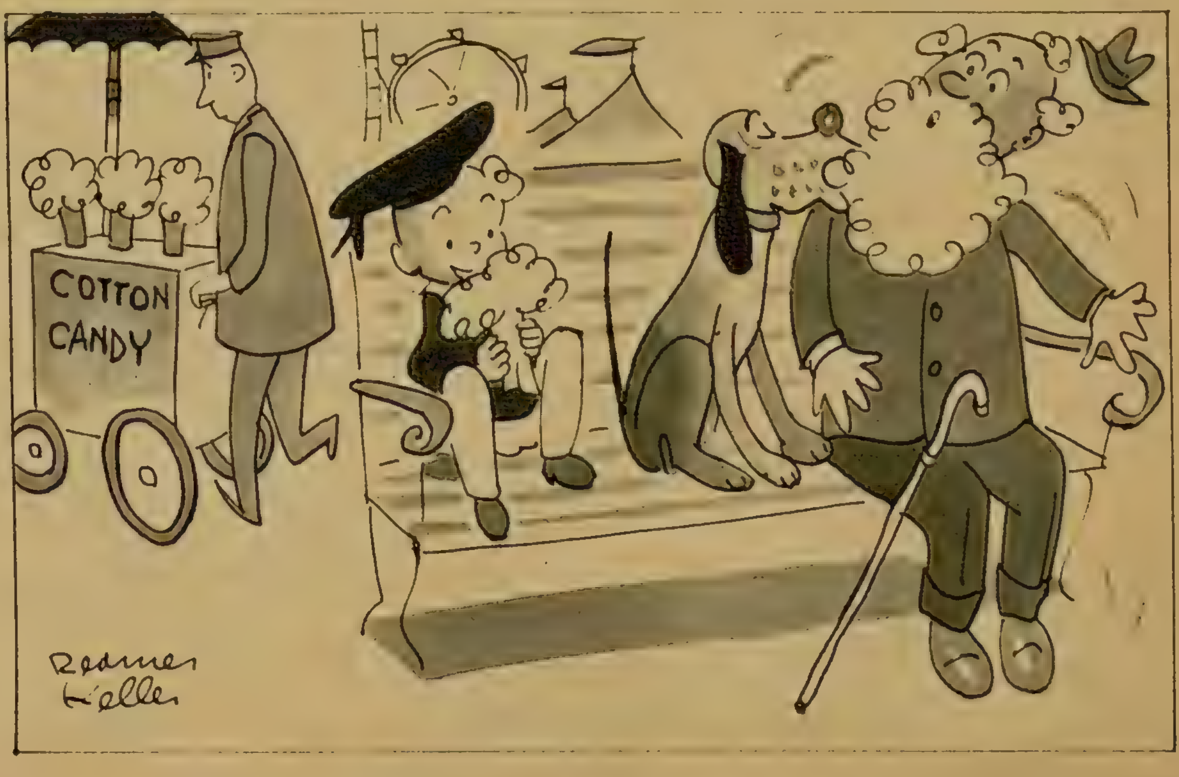
I waited for a long time after Manny left the room, and then I returned. Joe sat there dumbly. "What's the matter, Joe?" I said inanely. "You sick?"

He looked through me when he spoke. "You were right, Pete. How right you were!" he mumbled tonelessly. His eyes focused briefly on the floor where Angie stood within the spotlight. She wore a flower in her hair. She sang a song of moon and June. "I'm no good. I'm the all-time low," he was whispering to himself. "I never did deserve all this."

Manny came back and handed him a flat and narrow package wrapped in paper. Joe put it in his pocket, nodding mutely. Then Angie came. Her eyes were wide and questioning. "Joe, what on earth—"

(*Continued on page 58*)

HARDTACK



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BLENDED WHISKEY

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Bldg., New York

(*Continued from page 56*)

"I'm going away," Joe said. He paused to discipline the quiver in his lips. "I'm getting out of here."

The tears came then in her bewilderment and slowly rimmed her eyes. "What is it, Joe? Tell me." She put her hands on his arm, but he pulled it away.

He took a deep breath and his mouth twisted in his agony. "I'm going away, that's all." He didn't look at her. "Good-by. I'm through with this." He turned away and started to go. "Get outa my way."

"Joe!" She held him fiercely, and anguish like a sudden wind chilled her face.

"I said I'm through with this. I'm through with you, too. Maybe this'll convince you." His face was hard now. He held her away and slapped her face, and the sound of it echoed like a cannon shot in the silence of the room. He turned and walked through the door.

No one moved for a long, shocked moment. I stood there, mouth agape. I couldn't say a word. The tears were strangled now in Angie's throat, and Manny's round and somewhat drooping shoulder was her sanctuary. I went out to the bar and the liquor burned my throat.

I don't know what he said to her, but they must have been the right things. After a while Manny came, his fat face sagging with his burden. I said, "Manny, what is it?"

"Trouble, Pete," he said. "Bad trouble."

"Joe? Where is he? Where'd he go?"

"He went away. Don't ask me more. Believe me, kid, don't ask me any more. Go home, Pete. Tomorrow we can talk."

I retrieved my hat and coat from the checkroom, but I didn't go home. I went to the Sentinel office, and then, as the last edition was being tucked to bed, I got the story.

Joe Campello had killed a man. The trouble was over liquor and the details didn't matter now. The two gorillas from the syndicate were sitting in a car, buried in a patch of darkness. Then Joe passed by. The fact that the torpedoes had fired first was of little consequence, because one of Joe's unschooled wild shots had struck a pedestrian who was inopportunely passing by, Henry Pomeroy by name, and drilled him through the head.

So that was that. All the papers, including ours, had much to say. I did a lot of thinking. O. K., Mr. Joseph Campello, your intentions were all right, but you know what the road to hell is paved with. I pity you, and even like you, you foolish fugitive, but more than that I pity Henry Pomeroy.

I didn't tell him these things because I didn't see him. Nobody did. The police were efficient and diligent in their investigation of Manny Meyer's Birdhouse, and even somewhat sympathetic, but Manny had no information to impart. Joe had disappeared like a smoke ring and after days added up to weeks the case lay snugly swallowed in a folder at the Detective Bureau.

After that, things were never quite the same. Manny added wrinkles overnight, and kept them, and the Birdhouse bloomed amid the new prosperity of defense jobs.

And Angie? For Angie the course was clear and charted. She had stayed away from the Birdhouse for a lonely and pathetic week, and then, that afternoon she walked into Manny's office.

"I couldn't stay any longer, Manny," Angie said. Her voice was low and quiet, her dark eyes sad with tears no longer shed. "I couldn't stand the ghosts." She smiled a twisted, bitter smile.

"Yeah, sure, honey. I understand," Manny said. "What you going to do? Can I help?"

"Thank you, Manny," Angie said, "but I don't think so. I hadn't told you before, but Hymie Rosen's been after me. I think I'll go to him." Hymie Rosen was the smartest agent in town.

Manny's sentiments were undeniably sincere. "That's nice, honey. I always said you're too good for Manny Meyer's flytrap. Hymie Rosen, huh? For him you're much too good also, but the bum, he can put you on the top."

"I don't know, Manny. I'm not sure of anything, I guess." She gathered up her purse. "So this is it. Good-by, and thank you, Manny."

That was the end of Angie Rocco. Hymie Rosen, a master of his trade, went all out. He taught her how to apply glamor with a brush, and taught her gestures, little mannerisms, while she sang. It was the end of Angie all right, for Hymie even changed her name. He came up at length with "Sherry Stevens," for better or for worse, and the build-up was terrific. She was Sherry Stevens the chanteuse, the Cinderella Girl who wowed 'em from Mobile to Milwaukee, with a rebroadcast to the West Coast three hours later.

FOR a long time I lost all trace of her. A year whipped past, and I was moving, too. I saw, behind my press credentials, men suffer in the icy slush of the Aleutians, watched them die on jungle beaches. Once in a while, when I could find an outdated newspaper from the States, I might read an item about her in one of the columns.

The months added up, one upon the other, and now I was covering an Army Air Force bomber group in the Marianas. The planes took off every day, set a course toward unpronounceable places miles away, and deposited their eggs.

I didn't know about the show, of course, until I saw the signs and heard the excited chatter of the men. The announcement made a large and welcome splash. The show was on its way, an all-star USO unit with talent up to here—Bob Price, the funny man of radio and movies; Al Henry's band; a chorus of real live dancing girls. And Sherry Stevens. It would be something to witness, this show, billed for Wednesday evening, rain or shine.

And then, on Monday afternoon, abruptly, we were called in for the briefing. The 29s had come, and the announcement was a strike on Tokyo. The correspondents gathered in the big room and our names went in a hat for the drawing. Me, Pete Wilson, I got bingo. I would write the on-the-spot story for the combined press from my pinnacle in a bomber twenty thousand feet above the ground. Wilson, the young and somewhat brilliant scribe, was going along for the ride and the biggest story of his bright and fabled career. I was assigned to a big sleek Superfortress in the leading flight, a shiny silver giant bird with the picture of a sexy-looking girl and the words, "Saucy Sally" painted incongruously across its nose.

The crew was the usual assortment of eleven kids from colleges and factories and the soda fountains of Main Street, I thought. I was wrong again. Our left waist gunner had started coughing in the afternoon with a cold of promising proportions. A gunner from another squadron was assigned to take his place. When we drove up in a jeep, the new man was lounging with the crew members beside the plane, a tall and swarthy guy, neatly framed across the shoulders. There was something in the line of his jaw that was familiar. My hand began to shake and I almost dropped my portable. Joe Campello, fugitive. His eyes looked into mine without a trace of recognition. I climbed into the plane and my confusion was tremendous.

(*Continued on page 60*)

New light on an Old World favorite

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Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach – keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

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What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders and soaps often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident, there's no danger. Besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure!

Later—No offensive Denture Breath now! She's one of delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dentures sparkling clean, odor-free. If *you* wear a bridge or plate, *play safe*. Use Polident daily to help keep its original natural appearance. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

NEW! Another Polident Product DENTU-GRIP Pleasant Powder to Hold Plates Tight

Use POLIDENT *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

(*Continued from page 58*)

I crawled through the long hollow tunnel, through the gunners' compartment and into the cabin where the crew relaxed en route. Men were sleeping in the bunks that lined the wall, and one boy was reading a colored comic book. Joe sat in a corner, occupied apparently in a game of solitaire. Closer now, I could see some alterations time had wrought. There were streaks of gray here and there at his temples and tired lines around his eyes.

I sat down next to him. I didn't know the words to say. I made it quite official, pencil poised. I asked his name, the way I always did.

"Tony Stephano," he told me in a voice without emotion.

He answered my questions with no hesitation. His home was Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, he said, and before the war he was a clerk in a clothing store. He'd enlisted shortly after Pearl Harbor, went to gunnery school in New Mexico. He had thirty-two missions in a Liberator tucked under his belt now, was a staff sergeant and unmarried.

"Nice story, Joe," I told him.

"It'll do," he said.

I offered him a cigarette and lit one for myself. "You want a real story, Pete?" He began to chuckle and it was an awful thing to hear. He indicated a boy asleep on a bunk across the compartment, the right waist gunner in the corporation. "You know who that kid is?"

"No," I said. "I don't. Should I?"

"Yeah," Joe said. "I guess you should. His name's Henry Pomeroy, Junior. That name mean anything to you?"

"No," I said. "Why should—" Suddenly it hit me. "Not—"

"That's right. His old man was the guy who got in the way that night."

My heart stalled for an instant in my stomach. The irony of it made my brain reel like a gyroscope.

"He doesn't know?" I asked.

"No, he doesn't know," Joe said.

I felt a need to change the subject. I said, "Angie's coming. I guess you know."

"Yeah. I know." A pause. His eyes were glassy. "Angela Rocco, Sherry Stevens, Joe Campello, Tony Stephano. Even the kid across the way." He shook his head slowly. "Small world, Pete."

I said, "Yeah. Small world."

"And Manny?"

"Manny's fine," I said.

Joe wore a slow, sad smile. "Say hello to Manny for me, Pete. Tell him Joe Campello says hello and thanks."

"Sure," I said. "I'll tell him Tony Stephano says hello. Joe Campello—I never heard of him."

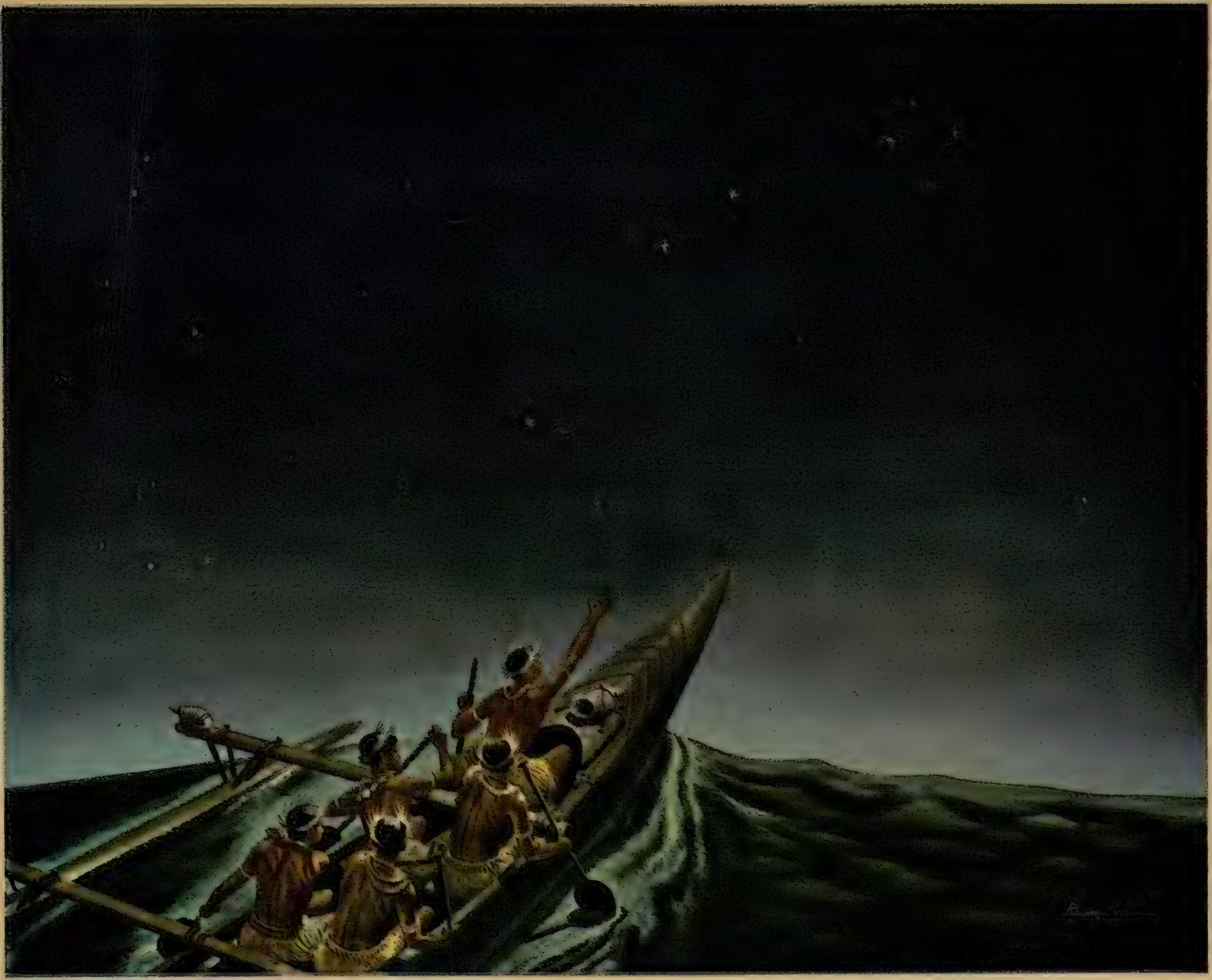
YOU'VE read about the strike in the newspapers, and the memory of our crippled plane with two engines out, flaming Tokyo an hour behind us, and a sudden mad gale from the east whipping our disabled ship toward the China coast made a movie in my mind. I want no double features of that movie.

The parachutes were hung on a hook, apparently secure against the storm. The wind buffeted us around like the salt within a shaker, and then it happened. The chute dropped off the hook, the release catching on some obstruction, and it popped. It popped like tooth paste in a broken tube.

Henry Pomeroy forgot his airsickness and stared blankly at the shiny white silk, spilled like milk now on the floor of the compartment. "My God!" he whispered. "We ain't got no extra chutes." His voice broke in a sob. "Now what'll we do?"

There was more drama, then, within the cabin of that Superfortress than Selznick

(*Continued on page 62*)



The Stars of Polynesia

Since prehistoric times, the people of the South Seas have been making long voyages in frail boats—back and forth among the tiny islands of their ocean. Many of these specks of land are thousands of miles apart.

It took World War II to reveal to the white man that through the ages these Pacific pathfinders had looked to the stars alone for guidance and found their way without maps or instruments. These stars of the southern hemisphere, previously unknown to most of our airmen and seamen, have proved vital to winning the victory. Flyer or sailor, becoming familiar with the once strange constellations, looked into the heavens and felt that Mother Earth's greatest ocean was a friendly expanse.

It's not the first time that the useful tasks men have done in peacetime have been drafted to do the job of war. This is actually what happened to the workers of America—and to Olin Industries.

The time has now come when we can all pick up the tools for the job of peace once more. Soon, from the many mills and laboratories that make up Olin Industries, will come rolling, guns and ammunition for sportsmen, roller skates for kids, flashlights and batteries for everybody. Then, too, there will be brass, bronze and other metals needed by countless manufacturers to create a thousand and one things to help make life more pleasant.

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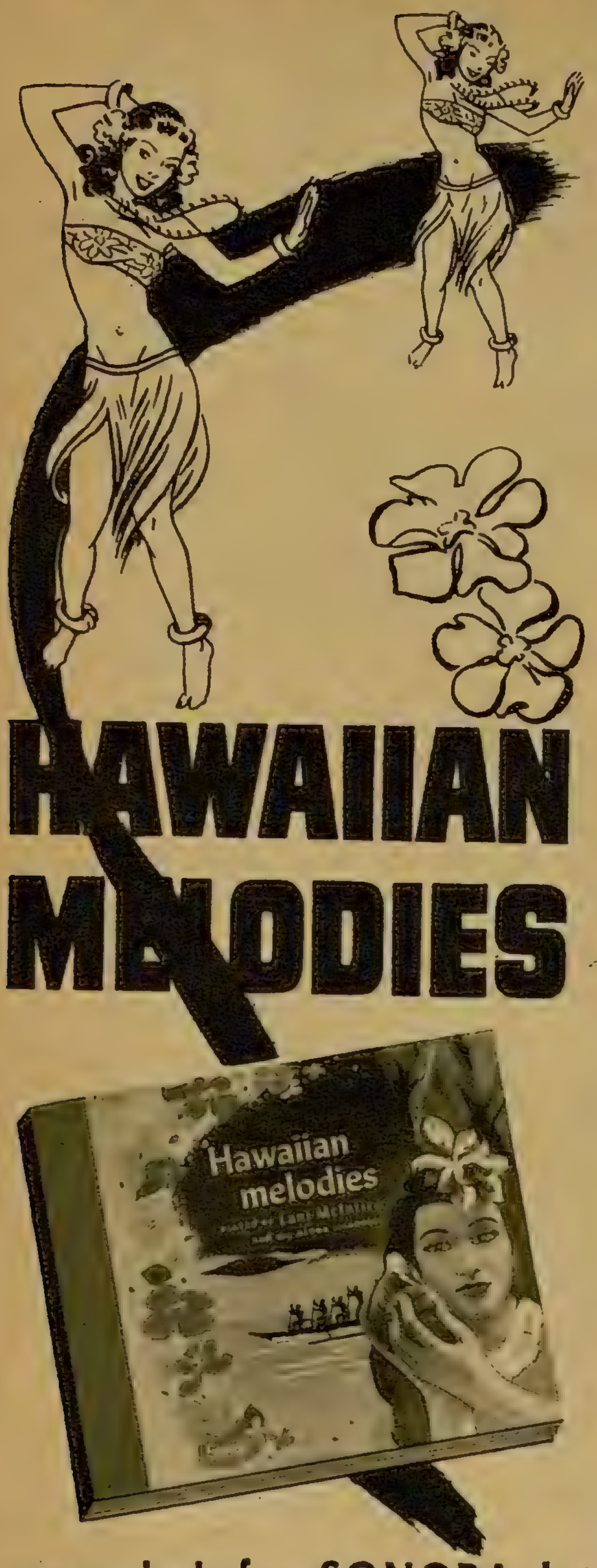
ON SONORA RECORDS



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Hawaiian Melodies gives you your favorites, the favorites of all lovers of Hawaiian music: *Moonlight in Hawaii, Hilo March, Kilima Waltz, Paradise Isle, Dreams of Old Hawaii, Wailani* (*Drowsy Waters*), *Hawaiian Sunset, Mai Poina Oe Ia'u* (*Forget Me Not*).

Sonora *Clear as a Bell* Records

SONORA PRODUCTS, INC., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
RADIOS • PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDS

(Continued from page 60)

dispenses in a year. The order came from the pilot's cabin to prepare to ditch. No one moved. No one spoke.

Joe Campello had an answer. "We'll cut cards for it," Joe said suddenly. "Low card gets left. I'll deal."

He picked up the pack, shuffled deliberately three or four times, dealt out a card to each of them. Panic squeezed my ribs, but I guess I must have been more calm than the others. The men turned their cards. Queen, ten, seven, deuce. Joe Campello had the deuce. I saw it all, a neat and fancy manipulation, but not neat enough to camouflage from me.

Joe smiled through white lips. "I lose, looks like." He pointed to the camera hatch. "You better get out of here, but fast." An engine coughed uncertainly.

And so we jumped, reluctantly; no heroes we, just sensible guys who had no time for alternatives or had no wish to die. I stalled for a long moment fumbling at my parachute with shaky hands, and the others now were out, swallowed far below in the storm-tossed clouds. My eyes were misty and the tears were welling in my throat. Joe wore a strange, bright face, and the perspiration lay like rain upon his brow. "Well, Pete," he said, "one Pomeroy for another. Maybe this will even up the score. Get out." He pushed me hard, and I was falling fast. . . .

A grinning Chinese boy found us in the morning, and they collected us from miles around. They had a radio hidden in the hills. It brought a beautiful fat and lumbering Dumbo later in the day that flew us back to Guam, where I filed my story. And so I got to see the USO show.

Sherry Stevens, a princess in pastels, came out to sing her songs. She hadn't lost the gentle touch. She opened with an oldie called My Prayer. Her voice was loud and clear in the tropic night, but not loud enough for Joe Campello to hear. Or perhaps he could.

MANNY'S glass of beer was untouched on the table. His eyes were on the wall, staring straight ahead, but I knew it wasn't the mural he was looking at.

I said, "Manny, how's your brother Sam in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin?"

"All right," he answered absently, his thoughts still years away.

I got up. I left him there. "So long, Manny. See you later," I told him. "I'm going out to watch the Yankees."

THE END

BOSS LADY

Continued from Page 35

"Did you, darling?" replied Joan, terribly pleased.

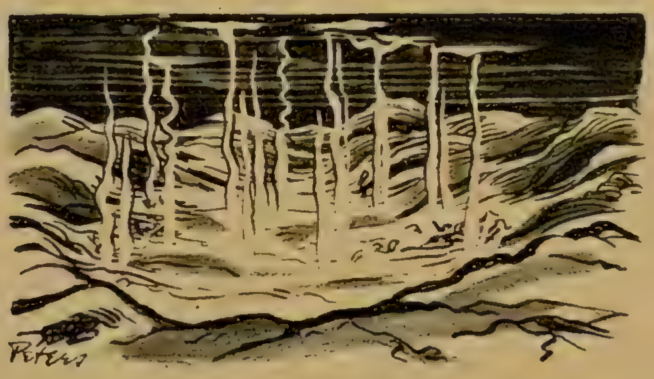
"Yes, I did," said Beverly. "One of the kids in my class had the nerve to say that you weren't as funny as you used to be. I told her, 'You must remember, please, that my mother isn't as young as she used to be, either.' "

Joan Davis was born Madonna Josephine Davis in St. Paul, Minnesota, the only child of LeRoy Davis, a train dispatcher, and Nina Davis. Although neither of her parents had ever been connected with the theater, Jo, as she was called, showed a decided talent at the age of three. As an amateur, she entered 150 contests in her home town, doing a straight singing-and-dancing act, and won 125. One night, no prize. Joan bawled. Papa said, "Maybe you had better try comedy. I'll buy you an umbrella and a crazy little hat."

"With my umbrella and hat," says Joan, "I happened to click." Vaudeville scouts persuaded the Davises to let them sign Joan on a contract, and at the age of ten Joan had a fourteen-minute "single" on the Pantages circuit, billed as "The Toy Comedienne." After several successful years of touring the country, during which Joan posed as a midget in New York to satisfy the child-labor laws, the Davises decided that it was high time their precocious offspring had a little steady schooling. Joan entered high school in St. Paul and graduated as valedictorian and star of the debating and track teams.

Joan was eager to get back to the boards. Certain that comedy was her métier, she taught herself to dance, and to fall—an art in itself. "I have fallen on every stage in the United States and Canada," she says, "and I have never found a soft one." In her teens she played almost all the vaudeville circuits, summer camps, amusement parks, and lodge smokers.

When she was seventeen, Serenus (Si) Wills entered her life. He was in search of a "straight" lady, and an agent suggested Joan. Si wore bulgy pants and a beezer made of putty, and Joan wore green ruffled drawers. Five months after they teamed up they were married. Joan, believing she was too young to get married, had kept putting Si off, but in Chicago he flashed a diamond ring at her and that did it. During the next few years Wills



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

ATOM AND EVE: Dusk in a Japanese city.

HALF-RICAN: 50-per-cent Egyptian, 50-per-cent something else.

FEEVER: Doc's charge for cooling you off.

NOOZE: Front-page item on seepage.

CALF-AY: A young cow.

BREWSE: Black and blue from a beer jag.

VETERAN-ARY: Doctor taking care of K-9 wounded.

NAUGHTOGRAPH: Unsigned.

ILLK: Sick relatives.

FOALIAGE: Tasty green leaves for a filly.

and Davis, billed as "A Youthful Fit of Wit," became a very smart outfit, and eventually made the Palace in New York, goal of all vaudevillians.

Once, during a brief lay-off in her home town, Joan decided to try earning what she called a legitimate living. "I found myself selling goldfish in a five-and-ten," she says, "for twelve fifty a week. All my customers wanted two males and two females. Before the week was over I couldn't sleep nights, and on Saturday morning I was late for work. I rushed through the store to punch the time clock, hit a freshly scrubbed floor, and skidded under three counters of chinaware before I slammed into a wall for a full stop. I woke up in the hospital the next day. All I got out of earning a legitimate living was ten days in the hospital, an intense dislike of goldfish, and a wild desire to return to the footlights."

When vaudeville began to wane, in the '30s, the Willses bought a house in Hollywood, where conniving friends brought Mack Sennett to a party one night. Right on cue, someone gurgled, "Oh, Joan, why don't you do your hillbilly routine for Mr. Sennett?" With everyone coaxing her, Joan slipped into her props, which just happened to be right there on the bookcase. Sennett was properly impressed, and later signed Joan for a short called Way Up Thar. After the comedy was released, she got a slight nibble out of Paramount, and another out of RKO, but both studios assured her she wasn't very funny, and dropped her.

FROM 1933 to 1937 Hollywood treated Joan as if she had smallpox. But in 1937, Twentieth Century-Fox signed her on a long-term contract, and from that year until 1941 she made some twenty-five pictures for them. Some of them were Wake Up and Live, Thin Ice, You Can't Have Everything, My Lucky Star, Tailspin, Free, Blonde and Twenty-one, For Beauty's Sake, and, the best of the bunch, Hold That Coed, in which Joan sat down hard so many times that she practically ruined her specialty. In 1941 Joan decided that too many pictures were as bad as too few and parted company with Fox "by mutual agreement."

Then the Davis star started rising, and by 1944 Hollywood realized that when a critic praised Miss Davis he didn't necessarily mean Bette.

Joan Davis' terrific success in radio is due, according to the people who work on her program, to her amazing sense of timing. Her agent believes it's her voice, which has been likened to that of an adolescent boy with a cold.

Joan herself believes that her radio success—which still surprises her—is due to her suffering. "To be funny you must suffer," says Joan with conviction. "The more you suffer, the more an audience laughs." Joan's radio character is a loud-mouthed young woman who is always chasing a man, but who is so unattractive that she couldn't be a pin-up girl in an Eskimo igloo. "I was born in Texas—a panhandle baby," says Joan on her program. "The day I was born my father took one look at my pan and wouldn't handle me."

Of course it's corn, but 32,000,000 everyday people eat it up.

In her new Swan Soap program Joan has more story and fewer gags. She has been working toward this ever since she was in radio. "I'm still the frustrated female trying to catch a man. But I even manage to suffer through more than man trouble."

After four years on the air she is still nervous over having to face a mike and hold a script. Her knees still buckle occasionally, and when the script shakes, it's ot from a breeze. "Getting to the microhone is like walking the last mile," she sighs. "But once I hear that first boffo laugh, all the ham comes out in me and I relax."

Joan is the first radio comedienne to use sight business—designed to get laughs from the studio audience. Other comedians with lesser Crossleys believe that this sight stuff has given her show its envied rating. Says Billboard: "The Davis show uses sight tricks to hypo a weak gag or punch line, but always on a predetermined basis. Technique is to select the light laughs during the preview show and decide what biz will be used to step up laugh reaction. And since the routine is set in advance, the laugh builds without a break. This is what keeps the listening audience interested; there is no break followed by a sudden burst of laughter which is obviously the result of something not in the script."

Away from the mike and the screen, Joan is an attractive young woman with blue-gray eyes, wavy bronze hair, and exceedingly trim legs, who prefers smartly tailored suits and rarely wears a hat.

Her ambition is to play such comedy roles as those given Rosalind Russell and Myrna Loy. She's darned sick of hearing directors shout at her, "Joan, fall down," when there's no earthly reason for it. Like most comedians who take all kinds of insults on the air, she's sensitive away from the microphone. A nasty crack that's not in the script will make her spitting mad.

Hollywood's busiest success has little time for serious reading these days. "I'm so busy making with the big fat jokes," she says apologetically. But don't be fooled by her studied dumbness on the air. Every so often she startles her friends and coworkers with a nifty polysyllable, then quickly adds, "Isn't that a nice word? I wonder if it means anything."

THE END

VICTORY GARDENS IN THE PACIFIC

Continued from Page 23

Lundholm told of one five-acre patch on Guam which gave 25,000 pounds, two ears to the pound, on the first picking, and nearly as much on the second picking a week later. Some is planted every week, to give a continuing yield the year around.

Radishes make the table in thirty days after seeding. Cucumbers planted in mid-April are yielding by early June.

But it's not all milk and honey. The soil looks rich, but actually is poor in plant nutriment. On Guam, 800 pounds of commercial fertilizer an acre a crop is required, and all of it must be shipped in. Only slightly less is used on Tinian and Saipan.

Worse still, coral outcroppings splotch the fields like white heat rashes, constantly pushing up through the thin topsoil. And, paradoxically, despite an average annual rainfall of nearly eight feet—most of it in July and August—the soil is so porous that it gets too dry. After two inches of rain one day, not a trace remains the next.

Underground water sources are not believed adequate to support irrigation, and though the Pacific reaches thousands of miles in every direction, science hasn't yet found a way to distill salt water in rainstorm quantities.

As to pests, every breed of insect found in the States appears equally at home in the Western Pacific. Then, in addition, there are the native species, in even greater variety. "Open the insect book and everything in it flies out," Lundholm said.

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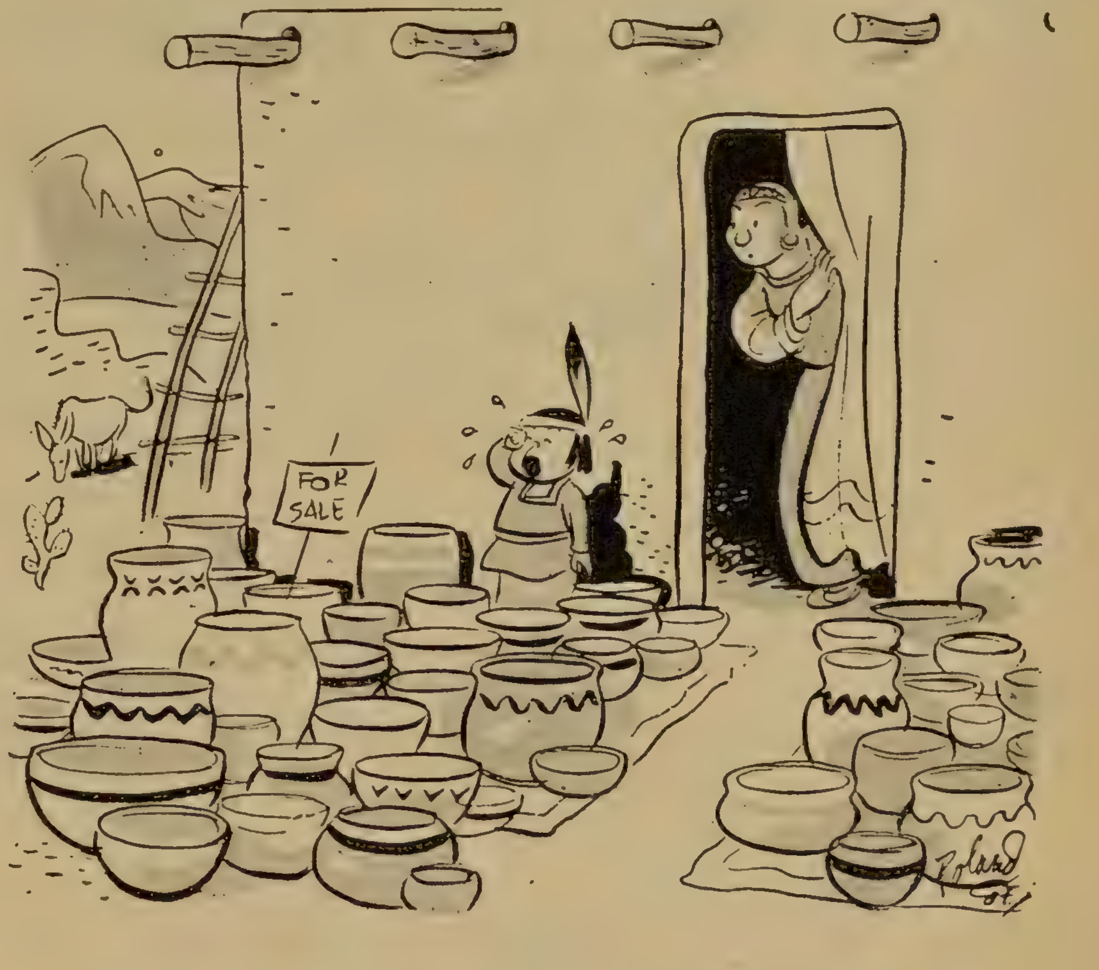

"I put my bowl of Wheaties down—and now I can't find it!"

It doesn't happen often. Most folks find they can't put their bowls of Wheaties down—once that alluring "second helping" flavor goes to work on their appetites. Try milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Say, "Put me down for a big bowl of Wheaties tomorrow morning."

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It's the same on Tinian, which harbors legions of cutworms, plant lice, and caterpillars. On Saipan, peopled by 20,000 natives of primitive habits, the insect problem is augmented by soil contamination which crops are likely to transmit, causing dysentery; so radishes, lettuce, and onions are banned. The boss farmer on Saipan, last project to get started, is Richard E. Biggs, another Californian from Salinas.

On all the islands, spraying and dusting are daily chores. The pest problem on Guam, where the fields are enclosed by coconut jungle, could be reduced somewhat by scarring a border 100 yards deep around the plantings with a flame thrower, but the irregularity of the clearings and nearness of many Chamorro huts make this impracticable.

Weeds are hardly less troublesome than the insects, popping up with bewildering vigor and profusion the moment the soil is stirred. A prime nuisance is the morning-glory. This not only robs the soil but entwines itself tightly around the crop plant like the stripes on a barber pole, making its destruction difficult. A row of corn being laced up by morning-glories soon resembles a hedge unless there is quick counteraction.

Clearing the fields was itself a challenge. The roots of the coconut tree form a thick matting near the surface, tying up with the roots of any near-by neighbor, so that, routed out by bulldozers, they tend to roll back the precious top soil like a carpet.

On Tinian and Saipan the bugaboo was sugar cane, long raised by the Japanese inhabitants. Tinian had a narrow-gauge railroad with mahogany ties which carried the harvest from the fields into the sugar refinery in Tinian Town, the island capital now removed by a "Nimitz haircut." Cane draws heavily on the soil and is hard to kill. The procedure followed has been first to run fire through the fields, then cut the stuff, rake it into windrows, and burn again.

IN the early days, when fields sometimes were laid out practically within the fighting lines, the Japs were a real danger. They sniped at the workmen, fastened hand grenades to the farm implements at night, and stole produce and seed. On Bougainville, farming operations were temporarily suspended one day by a tank battle in the cornfield. Meddling with the implements was corrected by ambushes, and the sniping was discouraged by riflemen riding the tractor hoods.

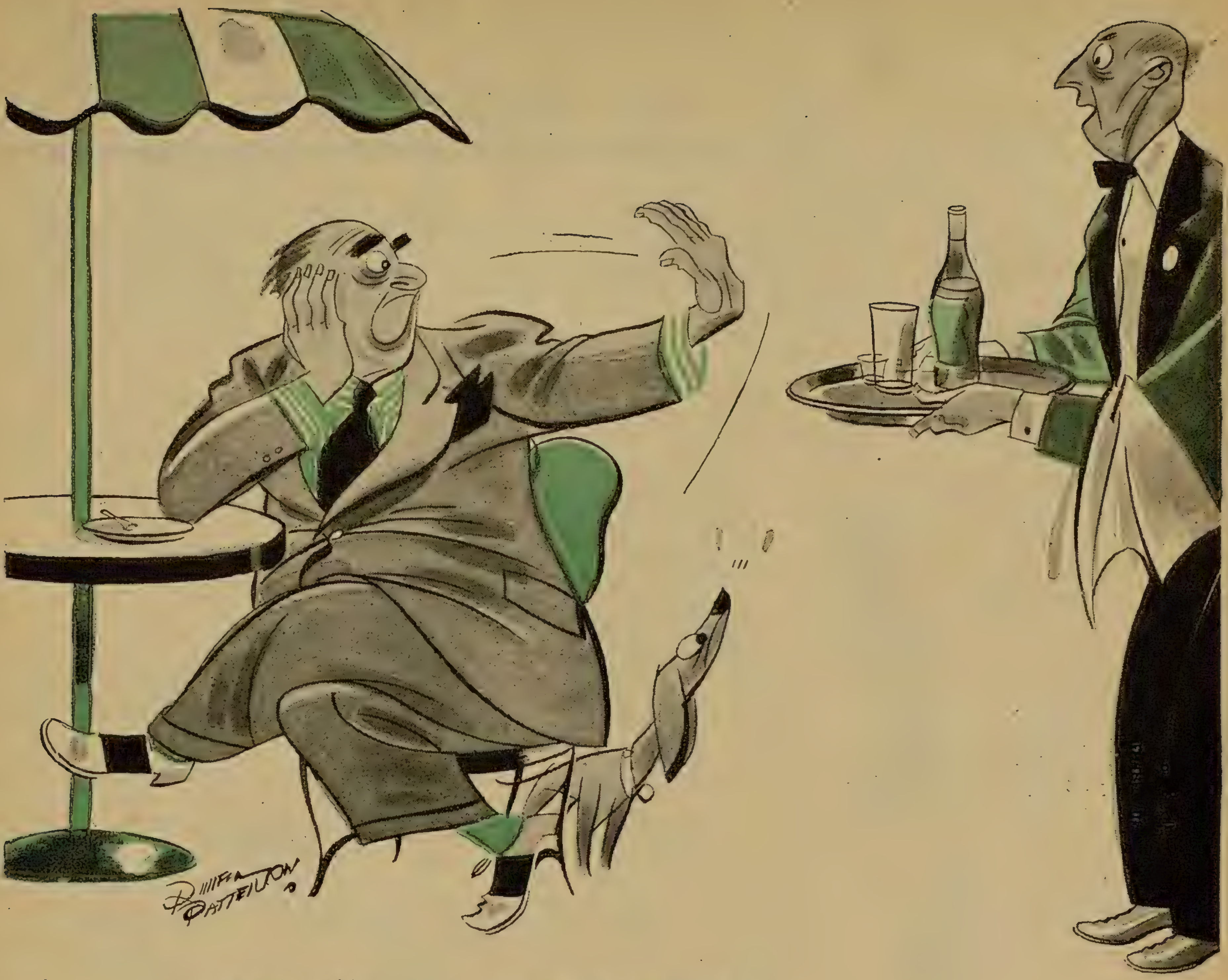
On Tinian and Saipan, after the islands had been secured, the Japs still at large took to infiltrating among the Jap civilian workers in the fields, pretending to belong with them, thus getting in on the food at mealtime.

Some tribulations, however, have been turned to good account or reduced in importance. The weeds make good natural fertilizer and are turned under, the same as the cornstalks and other crop remnants.

Rockier spots in the fields get tree crops such as papayas and, lately, two superior varieties of bananas brought from Hawaii. Another crop for such land is pineapples, likewise recently introduced from Hawaii.

When three or four kinds of crops have been well established, emphasis will be shifted to those crops now being grown in relatively minor quantities. And when the program hits its peak, a lot of fighting men will echo the sentiments of the Marine sergeant who sighed contentedly as he patted his tightly stretched belt and said, "We really appreciate it."

THE END



"NAY, NAY!"... said MR. CLAY

"I guess you didn't hear me say
I want a rum of rich bouquet
And mellow flavor, if I may."

• • •

The waiter returned (his name was Chico)
And said, "Try *this* made with *Ronrico!*"
"Yes, yes! By every test," said Clay
"Ronrico Collins are the best
For cool refreshment! So keep the rest —
From now on, Chico, make *all* my drinks
Please, with *Ronrico!*"

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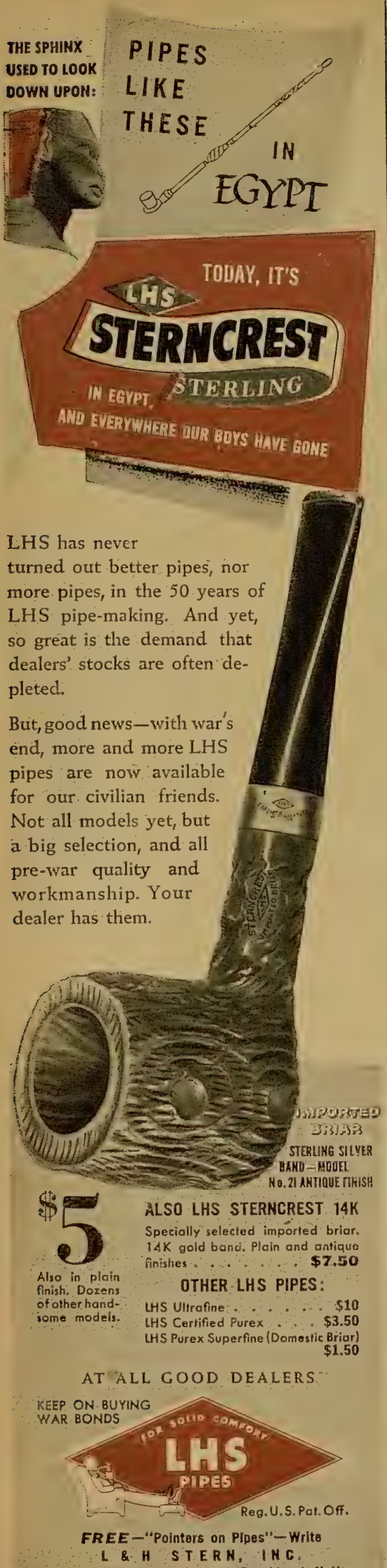
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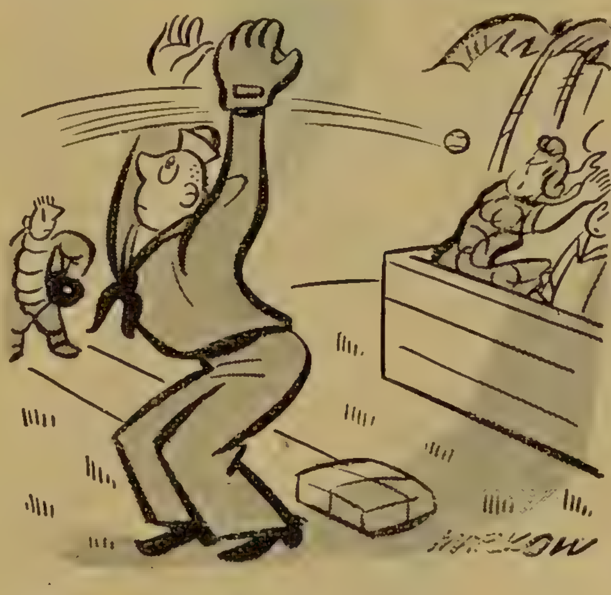
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

C. R., U. S. N., FPO, San Francisco, Calif. No dice, partner. The Navy says that enlisted men serving under temporary appointments as officers will not be transferred to the Fleet Reserve while serving as warrant grade or commissioned officers.

* * *

Teddy Weber, New Orleans, La. Yes, there is such a thing as the Army Claims Commission which decides whether civilians are entitled to money for damages caused by the Army, and makes such awards where the testimony warrants it. One of their strangest cases came up in North Africa. American soldiers and sailors were playing baseball. A G. I. threw the ball to a sailor covering third base. The sailor missed the ball and it hit a Frenchwoman in the face. After lengthy deliberation, the commission decided that the throw had been a good one, and that the sailor should have been charged with an error for failing to catch the ball. For that reason, the Army was out of it, and the Navy paid the Frenchwoman the damages.



Navy's error

* * *

Mrs. G. R. N., Stockton, Calif. Yes, it is true that if your divorced husband's present wife has a child, your child's allowance will be cut to $25 a month. The rule states that the first child's allowance is $30, with $20 a month for each child thereafter. However, where there are two children living under separate roofs, the allowances are totaled and divided evenly; thus your child and his present wife's child will each receive $25 a month.

* * *

Paul E. Allen, Pompano, Fla. If a marine has enlisted in the regular Marine Corps, he must finish his term of enlistment, regardless of the date of the end of the war against Japan. Enlistments in the Marine Corps are currently being accepted only from those under the age of eighteen. All others are assigned to the Corps by their draft boards following induction.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Asbury, Pittsfield, Mass. Soldiers' Deposits is a savings plan instituted by the Army for its enlisted personnel. It operates like a civilian savings-bank account. The money earns 4 per cent annual interest. It is impossible for a commanding officer to use a soldier's money in one of those accounts to pay a court-martial fine. The money thus deposited by the soldier may be forfeited by him only, in the event he is found guilty of desertion.

* * *

Pvt. Jack O'Brien, China. Only one soldier has been executed for desertion in this war, and that one execution took place in the European Theater of Operations. It was the first for desertion in the American Army since the Civil War. All told, 102 soldiers have been executed for crimes, most of them for murder, since conscription began.

* * *

H. Mennon, Portland, Ore. The playing of "taps" dates back to 1862. Major General Daniel Butterfield composed it, and it soon spread through the Federal Army, and was formally adopted in 1867.

* * *

Kenneth Fenton, Arlington, Va. Yes, the Red Cross is still in great need of plasma and whole blood. Whole blood is so vital that during the European war the Army Medical Department arranged to have it fired in hollow shells to units cut off by the Germans. Battle experience has proved that blood transfusions are required at the rate of one for every two men wounded, and there still are many wounded men who need them. Make your appointment with the Red Cross today.

* * *

C. T., S1/c, Norfolk, Va. Of the seventeen battleships in the U. S. Fleet on Pearl Harbor day, fifteen were of World War I vintage. Eight of them were at Pearl Harbor on the day of the attack, and four went to the bottom. Six of the eight later went back into action.

* * *

Chaplain T. D., Guam. According to the records available, the first chaplains were those sent to sea by King Charles I of England, back in the early 1600s. He appointed a chaplain to sail with each ship in His Majesty's Fleet.

* * *

Edward Randall, Madison, Wis. Please ignore all rumors about war casualties, whether those rumors refer to personnel or to materiel. The story you heard about our having lost our three biggest aircraft carriers in the Atlantic before Germany surrendered is simply not true. The only carrier lost in the Atlantic at any time during the war was the gallant U. S. S. Block Island.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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W-9A

THE DANDY TRAP

Continued from Page 33

up! Purdy turned beet red. It was a blush not only of chagrin but of rage.

"So you feel embarrassed about something?" Pops Lafone said grimly.

"He made it all up!" Purdy repeated aloud. "That blowfly wanted to show off to the rest of us, so he looked up a real address in the phone book, then pretended to phone. Just by luck, there happens to be a girl in the family—"

"What are you talking about anyway?" the father barked.

"It doesn't matter. You never heard of him," Purdy said helplessly. "But he said he rang up a girl for me and told her I was a hero, and—"

The brother laughed derisively. The girl seemed to see a joke somewhere too. Her whole face lighted so expressively that she might have said what she thought aloud: You followed me, and you know it!

The father was of the same opinion. "A likely story!" he snorted. "You turn on Conti and track my daughter, then make up this preposterous excuse!" He closed one eye. "And that means there is something at the bottom of this!"

"You mean you don't believe me!" Purdy gasped.

"I believe you saw my daughter in the street and followed her into her own house. What sort of a place do you think this is?"

Purdy could not understand such an unmotivated tirade. But then the brother gave a clue:

"We've had trouble enough with soldiers like you that don't even know Babet!" His jet brows were knitted like his father's as he put aside his sewing materials and got up. "I'll show you what sort of a girl my sister is!"

But Babet jumped in front of him. "Wait, Ton-ton! This is all nonsense. It's all a mistake. I made the mistake myself. I remember him now. I met him—I was introduced to him. So that makes it all right."

"You—but—" Purdy gulped. He was about to say that he had just arrived on a ship, but it was safer perhaps to let her think up her own way of getting him out of here.

POPS LAFONE turned on his daughter. "You mean you give a soldier your address when you are just introduced to him? Then it is all your fault!"

"No, not her fault," Purdy said quickly. "We talked a long time. I told her all about myself."

"And that is all you did last night? Talk?"

"Why, of course!" Purdy said hotly and too hastily. He had not realized that this was an admission that he had seen her last night. It was a blunder, he knew, for Babet's creamy cheeks turned white.

"So *you* are the one!" the father said.

"I knew it when I first saw him!" the brother shouted. "But I couldn't believe he'd have the face to come here today—here of all places!"

Babet screamed, "He isn't the one! I didn't see him last night! He made it up!" She whirled on Purdy. "Why did you make a thing like that up, I'd like to know? Now you're in for it!"

The father held Ton-ton's arm. "Wait. Let us hear it from him, not from Babet." He faced Purdy. "You are the soldier who took her down to Bayou Bigolets last night. Do you deny it?"

"Deny what?" Purdy asked blankly. "I never heard of Bayou Bigolets. "I just got to town this—" he hesitated.

"Of course he denies it!" the broth cried. "He says one thing, then anothe

(*Continued on page 70*)

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(Continued from page 68)

And Babet says she doesn't know him and then she does know him! He's the man who disgraced her, there's no doubt! And I'm going to break every bone in his head!"

"No, you won't!" Babet began, and her father added, "Of course not! If we are mistaken we shall never forgive ourselves. He has fought overseas. He has service ribbons." With difficulty Pops Lafone changed the tone of his voice. "Now just sit down here, corporal. Until we prove you are not the guilty one, we are going to treat you like a—well, just what you are, a soldier who has fought for us, a compatriot. Ton-ton, you go get Jacques. He is the one to settle this."

"I'll get Charlie Cabassud! That's who I'll get!" the brother said with relish. He went down the alley, running.

"Who's Charlie Cabassud?" Purdy asked.

"A very special friend of Babet's," the father said. "But if you're not the man, he won't hurt you. That's why I sent for Jacques, who keeps an oyster bar all night. He saw you when the deputy brought you up from the marsh with Babet at sunrise. He can identify you."

"O. K., bring him on," Purdy said confidently. "Bring 'em all on! Sure, I'll sit down for awhile. Nice peaceful spot you have here."

He realized that he could not get out of this patio for a while anyway. Until the oysterman came, he was virtually a prisoner, unless he wanted to fight Pops Lafone. And a fight was the last thing he wanted. He would be perfectly satisfied and amicable if he could have a chance to talk to Babet. But she flitted off through the flower beds, and the patio was dank and dark again.

The father started packing plaster saints into a baby carriage.

"What happened to the baby?" Purdy asked.

"What baby?" Pops Lafone growled.

"I saw your daughter trundling that rig out in the street. I thought there was a baby in it."

"She was taking some saints to the delicatessen where they're sold. Baby! That's a good one!"

Babet came out with a cup of coffee and set it on a barrel top over Purdy's chair. She might have been mad at his "following her in here"—which was her definite understanding. On the other hand, he was to be pitied. He had gotten himself into a much worse jam that he deserved.

It was not American coffee. Like everything else Purdy had seen in this city, it was alien. Brandy burned on the brim of the cup as Babet squeezed juice from a green orange into it. "You've never tasted Creole coffee?" she asked when he winced at the first sip.

"No, but it's fine. Only," he said, lowering his voice, "do you mind telling me what I'm supposed to have done last night?"

She told him and without lowering her voice. Her father, wrapping saints in newspapers, could hear it all.

"It wasn't anybody's fault," she said. "And especially it wasn't his—I mean the soldier I went out with. He'd come home from overseas just like you, and he found everything changed. He found his girl engaged to someone else and I was sorry for him. He'd been wounded and he was discouraged. The girl was my best friend and she asked me to go on a double date and help her straighten him out."

"I get his slant," Purdy said. He was not listening very hard at first. He was watching the light on her forehead—a sifted light from the oleanders that sparkled red in the black of her hair.

"We went to a *baile* down there near Lafitte and danced. But the soldier could only dance a little because of the old wound in his leg. Besides, they were all Cajuns, like Loulotte and her fiancé, so he felt left out!"

"Cajuns? Is that what you are?"

"No, we're Creoles. That's why my father is so strict about my going out with a soldier I never met before."

Purdy glanced at the giant father who had gone to the other end of the alley.

"We took Loulotte home and then we took her fiancé home. The other one—I mean the wounded one—was still morose about life. He wanted the girl he'd been dreaming about all those months overseas. He wanted to go back to Loulotte's now that her fiancé wasn't there. It took me a long time to plead with him. It was so late that the ferry we'd taken across one of the bayous had stopped running for the night. We found a lonely road which wound way down toward the sea marshes. The car slid off the road into the cane brake. We walked for miles, hoping to find another car and get to a phone so I could tell my father not to worry. It was pitch dark and we were lost."

THE father was coming back through the alley, but hearing someone at the batten gate, he turned and hurried toward the street again. Purdy did not watch, for he was spellbound by Babet's frightened eyes. She was a Creole beauty, but she talked and acted like any home-town girl.

She finished hurriedly. "The soldier couldn't walk any more because of his wound. We found a mud-clinkered cabin and built a fire of rags to keep the mosquitoes off. We knew we'd have to wait for sunrise before we could find our way."

Out there on the street the father raised his voice angrily. "No, I said you can't

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PLUG UGLY: And doesn't he look it with his hair plastered down so silly with grease. No wonder girls 'turn on the ice' when he asks for a date! Kreml grooms hair so handsomely yet never leaves it looking or feeling oily or greasy.

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- Kreml Hair Tonic is *famous* to keep hair neatly groomed all day long — it leaves it so *lustrous*, looking as if it had some 'body' to it. Kreml *never* pastes your hair down or leaves it looking greasy or oily. Ask for Kreml at your own barber shop. Buy a bottle at your drug counter.

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KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

come in, Charlie! It may not be the soldier we want. Wait until we're sure!"

"It's Charlie Cabassud!" the girl said. "He is the most jealous of them all because he knows I don't like him!"

Purdy saw a lean hungry-looking man in immaculate whites and a smaller, chunkier man gesticulating wildly. "Who's the fat one with the goatee?"

"My uncle," Babet said. "He's mad too. Everyone in the Quarter wants to find that poor soldier who is as innocent as you yourself. You see, my father asked the police to help find us. That was because he phoned Loulotte and found out that she had been home for two or three hours and I wasn't staying with her all night. It was a deputy of the Jefferson Parish police who found us in the cabin just before sunrise. He understood about the mosquitoes. But the deputy brought us straight home. When they find that car in the canebrake, they'll believe me."

Because of the excitement in the alley, people began opening windows around the patio. They stared, jabbered, nudged each other. "There's Charlie Cabassud!" someone said. "Thinks he owns Babet because she makes coconut pralines for his candy store. This is going to be good!"

"And there comes Ton-ton with the oysterman."

The star witness, a small man with huge hands raw from shucking oysters, came in, followed by the others, who kept shoving him until he stood in front of Corporal Purdy. As the oysterman studied him, everyone was silent, waiting for his judgment.

ONE man did not want to wait. He stepped up to Purdy with hands out as if to choke him, but Babet jumped between. This was Charlie Cabassud, the lovelorn candy-store man. A thin scroll of a mustache on an otherwise shaved lip made him look like a Cuban gigolo—a sort of combination lady-killer and man-killer.

The oysterman was nodding thoughtfully. "I can't swear to it. These servicemen look alike—I mean at a distance."

"But you must identify him for certain!" the father insisted.

"Well, all right. I think this was the one. I remember the service ribbons. The chevrons I didn't see. But the more I look at him, the surer I get."

There was no doubt that the oysterman was honest in his conviction, but Babet screamed at him, "You're lying, Jacques Boulard, and you know it!"

The father held Ton-ton and the others back. "Now wait. Let's be calm!"

But the candy-store gigolo, Charlie Cabassud, got in the first lick. A plaster saint glanced off Purdy's head. Then everyone in the patio went into action except the oysterman, who cried, *"Cré tonnerre!* He may not be the one!"

Pops Lafone must have heard this, for he grabbed his son's arm with one hand, the uncle's arm with the other. This gave Purdy a chance to knock Cabassud down.

"Too bad I had to do it," he mumbled.

Ton-ton broke free from his father. As Purdy saw him coming, he thought, What am I fighting for, anyway? It's not my lookout. I'm fighting another man's fight—that soldier who came home brokenhearted. But this inspired him. The soldier had been wounded, so he could not fight as well as Purdy anyway. "All right, I'm the guy you want! So come on!" he yelled, backing into the narrow alley where he could take them on one by one.

It was not so simple as that. In backing, he poked his foot in a broken board in the alley walk and found himself stuck. It was one of those loose boards they used to call a dandy trap in the old New Orleans days because it would spatter mud when

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Then Schick Blades became available again in 1943, and the Schick Injector Razor was put to a crucial test—a test probably unequalled in all razor history. Would the hundreds of thousands who had been forced to use other razors now keep on with these razors? Or—now that Schick Blades were again plentiful—would they return to the Schick Injector Razor?

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All the Schick Injector Razors we can produce are still going to the armed forces. We expect to resume civilian production shortly—so in a few months your store will have one for you. Then we hope you, too, will try the razor that passed the supreme test of razor loyalty.

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SCHICK BLADES NOW PLENTIFUL!
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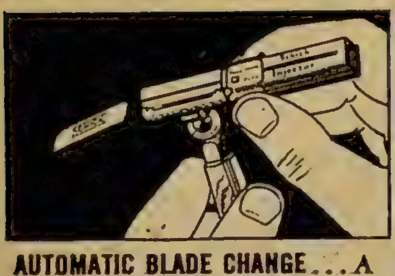

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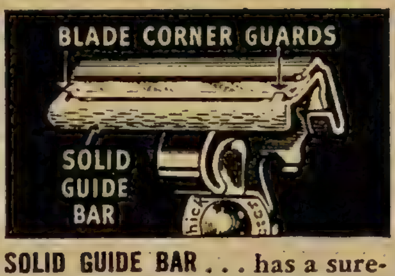

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MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

stepped on. The crowd in the galleries laughed at his helplessness. The candy-store man yelled, "Now you got him where you want him, Ton-ton! Finish him!"

Ton-ton did not take the advice shouted at him. Instead, he pulled his first blow, squared off, giving Purdy a chance to get his foot free.

Purdy gaped. This Creole was going to fight like an American! When Purdy was free and Ton-ton's first blow landed, it was a good clean smack, but it did not hurt exactly. On the contrary, it was exhilarating!

Matt Purdy found peace the next moment. For a policeman came running down the alley followed by an old woman. This, no doubt, was Babet's aunt. Old Tante Sabine had evidently been hunting for a policeman from the moment she first let Corporal Purdy in through that batten gate. She came not only with a policeman, but with an M. P.

It was the M. P. who arrested Corporal Purdy while the big lobster-faced policeman examined the most serious casualty. Charlie Cabassud sat on the flagstones, glassy-eyed, with bits of plaster in his hair and chunks of a broken saint scattered around him.

The officer listened to the crowd jabbering their testimony, took down some notes, repeating as he wrote:

"All night in a cabin, Jefferson Parish. . . . Found there by deputy sheriff. . . . Comes back here and starts riot. . . . Kayo's Charlie Cabassaud with a plaster saint."

"He didn't do any such a thing!" Babet cried.

"Then who did?" the officer asked.

"I did," Babet said. "They were all picking on this corporal, when he isn't the one they want anyway. I didn't go out with him last night. I never saw him before!"

"Well, that makes it complicated," the officer said. "Mistaken identity. Which means this young fellow's innocent—if I believed you."

THE M. P. had been looking over Purdy's credentials. "You can believe her all right," he grunted. "This soldier wasn't anywhere near Jefferson Parish last night. He wasn't even near the Delta. He was out on the Gulf on a ship which didn't dock till today."

Pops Lafone gasped. "He's innocent! A soldier who fought the war for us and we treat him like a criminal! *'Cré bon sang de bon malheur de Dieu de sort.* Where's that oysterman!"

But the little oysterman had fled.

"And you, Ton-ton!" Lafone turned on his son. "I told you to wait, but you struck this young soldier who has done nothing but earn service ribbons! You don't deserve the name Ton-ton. Look at his chin. It's split!" He put his arm around Purdy and dabbed a handkerchief on the raw spot. "Tante Sabine! Get some iodine and cotton and court plaster. And some coffee for him—or, better, open some wine!"

Tante Sabine called out from the kitchen window, "Babet, go to the drugstore for iodine and gauze."

"I'll go with you," Corporal Purdy whispered to Babet.

"Ton-ton is the one they should arrest!" Babet fumed as she slipped out through the batten gate with Purdy.

"No hard feelings," Purdy said. "But what did your father mean about Ton-ton not deserving that name?"

"It's Creole for Washington."

"I knew you were all Americans!"

And Matt Purdy also knew that he was home! He was certain when he went into the drugstore. For there, after his chin was doctored, he sat down with Babet to an ice-cream soda.

THE END

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Hank Berger
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THE BEARD OF THE PROFIT

Continued from Page 21

room and get him into a cab every time he was billed for a match. And then I had to tie ribbons on his finger so he could remember if he should win or lose.

After a couple of weeks, though, the piece of muff grew back. But No-Neck wasn't satisfied. All the time he kept measuring that beard and dunking it in hair restorer. What he expected, I don't know, except maybe it should cover him like a blanket.

Meantime Abner was getting him all kinds of publicity, but when it came to pictures No-Neck said no soap. One newspaper cameraman he forward-passed into an ashcan. Another he stuffed a flashlight bulb down his kisser. I hollered at him till I sprained a tonsil. "Dope," I told him, "pictures a million people will look at."

Worse I couldn't have said it. No-Neck's eyes became raisins and under the muff his third chin shook like a rice pudding. "Not yet," he begged me, "not yet."

I felt sorry for the bum. "O. K.," I said. "So you killed somebody and you're on the lam?"

No-Neck was sweating now bullets.

"So I understand," I told him. "When it happens in the best of families, they hire a lawyer. When it happens in the not so best, they grow a beaver."

"Hymie, I will confess to you—"

"You will confess to me nothing," I said. "An accessory to bump-offs I will not be. Only a manager from burpers."

That's how I am. Strictly legal. And the way No-Neck choked up, you could see he appreciated it. But I shut him up.

NOW Abner was beginning to throw fits. The sports writers had got very insulted the way No-Neck worked out on the photographers. Also they had got all of a sudden bad memories.

Abner was so mad he talked to me like a stranger when I came in his office. "You get that tub of lard to thaw out, or else—"

"Or else what?" I said.

"Or he's out. Finished. Barred!"

"Don't threaten," I said, very smooth, "except if you want a divorce before you get a wedding."

To my daughter Peggy, of course, I didn't write nothing about Abner. A couple of times he asked me, but I stalled him off. I figured by the time he found out my promises was hooey I could high-pressure him into a championship match. Then let him sue me.

About No-Neck Boyle I wrote Peggy hardly nothing too. She is a very sensitive girl. Always I had been a prize-fight manager, and I didn't like rubbing into her that now I managed a wrestler. Against wrestlers she has a disgust.

All of a sudden one afternoon Peggy bounced into the house. "What's this," I said, "playing hooky? After all the money it cost me—"

"No, no," she said. "It's business—about this wrestler of yours."

I ducked a little bit, waiting for the blast. But mad she wasn't. Only excited like I never saw her before.

"So what can I do?" I said. "There's a war on."

"Tell me about him, daddy," she said.

"There's nothing to tell," I told her. "A burper."

"Don't be cynical," she snapped. "I hear he's very clever."

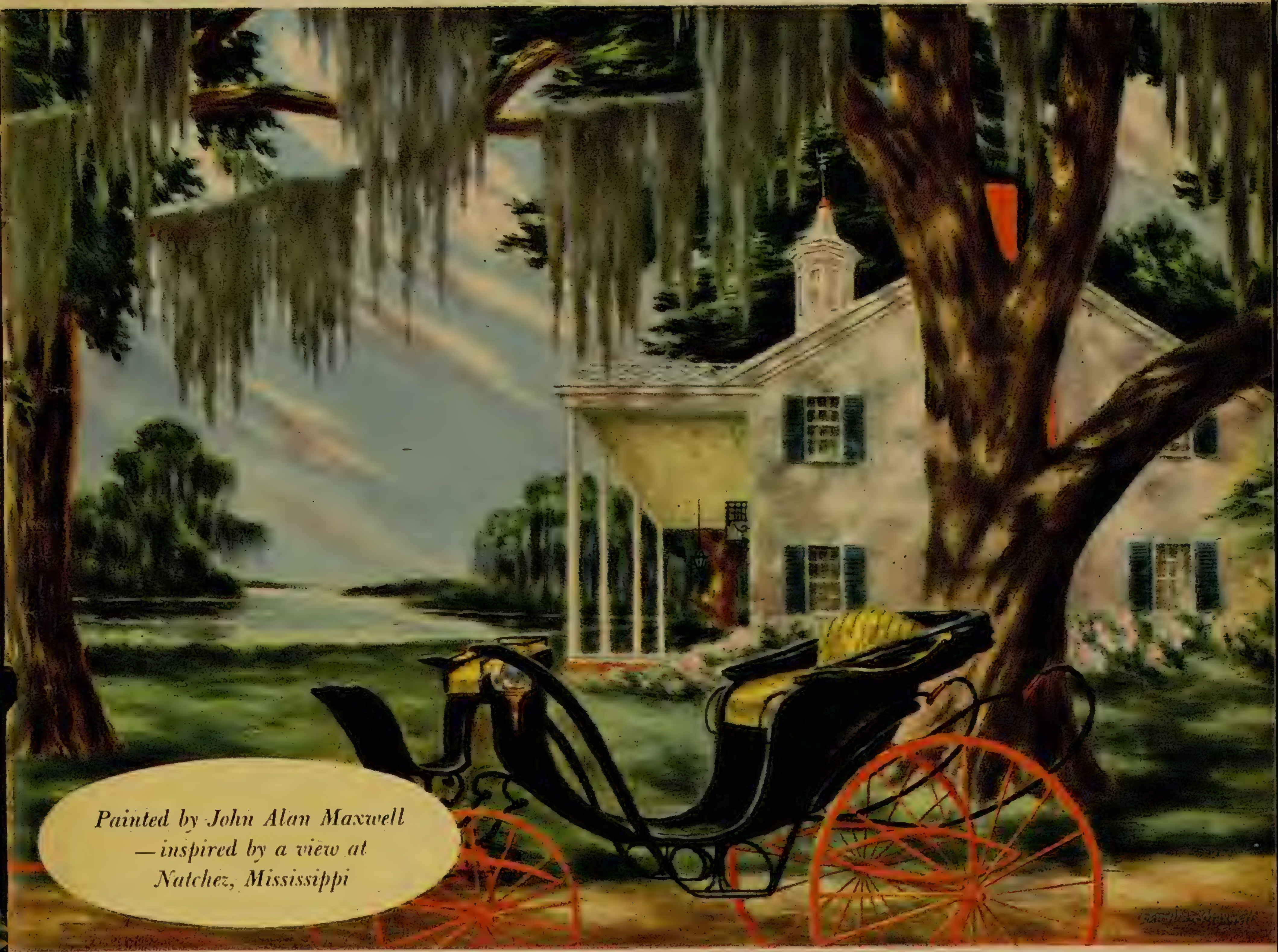
"It's a lie," I said. "I do the thinking."

She put her arms around me.

"Daddy," she said, "No-Neck Boyle

(*Continued on page 76*)

Life on the Old Plantation



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(*Continued from page 74*)

would make a perfect opponent for Daffodil Reney."

"Never heard of the bum," I said.

Peggy jumped up. "Mrs. Daffodil Reney is no bum! She is a very fine woman!"

"A woman?" I said.

"Certainly. Daffy and No-Neck could put on a terrific match. I mean at the college for a five-hundred-dollar side bet."

"Tell me," I said, "who is this dame anyway?"

"Mrs. Daffodil Reney," said Peggy, "is the new special physical-training instructor at Westchester College. She teaches judo, boxing, and wrestling to the girls who want to get in shape for the WACs, Waves, and Spars. In the evening she also conducts classes in adagio dancing, acrobatics, and weight lifting."

"A whole vaudeville show," I said. "Maybe she doubles for a hippopotamus too?"

"That is a very unfair remark, daddy. Daffy is a remarkable woman, and all the girls love her. That's why they sent me down to see you."

"Me?"

"Yes. Daffy is very unhappy. She has a husband and she wants to get rid of him."

"So let her get a lawyer."

"She has one. What she needs now is money for a trip to Reno. So the girls formed the Freedom for Daffodil Committee. As chairman, I suggested the match. They all thought it was a wonderful idea. Particularly Daffy. Then we raised the purse, and here I am."

"But you are in the wrong department," I said. "Listen," I said. "Suppose I said O. K. Your lady meatball thinks the match could bring her a divorce. It could also bring her a wooden nightgown. What if she should get killed? No lady, not even a lady cow, can wrestle with a professional like No-Neck."

Peggy shrugged, very superior. "That is merely masculine conceit. Now about the date for the match. When shall it be?"

"Never," I said.

"You mean—" Peggy blazed.

"I mean never," I said. "You think I'm crazy? Anyway, Abner wouldn't stand for it."

"Abner!"

"Yes, Peggy. I didn't want to tell you, but I am hooked up with the Trust."

Her eyes gave off with blue fire. Then, grabbing her hat, she marched out.

A HALF hour later the telephone rang. It was Abner. "Come down at once," he said. "I have important news."

I hopped a cab. Important news could be only one thing. He was ready to throw No-Neck in with the champ.

"Well, Abner," I said, slapping him on the back, "when will it be?"

He swung around on his chair. "What?" he said, very dead-pan.

"The match with the champ. That's what you called me for, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. I called to tell you your barrel of blubber is meeting Daffodil Reney on the fifteenth."

I couldn't believe it. "My daughter has been here?" I said.

Abner smiled with vinegar. "My future wife, you mean."

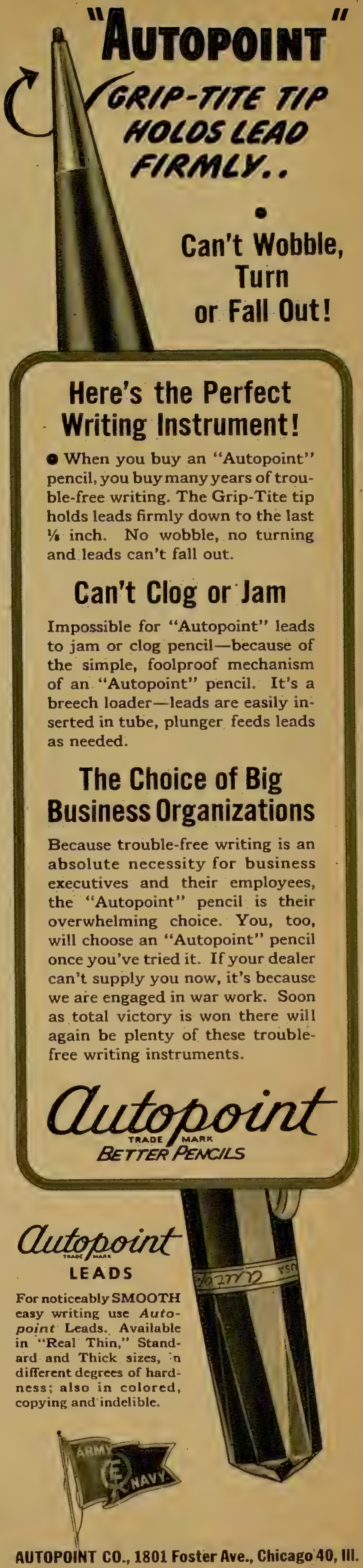
"Then—"

"Yes, you conniving chiseler. I've done my own talking. Peggy and I will be married at the end of the month."

A daughter I was losing, but my career I had to save. "Abner," I said, "you are being hornswoggled. Such a match would ruin No-Neck for the championship."

"Really?" said Abner.

"Of course. Win, lose, or draw, No-Neck loses. The newspapers would kid the pants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off him. As a press agent you should know that. What will happen to No-Neck's future?"

"That is in the lap of the great American public."

"That is in your hat, wise guy," I said, getting mad. "I'm still his manager and I won't allow it."

Abner yawned. "In that case," he said, "I believe the Trust might enter his name on the Dead List."

That was all I had to hear. On the Dead List is burpers marked lousy by the Trust. No place the Trust has a connection can they wrestle. And since no place means every place, it means also that they're dead. "Abner," I said, "I am very much surprised at myself, how I didn't understand the fine things you are doing for me. No-Neck will take the match."

But I wasn't so sure about that. No-Neck never double-crossed me yet by trying to think. But with my luck he might start now and take a powder if he knew he had to tangle with a lady burper. When I explained that to Abner, he promised to keep it quiet.

ON the day of the match I called for No-Neck at his boardinghouse. "Escapist, you bum," I said, "get on your clothes. And in the street keep away from dogs. A bush is still a bush, even when it walks."

When we got to the hotel in Westchester Village I told him, "No-Neck, today is Friday, and on Fridays you lose, but today you must remember to win."

"That's good," he said. "I feel very winning. Who is the other bum?"

"An article by the name Daffy. Throw it quickly on the pants and we will go home early."

No-Neck wagged with the beezer. "So what's the bum's diving signal?" he asked.

"None. This match is strictly on the level."

No-Neck began to shake. I was afraid he was going to faint. But I had the starched applesauce ready. "Kid," I told him, "I know you're a great wrestler. The greatest. I know it so good, I put five hundred bucks of my own dough on you."

I could see the applesauce stiffening around his ears. Then he jumped up. "Pal, for you I'll do it," he groaned.

The college gym was jammed with cuties when I towed No-Neck down from his dressing room a couple of hours later. In the balcony was a band, and the way the place was decorated you would have thought everybody was waiting to see a college basketball game instead of two meatballs. Signs was hung all over the place: HE'S TAFFY FOR DAFFY! . . . FOIL THAT BOYLE! . . . and other corny cracks.

But what got me was that some polite somebody had got up signs for my side too: WRECK WITH NO-NECK! . . . WIN WITH BEAVER! Also they had stooged up for him a cheering squad, twelve sweater girls who stood up and yelled as No-Neck came in:

"Ricky, racky, choo,
Ricky, racky, chow!
Choo-choo, chow-chow,
Boyle—and how!"

The effect on No-Neck was very goofy. He hopped up in the air like an overstuffed chorus girl, then danced down the aisle on his toes in time to the band. Everybody applauded. He plopped into the ring, with me after him, bowed, and folded his arms.

Half-Pint Harrigan, the referee sent down by Abner, stepped in and introduced No-Neck to the crowd. The sweater girls cheered again, and No-Neck picked up his arm to wave. In the middle of the wave

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his arm went limp like a herring. His knees caved out, his back porch caved in, and his bay window wobbled against the ropes. "My wife!" he moaned.

All the cuties were standing up now and singing:

"Daisy, daisy, daisy chain,
Shed your petals not in vain,
Daffy is the girl who can
Pin the ears of any man!"

From the far side of the gym was galloping down a woman the size of a truck horse. A blond one. On her was a not bad face and a good pair of legs. Black tights covered her from the chin down. But the blackness was like on a locomotive. It didn't hide the power. Muscles rolled around everywhere, even in places where muscles she didn't need. And as she galloped along, with my Peggy behind her, the floor seemed to shake.

Then I saw the shaking was No-Neck. He had started to scram and got one leg over the second rope. I dragged him back.

"It's my wife, Hymie. She'll kill me," he croaked.

Daffy had stopped now in the middle of the floor and was doing handsprings to warm up.

"For such a clown you're afraid, No-Neck?" I said.

No-Neck was sweating now grapefruits. "In a fair match, Hymie, we are even." His voice got suddenly weaker. "But she has a trick. Two years I been hiding—"

"Ha!" I said. "So that's why you grew the beaver."

No-Neck started for the ropes again.

"Stand still, stupid," I said. "Here she comes and she doesn't know you."

Daffy heaved into the ring, followed by Peggy. Without waiting for introductions, she clumped over to No-Neck and eyed him up and down. I kicked No-Neck in the shins. "H-hello," he gargled.

Daffy stepped back with a disgusted look. "Hello yourself," she sniffed.

"No-Neck," I said in his ear, "you are a stranger to your wife. So show her now who's boss."

Suddenly the droop went out of him. "Man to man I'll show her," he snarled. Then, laying back his ears, he let out his Monday- and Wednesday-night roar.

PAWING the canvas like a bull with bunions, No-Neck made a flying tackle as the bell rang. Daffy gave two steps forward and stuck out a hip. The hip caught No-Neck square in the pan. Bouncing off like from a truck spring, he sailed into reverse and landed with a crash on the canvas. Daffy was right after him. Standing over No-Neck for a second, she jumped high in the air, bringing both feet together. I closed my eyes and the audience screamed.

The screams became howls, and the howls also laughter. I opened my eyes. Instead of a dead No-Neck, I saw in him life like I never saw before. He had caught Daffy by the ankles and was standing there swinging her around in the air like an adagio dancer.

While this was going on, the three reserved seats next to me filled up. In two of them spread himself out Iron Mike McGregor, the wrestling trust champ. In the other sat down Abner, who came with Mike. They watched very disgusted.

No-Neck was really warming up to his work. Because now he was flipping Daffy in circles over his head with only one hand. He worked very easy and slow while the band played an old-fashioned waltz.

Then No-Neck got careless. Or maybe it was because the band stopped playing. Anyway, he slipped, and he and Daffy landed on their trunks side by side. No-Neck tried to squirm away. With a whoop, Daffy grabbed him in a head lock and put him on the squeeze. The cuties stood up and cheered:

"Flip him, grip him,
Daffy dear.
Twist that skull and
Toss it here!"

The sweat ran from No-Neck in puddles. He looked like a fur coat in a shower.

Bracing herself, Daffy gave a twist on his dome. I was wondering how long it would take before she tore it off, when suddenly No-Neck heaved sideways and slid loose. Crawling very fast to his corner, he jumped up and faced her. Daffy jumped up, too. For a moment she stood in the center of the ring, staring at him. No-Neck retreated along the ropes, combing his beard with his fingers like mad. Then, seeing she still didn't recognize him, he stopped, with a look on his face like a real husband should have.

DAFFY charged forward. No-Neck stuck out a straight arm that was beautiful. Clipping her on the nose, it sent her flying trunks over her hair-do against the opposite ring post. And then, before she could move, he had her nailed with a toe hold.

"Daisy, daisy, daisy chain,
Shed your petals not in vain."

The cuties were trying to cheer Daffy, but gave up in the middle. It looked like Daffy was about to call it quits, too. Her tongue was hanging down to her chin and her head was swinging like it was on hinges. No-Neck let out another Monday and Wednesday roar and walked with his knees on her back to get more leverage. Daffy twisted her head around. Then her eyes glued on the three moles that stand guard over his belly dimple.

"Mortimer!" she roared. "Get your paws off me!"

The gym had become very quiet and Daffy's voice was like an explosion. No-Neck sagged, then froze like a statue carved from lard. Swinging around, Daffy tried to tear her leg loose. But she couldn't. No-Neck had frozen with it. Daffy scratched her head. Then, smiling very spiteful, she stretched over and tickled No-Neck on the middle mole. He shrieked, melted, and rolled over on the canvas. Daffy jumped up. Bending down, she tickled him again, skipping from mole to mole like she was playing a piano. No-Neck howled. And the audience howled with him. Then he folded up.

A wild look came into Daffy's eye. Grabbing No-Neck by a leg and by the end of his beard, she lifted him high over her head and began whirling. It was the airplane spin. Around and around she went, with the band catching on with a circus overture. Whirling to the far side of the ring, she paused a second for the cymbals. Then she let No-Neck fly.

I ducked just in time. Straight over the ropes he sailed and landed with a crash in Iron Mike McGregor's lap.

Daffy glared down from behind the ropes. "Toss that worm back here!" she screamed.

Mike stood up, swinging No-Neck over his head. "O. K., lady," he snarled. "Take him!"

Daffy held out her arms. But the toss was high. She missed. There was a crack of skull on skull, a double grunt, and the two of them were stretched out on the canvas.

Five hundred bucks was laying there between me and No-Neck's headache. A concussion he couldn't have, because with a concussion you need a brain. I jumped to the side of the ring.

(*Continued on page 81*)

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LADIES HATS

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

MAINE SPRINGS: The springs of humor down East never go dry, despite drought, fog, hardship, and shortages. Says Al Elliot, after his lunch hour, "Well, I must be getting back to the store now and take my turn telling people we haven't got it." And when we pointed out to Garage Owner Miles Weston that the gauge on our venerable station wagon didn't register, he consoled us with, "That gauge wasn't designed to work." Down at his camp on the lovely St. George River we suggested a swim, but Miles wouldn't join us because he was "just warming up after the swim I had twelve years ago." He further tickled us by telling about Steve Lavender, Thomaston insurance man, who walked into Miles' garage, and, finding Miles working under a car on a particularly tough steering gear, asked him, "Do you get any pleasure out of life?" "No," said Miles. "Neither do I," said Lavender and walked out. "He was looking for company," said Miles, "and he got it." A Thomaston father, groaning over the teen-age daughter problem caused by the man shortage, observes, "So many of the boys have gone to war, all she has to run around with are half-wits or no-goods." And a farmer down the road on the other side of the river was philosophical enough to say, when his hen house burned down, "I been meaning to clean that hen house out for years. Now I won't have to."

HAIR APPARENT: New hair-do's were shown to WACs of the New York Port of Embarkation area in a recent orientation lecture. One of the prettiest coiffures featured a deep front wave that billowed high up into a pile of sculptured curls after its initial dip over the forehead. Braids continue to be popular, and the artificial variety ranges in price from around a buck to a hundred dollars. Worn high, like a coronet, or dangling with ribbons, they can be very engaging confined to the right heads. One cosmetician claims that by soaking the hair in his "Follow Me" toilet water, the coiffure can be made to stay neat, besides giving the hair a nice fresh fragrance.

VERY SPECIAL WOMEN: Miss Julia M. Scanlan, assistant secretary to the Curtiss-Wright Corporation for a number of years, has been elected secretary, one of the highest offices ever held by a woman in the aviation industry. . . . The Trudeau Medal of the National Tuberculosis Association was recently awarded to Dr. Florence R. Sabin of Denver, anatomist famous for her work on the pathology of tuberculosis. The award given annually for "meritorious contribution to the cause, treatment, or prevention of tuberculosis" is the highest honor in the field of tuberculosis. It was established in 1926 in memory of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, the association's first president. . . . Miss Jane Todd, vice-chairman of the Republican New York State Committee, has been appointed a deputy commissioner in the Department of Commerce at a salary of $8,000. She will be in direct charge of a new program designed to improve opportunities for the business and professional success of women in New York State. . . . Miss Marion Lockwood is acting director of the Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History. . . . The Pulitzer Traveling Scholarships, awarded annually to members of the Graduate School of Journalism of Columbia University by the trustees, were won this year by three women students for the first time in the school's history. The awards amount to $1,500 each. Winners were Virginia Paty of Denton, Texas, Lois Felder of Corpus Christi, Texas, and Claire Neikind of Mahopac, New York. Terms of the scholarship provide that students spend a year abroad to study the social, political, and moral conditions of the people and the character and principles of the foreign press. . . . Miss Margaret Hamma of Brooklyn, New York, is the world's champion typist and has been since 1940, when she entered the Novice Typing Event sponsored by the International Commercial Schools, which she won with a record of 116 words a minute for twenty consecutive minutes. She was the first woman in twenty-five years to hold the world's professional championship title.

SUCCESS STORY: Disabled servicemen and their families will be interested in the story of Harry Doehla of Fitchburg, Massachusetts. When he was sixteen he was so stricken with arthritic rheumatism that he could not move his legs, and his hands and arms but slightly. Anxious to contribute to the family income, he taught himself to paint with water color when a friend suggested that he make greeting cards. It took him six months of fierce plodding before he felt he had evolved a salable card. He sold it for five cents, and went on from there, painting cards by the thousand, using his mother's kitchen table as a base of operations. By 1926 he was selling his cards in such quantities that the family mortgaged their home, using the proceeds as capital for the business. He is now publishing 70,000,000 cards a year.

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BATH
Eric Ericson

"It's Maguire again! Why doesn't he use Marlin Blades?"

Marlin double edge blades 18 for 25c. Guaranteed by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.

(Continued from page 78)

"Get up, bum!" I hollered. "You got her!"

Very carefully he opened one eye.

"Pin her," I yelled. "Pin her shoulders, stupid!"

Sitting up slow, he leaned over and touched her shoulders to the mat.

Half-Pint Harrigan, the referee, ran over. Dragging No-Neck up by the seat of the pants, he raised his right arm. "The winner!" he squeaked.

Daffy squirmed weakly and tried to get up. No-Neck bent down and picked her up. He looked at her very stern. Throwing her arms around him, she buried her face in his beard and kissed him. The band tootled Kiss Me Again, and she did. No-Neck returned the smack, but with dignity. Then, still carrying her in his arms, he stepped over the ropes and down to the aisle, where he set her on her feet. She smiled. He smiled. The band was now beating out Romance.

"*Allez!*" yelled No-Neck.

"Oop," answered Daffy. Then, leaping on his shoulders, she waved coyly to the cuties as No-Neck toe-danced up the aisle to his dressing room.

IT took me ten minutes to push my way through the excited mob at the door. Inside, Peggy, Abner, and Half-Pint Harrigan stood near the window, watching No-Neck. He was sitting very comfortably in a chair with pillows, clipping away his beard with the scissors. Daffy knelt at his feet, taking off his socks.

"Make it snappy, Toots!" he barked.

"Yes, Mortimer," she murmured.

No-Neck winked at Peggy and Abner, who were holding hands.

"Now scram off, Toots, and get dressed," No-Neck growled.

Daffy sighed, gave No-Neck a quick little pat on the knee, and bounced out of the room. No-Neck lay back on his pillows. With most of the beard gone, he looked almost human. "Ten years it took me to teach her respect," he said, very sad. "First, six years in vaudeville she kicked me around—"

"Aha," I said. "You were an actor?"

"Reney and Mortimer — the dancing horse. I was the hind end."

"So from a half a horse you grew into a wrestling elephant," I said. "That's what I call a big improvement."

No-Neck shook his head. "I thought so, too. But my wife was very mad. 'You're a hind end,' she said, 'not a wrestler, and I will prove it.' For two years she murdered me in training with this tickling trick. Then I ran away."

"No-Neck," I said, "today you are a man. With women, when you love them, you must show who is boss. Even with a daughter. . . . Peggy, hand over that five hundred we bet."

Peggy looked at me very dead pan, and then at Abner. Abner swallowed and poked Half-Pint Harrigan. He poked with his thumb, but I recognized the double cross.

"Five-hundred-dollar fine," squeaked Half-Pint. He tapped No-Neck on the skull. "Fined for buttin'. Buttin' is against the rules."

Diagrams I didn't need. A swindle is a swindle. The phony five-hundred fine I knew would go to Peggy, so we were even. But already I saw maybe a little profit.

"Abner," I said, "without the beard No-Neck is a new man. Could be he might make the next champ? With a build-up—"

No-Neck wriggled around in his chair. "I didn't tell you, Hymie. I'm through. I'm going back to vaudeville."

"You are crazy," I said. "To the horse you are going back, to be a hind end?"

He shook his head very determined. "Front end."

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

LOVE LETTERS

(Paramount)
Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten

Their flower is the forget-me-not.

THE latest entry in the psychological drama contest is Paramount's Love Letters. As a mood romance it is well sustained by its characters and almost lost by its ridiculous plot.

The story is unbelievably complicated. Joseph Cotten, an English officer on the Continent, writes letters for a buddy who cannot express his thoughts to his sweetheart, Jennifer Jones, who is back in England. The letters Cotten writes turn the trick and his friend goes home to marry the girl. Cotten, meanwhile, realizes he has fallen in love with this girl whom he has never seen. And when he is returned to be discharged, he determines to locate her to satisfy his burning curiosity.

From this point on the audience is as bewildered as Cotten. At the mention of her name, people become strangely silent and it is apparent to Cotten that mysterious events cloud her past and her present whereabouts.

He gradually discovers that she served a prison term for the murder of her husband. Cotten is now more determined than ever to find her, for he feels the fault in the crime is his. When he locates her she is suffering from amnesia, and his courtship and their love for each other is precariously balanced against her returning memory.

By returning to the scene of the fatal crime, she jogs her memory and in an instant she remembers her husband striking her and the subsequent events leading up to the trial. Cotten stands by—waiting for the verdict of her memory—and the words he wrote under another name bring her back into his arms for the happy ending.

Despite this whirligig story, Love Letters is strong entertainment, for it has a bright new ware to display—Miss Jennifer Jones. Her lighthearted acting is proof enough that she is a star in her own right. Since The Song of Bernadette failed to submerge her, we can look for more varied roles, judging by her frothy air in Love Letters. Comedy is well within her grasp.

Joseph Cotten is as sure of himself as ever and makes a good impression throughout the gyrating story. All in all, Love Letters offers a twist on the returned soldier, for instead of being taken care of, Cotten is nursemaid to Jones. Another postwar problem? Just what we needed—problems are so scarce.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Walter Huston, Barry Fitzgerald, Louis Hayward, Judith Anderson

TEN little Indians went out to dine. One choked his little self and then there were nine. And that's the way Mischa Auer is brushed off in the movie version of the Agatha Christie murder mystery. But that's only the beginning, 'cause the host is in a mood for murder and he's got nice methods planned.

This is a good "the-butler-did-it, the-butler-did-it" type of picture with a fine ending and—a good ending should be seen and not heard.

The one trouble with the picture is a wealth of talent. Having a room full of "name stars" is a bad business, for often the attention of the audience is diverted to a little piece of expert scene stealing while the action is missed. But each in his respective role is entitled to a smile for a job well done. The standouts in this fast company are Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and the former U. S. marine, Louis Hayward.

Here's the set-up before the first foul deed: An island with ten people on it. Eight invited guests and one butler with his wife, the cook. The host is not present but makes himself known by means of a phonograph record which accuses each person present with some crime which has gone unpunished. The host compared them to the ten little Indians of the nursery rhyme and the fun begins.

What happens from there on makes a picture. Murders, theories, and surprises pile one on top of another until the suspense is thicker than a raccoon coat. The solution is a pip for amateur detectives in the audience.

The book was first adapted for the Broadway stage, but the picture improves on the footlight version by creating the isolated effect of a rocky island off the English coast to perfection. There aren't any sliding doors or secret panels, but there is a rainy night when the lights blow out and people do scream.

Watch out for Roland Young! He's very sinister. Keep your eye on the butler—just doesn't look trustworthy. Beware of Judith Anderson—never trust a woman. And—well—just be careful of all of them—'cause one's a murderer!

All were invited—to be killed!

JUSTICE JACKSON TRIES HIS TOUGHEST CASE

Continued from Page 19

thing in Jackson's background set him apart from most of his friends and associates. For five generations the Jackson family had been Democrats in a Republican stronghold. They like to think it is partly because of a remote connection with fiery old Andrew Jackson.

The rising young lawyer was a Democrat, too, and one with convictions. While he himself was in the privileged class, with a law practice that brought him $30,000 a year, Jackson was a New Dealer, if only because he believed that big business was strangling little business and towns like Jamestown were losing all their independence.

President Roosevelt heard of Jackson's reputation and ability. He had played a minor part in upstate New York politics. The President asked him to come to Washington as general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. At forty-two, Jackson left Jamestown's tranquil current for the swirling rip tides of New Deal Washington.

THE first buzz saw he had to monkey with was the Andrew Mellon income-tax case. Secretary of the Treasury in the Republican '20s, Mellon was an obvious political target for the New Deal. Enormously rich, Mellon as a Cabinet member had cut taxes on big incomes, a move on which New Dealers seized as a chief cause of the depression that began in 1929.

For Jackson, the case was anything but a sinecure: it had been started with a colossal blunder. The Department of Justice brought an action before a Pittsburgh grand jury, charging Mellon with criminal intent to violate the income-tax law. But Pittsburgh was the Mellon stronghold, and the former Secretary a venerable and distinguished figure. The criminal charge was a piece of stupidity that inevitably won him sympathy.

Against this background Jackson was assigned to prosecute the civil charge against Mellon to recover many millions in taxes claimed by the government. This involved detailed scrutiny of the Mellon empire in steel, oil, and sulphur, with all its ramifications through the structure of American finance. In a few weeks Jackson had to try to become as familiar with the incredibly complex story of high finance as Mellon himself and his star-studded staff of attorneys.

Hearings went on in Pittsburgh for seven weeks. Step by step the counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue led witnesses through the maze of evidence. The sixteen fat volumes of that record contain one of the world's most remarkable accounts of the rise of an individual to wealth and power. They are the raw material for a hundred novels. Even those most strongly opposed to Jackson's objective had to admire his performance.

For several days Andrew Mellon himself was on the stand. Tactfully yet firmly the prosecutor questioned the master of industry and finance. Mellon, looking back across the years to the beginning of his career, seemed almost to enjoy the process.

Many months later the Board of Tax Appeals in Washington awarded the government about a half million dollars in back taxes claimed against Mellon, a little less than one fourth of what had been asked. The case was finally settled about two months after Mellon died. While it was hardly complete victory, it was at least a respectable conclusion for what had begun as a fiasco.

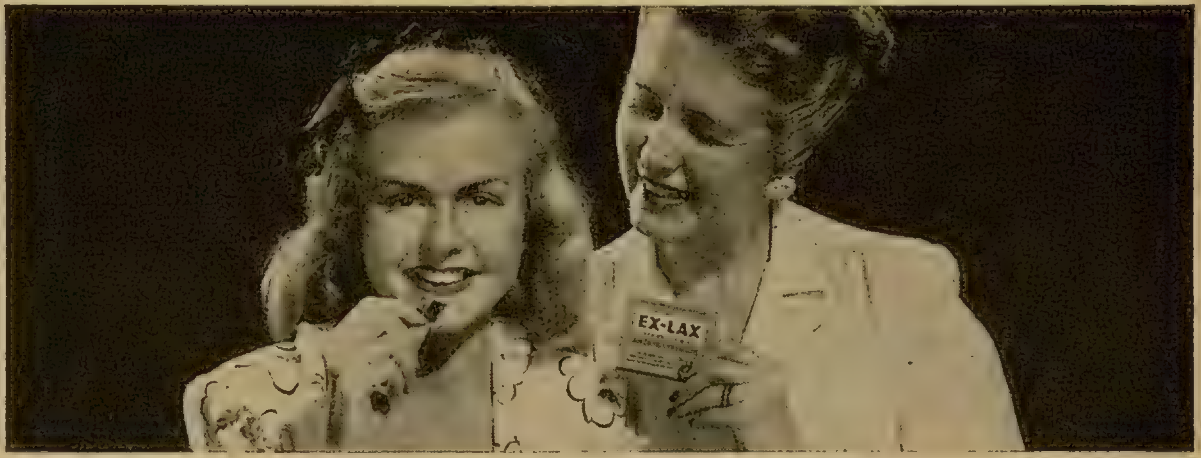
Is it right for parents to "Nag"?

DAD MEANS WELL, but when he gets hipped on an idea he won't "let go"! For instance, he used to keep preaching to us that a laxative must be strong and bad-tasting to do any good. It was only after he saw how the stuff weakened and upset me that he had to admit

Some laxatives are too strong!

MOTHER'S THE QUIET, BUT FIRM TYPE who harps on one subject until you give in for the sake of peace. That's how she finally got me to try that insipid-tasting stuff she'd heard was so "very mild." Well, all it did was stir me up without giving the relief I needed. Even Mother had to agree that

Some laxatives are too mild!



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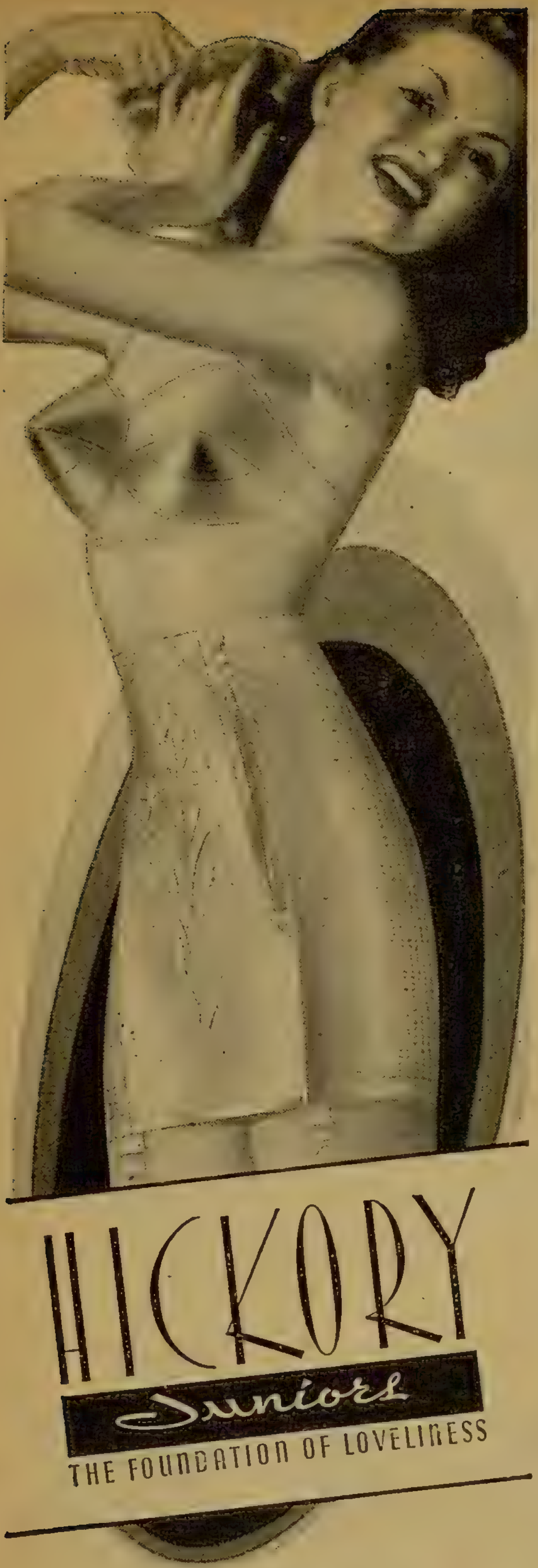

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In 1936 Jackson was made an assistant Attorney General. Two years later Roosevelt named him to the office he has often called the most satisfying he has ever held. He became Solicitor General of the United States, a post traditionally held by a lawyer of distinction—a lawyer's lawyer.

As Solicitor General he worked harder than any of his distinguished predecessors. The New Deal laws were being challenged on every side and it was Jackson's duty to defend them. He argued forty-four cases in the Supreme Court, more than any Solicitor General had ever argued before, and lost only six.

Meanwhile his genial personality had impressed many people. He was a liberal, but, unlike other New Deal liberals, he did not succumb to the Washington game of power politics. He remained the same engaging, unassuming man who had given up his law practice in Jamestown to come to Washington. For that reason, among others, friends and admirers began talking of Robert H. Jackson as a Presidential possibility to take over from Franklin Roosevelt in 1940.

Their idea was to run him for Governor of New York in 1938 as a build-up to the Democratic nomination for President two years later. But Big Jim Farley, then Democratic national chairman, didn't like it. He had political ambitions of his own, and he couldn't see advancing a rival in his own New York State. That was said to be why the boomlet collapsed. Roosevelt himself, of course, never seemed to want to develop a Presidential successor, although there were many who hoped he would help Jackson toward that goal. Not until certain diaries and memoirs are made public, and perhaps not even then, will the world know the real story of the politics of that fateful year.

In January of 1940 President Roosevelt made Jackson Attorney General. That, unlike the solicitorship, is an administrative office. Administration of the Department of Justice had been slipshod and indifferent. Once more Jackson had a housecleaning job to do and again he set to it with a will.

In more ways than one that was a critical year. Close to the President, Jackson helped furnish the raw material of the campaign which attacked Wendell Willkie as a utility lawyer. He made a few speeches during that bitter campaign, but his principal role was that of adviser.

WHEN, in June of 1941, Roosevelt nominated him an associate justice of the Supreme Court, it was for Jackson merely a short final step to the goal toward which his whole career had been pointed. At forty-nine he became one of the secluded nine in the marble temple.

The tourist in Washington goes up the broad flight of marble stairs and down the main corridor to be ushered into a courtroom with a hushed, almost religious atmosphere. He sees the nine judges in their black robes sitting benignly on the bench. He does not see behind the scenes where these nine men, humans with human failings, thresh out their differences.

Seven members of the court were Roosevelt appointees. Commentators said contemptuously that it would be no more than a judicial rubber stamp for whatever the New Deal cared to do. As it has turned out, the opposite is true. The court is deeply riven. Its ideological division has engendered a feeling so intense that personalities have become involved.

Justice Jackson more often than not votes with the only remaining member of the old court, Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone. As the leader of the liberal minority in the old days, dissenting from the conservatives who formed a die-hard ma-

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jority. Justice Stone fought against what he believed to be judge-made law. He held to a liberal interpretation of the Constitution.

A law might be bad, but, Stone argued over and over again, if it was constitutional, then it was the business of Congress and not of the court to abolish or change it. In other words, he believed the courts should not try to set themselves above the elected representatives of the people. This same philosophy runs through Justice Jackson's opinions.

Often Jackson and Stone dissent together from the opinions of Justice Hugo Black, who has made himself the leader of the aggressive wing of the court. The Chief Justice finds himself determindedly resisting another majority who, in his now historic phrase, are attempting to write into the law their "personal predilections." The two men—the stern-faced New Englander and the still young-looking lawyer from upstate New York—have also become fast friends. When Jackson was Solicitor General, Stone developed a great admiration for the younger man's abilities.

When the court adjourned in June, it was widely reported that Jackson would some day succeed Stone as Chief Justice. Stone will be seventy-three this fall. Under a law passed at the time of the court-packing controversy, justices may retire at seventy with full pay. Five other Roosevelt appointees preceded Jackson to the court, but it is believed he will have the inside track with President Truman whenever the position of Chief Justice becomes vacant.

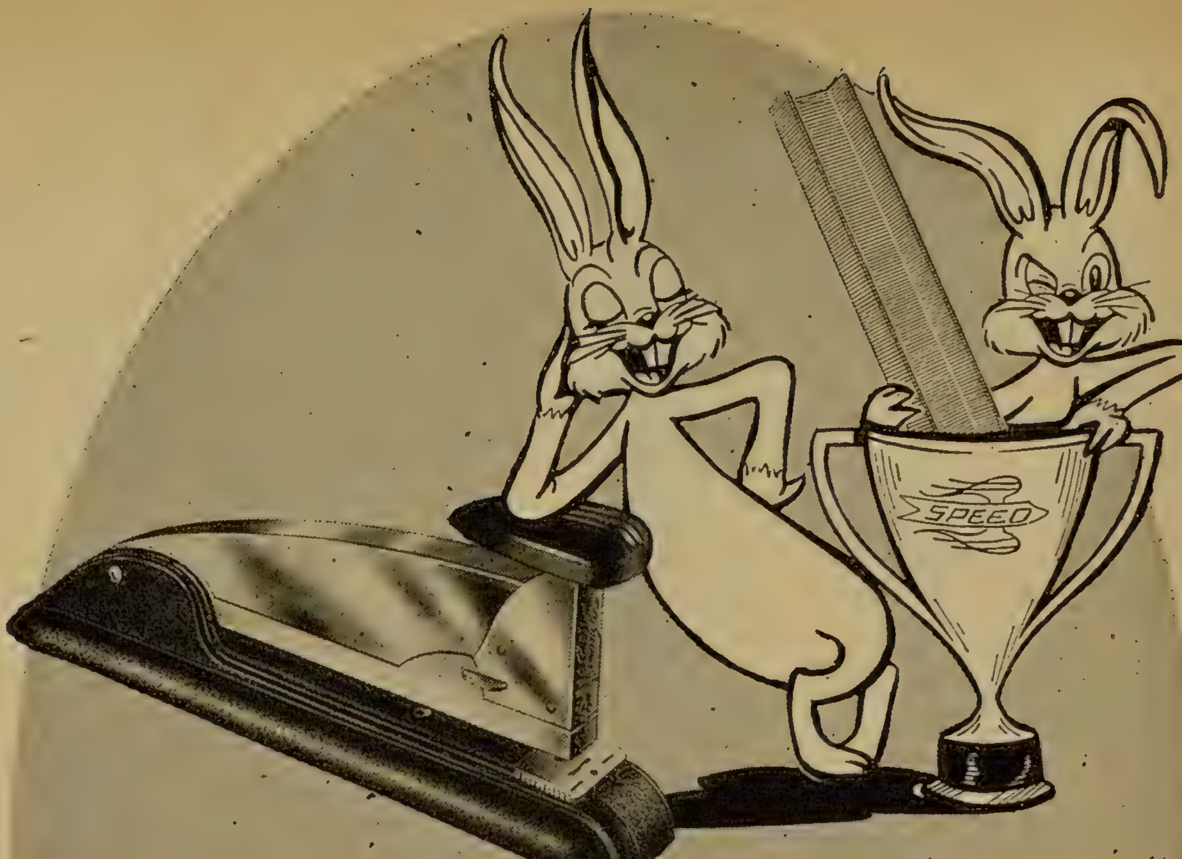
AT fifty-three, Justice Jackson sees certain trends in the world which trouble him. Above all, he fears intolerance—the intolerance of fanaticism which condemns men for the way they think. He is keenly aware that there is an intolerance of the left as well as one of the right. The tactics of some New Dealers, who have worked on the theory that the end justifies the means, cause him real concern.

In several opinions in the past four years he has spoken out for the rights of those who seemed to be persecuted as a result of passions and prejudices loosed by the war. One of the most famous of these was in Cramer vs. the United States, in which an American of German origin was charged with treason on what, to Justice Jackson, seemed a very thin pretext. In a thirty-four-page majority opinion, Jackson concluded:

"Time has not made the accusation of treachery less poisonous, nor the task of judging one charged with betraying his country, including his triers, less susceptible to the influence of suspicion and rancor. The innovations made by the forefathers in the law of treason were conceived in a faith such as Thomas Paine put in the maxim that 'He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates this duty he establishes a precedent that will reach himself.' We still put trust in it."

This was his approach to the trial of the international criminals. It happened that three weeks before the President called him to the White House, Jackson addressed a Washington meeting of the American Society of International Law. In that speech he laid down the principle that no war criminal must be tried "if you are not prepared to establish his personal guilt," or "if you are not willing to see him freed if not proven guilty."

In his outline of procedure submitted to President Truman, Justice Jackson seemed to deviate from this principle. He said that top Nazis, members of the Gestapo, and the SS would be considered guilty by vir-



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tue of membership in what were, in effect, criminal gangs.

He added, however, that individuals would be given a chance to prove that they had been compelled to join up and had worked to thrwart the criminal ends of the Hitler gangs.

Speaking of the Nazi rule by terror, Jackson said:

"The feeling of outrage grew in this country, and it became more and more felt that these were crimes committed against us and against the whole of civilized nations by a band of brigands who had seized the instrumentality of a state. I believe that these instincts of our people were right and that they should guide us as the fundamental tests of criminality. We propose to punish acts which have been regarded as criminal since the time of Cain and have been so written in every civilized code."

Justice Jackson prepared his statement after returning from a hasty survey in Europe of the difficulties in the way of bringing the Nazi criminals to trial. His report to the President did not minimize the obstacles. In fact, he tried to make plain just how complicated and long drawn out the process was likely to be, warning the public against impatience. Then, a few days later, he flew back to Europe to tackle his toughest case.

HE hoped to get the Allies to agree promptly on how to proceed with the trials. But not long after he arrived in London, he found himself mired down in a discussion that threatened to go on forever. The French raised endless legalism, harking back to international law of previous decades. The Russians disliked the idea of branding aggressive war in itself as a criminal act. British policy was just then confused by the impending change in government.

Finally Jackson did two things. Warning that American patience was almost exhausted, he told his colleagues that if they persisted in prolonging the debate, he would pull out and recommend that America proceed independently to try the war criminals in her custody.

Then he got in a plane and flew to Potsdam, where the Big Three were meeting. He told President Truman that discussions had reached a dead end. The President promised to take up the question of war trials at the next meeting. The result appeared in the communiqué issued at the end of the Potsdam conference: a statement that the three governments hoped speedy agreement would be reached so the trials could be held at the earliest possible moment. They promised that the first list of defendants would be published before September 1.

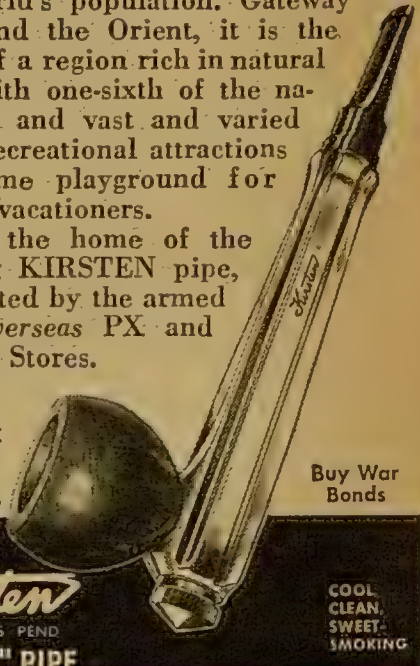
Of all the tough ones Jackson has been asked to crack, this was the toughest. It was the ordeal of a lifetime. Sweating it out in the acrimonious atmosphere of rancor-ridden Europe, he must have thought longingly of his country place in Virginia, about seven miles from the capital and not far from the Potomac. There, in these servantless days, Jackson has done much of the outside work on the place. But it has given him relaxation and the touch with the outdoors so important to this American.

One thing that Europe cannot mistake about Jackson is his Americanness. His personality reflects the best qualities that we think of as American. He has come up the traditional way—by his own capacities. And his success, far from hardening him, has, if anything, made him more understanding. As a Yankee in Europe's court of last resort he will speak for all of us here at home.

THE END

Airline center of world commerce through its strategic location on the Pacific Rim, Seattle is America's closest city to one-half the world's population. Gateway to Alaska and the Orient, it is the metropolis of a region rich in natural resources, with one-sixth of the nation's power and vast and varied scenic and recreational attractions—a peacetime playground for tourists and vacationers.

Seattle is the home of the cool-smoking KIRSTEN pipe, now distributed by the armed forces to *overseas* PX and Ship Service Stores.



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DEATH BEFORE DEATH

Continued from Page 25

ball players; baseball is the favorite sport among the younger men.

Then we inspected the other buildings: the bachelor quarters for the single men and women; the small apartments and cottages for the married couples; the efficient community mess hall; the church, recreation hall, movie theater; the laboratory buildings; and the doctor's efficient and spotless laboratory, which houses the most modern equipment.

There are romances here, just as in any other community. Patients are permitted to marry and have children. One of the marriages several years ago resulted in a fine set of twins for the proud parents.

Although sterilization is always offered the couples before marriage, it's invariably refused on religious grounds. However, this is more or less academic since leprosy is not hereditary, and, too, as the malady progresses it causes sterility, particularly in males. Men seem to be much more susceptible to infection, the ratio being about two to one.

When a woman's time for confinement is at hand, she is removed to the isolation ward of one of the local American hospitals for the delivery. All such births have been normal, the babies healthy in every respect. These children are not allowed to return to the colony with the mother, since children are most susceptible to leprosy germs, and usually relatives adopt them. Nevertheless, the women patients still want to become mothers.

DAILY life at Palo Seco is much like that in any other tiny town, except that the days' small events assume a much greater importance. Once the newcomer makes his psychological adjustment to the new life, he finds himself in an environment conducive to both his physical improvement and his mental well-being. He no longer need fear the awful social stigma that he suffered previously. Patients rarely become despondent, and there has been but one suicide in the history of the colony.

Those men who are able usually work during the day. The land is fertile and many of the patients cultivate garden plots of their own and sell the produce to the colony at prevailing market prices. Whether he can work or not, each patient is given a gratuity of $1.50 a month. Naturally, this does not go very far, but since the U. S. government supplies all their needs, the patients use this as pin money.

The colony, which has its own money, represents probably the smallest group of people in the world to use a conventional currency system. Money is based upon American currency, but only coins are used, in denominations of one cent to a dollar. Made of aluminum and brass, they have a large hole in the center and the words "Palo Seco" inscribed on the face.

Movies are supplied free by all the major producers, and from time to time there are other forms of entertainment. Sisters and priests from the Canal Zone, as well

* * *

With what handicaps was Helen Keller born?

None! The famous Helen Keller was not born deaf, dumb, and blind. Scarlet fever at the age of one-and-a-half destroyed her sight, speech, hearing, and sense of smell.

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PEACE!

The Pacific war ended with dramatic suddenness. As a consequence, this issue of Liberty and several issues yet to come will contain advertisements and editorial matter obviously written in the belief the war would continue for some time.

As is well known, the contents of magazines, particularly advertisements, must be prepared weeks in advance of publication date. Naturally, therefore, some advertisements in this issue may seem outdated, but it is our hope these will be accepted as a tribute to the boys who won the victory and as indicative of the determination of American industry to back up the armed forces till victory and beyond.

The Editors.

---

as ministers of other faiths, come to the colony regularly to administer to the spiritual needs of the patients.

In February of each year they celebrate their carnival, Panama's counterpart of the famous Mardi Gras of New Orleans. The fiesta coincides with carnival time in Panama. There is a big ball, with everyone dressed in the traditional "Pollera" or "Montuna" costume, and a carnival queen is elected from among the patients, just as is done in Panama. This event calls for exciting weeks of preparation, and is relived in memory for months afterward.

DISHEARTENINGLY, the present-day treatment for leprosy is still based upon a remedy used in pre-Biblical days—chaulmoogra oil, from the Burmese chaulmoogra tree. Every other therapeutic agent known to man has been tried and found wanting.

In former days chaulmoogra oil was taken by mouth. However, because it tastes so vile and causes such nausea, fever, and fainting spells, many patients refused treatment, preferring to let the disease run its fatal course. It was in comparatively recent years that an American Negro girl, studying for her master's degree in chemistry at the University of Honolulu, worked out a new technique of injection into the muscles. It was highly successful and patients began to submit willingly to treatment. This method, with minor variations and improvements, is standard practice throughout the world today.

In general, those hygienic measures applicable to tuberculosis—rest, peaceful surroundings, and plenty of well-balanced food—are quite helpful.

Leprologists do not use the word "cure," for medical science knows no present cure for leprosy. They prefer to use the word "arrested." Cases may be active for ten years or longer and then, inexplicably, the germs disappear from the skin and mucous membranes. Physicians believe these cases are no longer infectious, and refer to them as "negative" or "arrested." Patients may then be discharged, but usually must submit to re-examination every six months.

The disease itself is rarely the primary cause of death. More often the patient's physical constitution becomes so undermined that death occurs through some other agency, often tuberculosis, nephritis, pneumonia, or any of a dozen other common ailments.

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There are one or two very bright spots on the horizon, however. One is the current experiments with two new sulfa-drug derivatives—promin and diasone. The past few months have given us reports on the four-year clinical use of these drugs on a group of patients in Carville, Louisiana, where the United States is now treating nearly 400 patients in the world's finest leprosarium. In the case of promin particularly, it appears that patients whose physical constitutions can tolerate the treatments respond favorably within as little as six months.

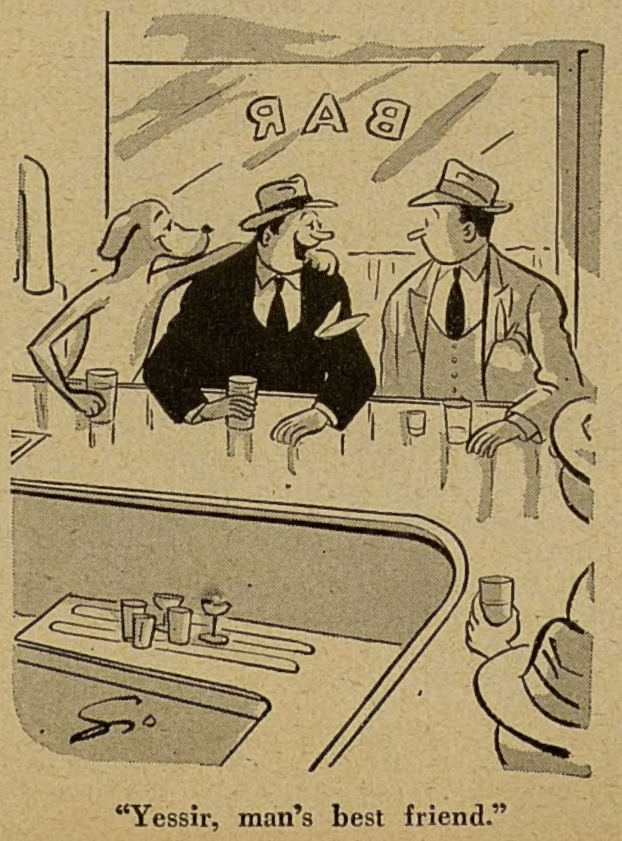
The other bright spot, still offering only the vaguest of promises, is streptomycin, the new wonder drug derived, like penicillin, from the soil. Because early laboratory experiments indicate that it may slay the tubercle bacilli in wholesale lots, scientists hope it may also prove effective against the kindred bacillus of leprosy.

As to the future, much depends upon the research worker. The stimulus of war to medical research in general has pushed forward the laboratory work in leprosy. In the meantime, until a positive cure can be found, the function of colonies like Palo Seco is to make the life of the patients as normal as possible. Most important, however, is the effort of leprologists the world over to erase from the minds and daily lives of their patients the stigma born of modern society's prejudice.

All leprologists favor the adoption, as a first step, of the suggestion made at the Leonard Wood Memorial Conference in Manila: Change the name of the disease. It was brought out at that conference that a terrifying implication, out of all proportion to the character of the disease, has attached itself to the word "leper." The use of the name "Hansen's disease," after the discoverer of the leprosy bacillus, would help to remove this stigma and allow a more dispassionate attitude toward the disease, scientists feel.

These people at Palo Seco are no different from the citizens of Main Street. They live with the great hope that medical science will some day release them from their bondage. But just as the terrifying word "consumptive" had to be eliminated from our vocabulary before people could view tuberculosis sensibly, so the term Hansen's disease will have to be substituted for the odious word "leprosy" before the world will make a rational approach to this unfortunate disease.

THE END



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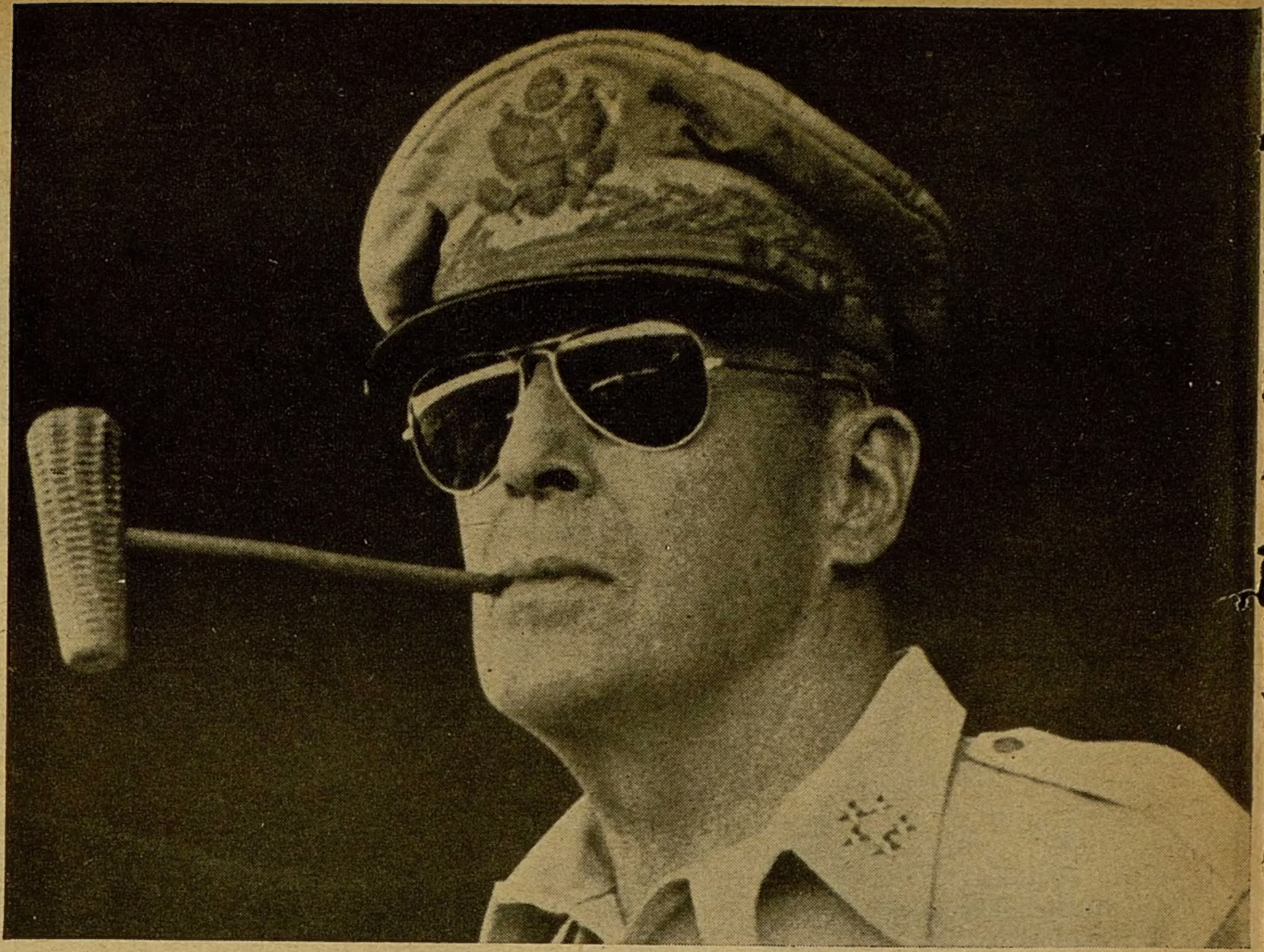


Lawgiver to the Japs.

Are We Being Too Easy on the Japs?

WHEN the Potsdam Declaration containing the terms on which Japan could have peace was first announced by President Truman, the Japs ignored it. For several days their radio paid no attention to the Declaration at all. Then several Jap spokesmen began to deride the terms offered—all strictly for foreign consumption, of course. The people of Japan were never told the Potsdam terms or the attitude of their government one way or the other.

Then came the atomic bomb and Russia's entry into the war. Suddenly, out of a sky clear except for the constant presence of B-29s, perhaps carrying more atomic bombs, the Jap radio announced the Potsdam terms were acceptable provided the status of their emperor was unimpaired. President Truman, on behalf of the Allies, said the Jap offer to surrender fulfilled the terms of the Declaration. Accordingly, it was accepted and the war was over.

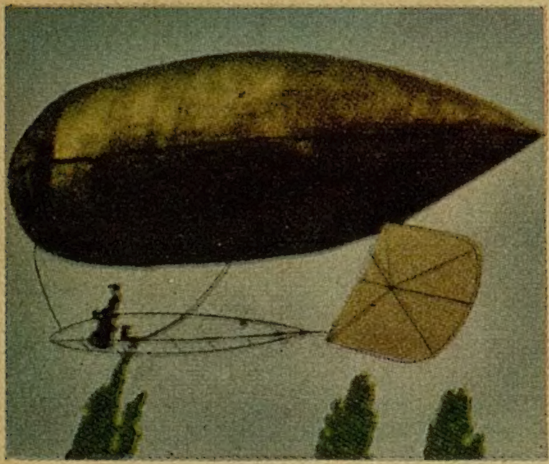
However, some of our allies and many people in this country pointed out with considerable emphasis that the Potsdam terms do not constitute the complete, absolute, and unconditional surrender we expected to impose upon Japan. There can be no argument on this score. The Potsdam formula is considerably less than complete, abject surrender. Furthermore, it is likely complete surrender would have been obtained before very long. But meanwhile men would have died—American men mostly. Rather than knuckle under in complete surrender, the Jap government might have chosen nationa suicide for the whole people. Despite atomi bombs, fanaticism might well have led to a last-ditch defense in which the whole nation fought to the death rather than surrender. This would have involved invasion and untold casualties. Winston Churchill put the possible cost of invading Japan at 1,000,000 men.

Had we insisted on abject surrender, and had the Japanese chosen to fight it out, a peace would have been forced upon them far more drastic than our policy called for. It was never the intention of the Allies to obliterate the Jap people. We fought to establish permanent peace in the East and a cleansed and purged Japanese nation that would direct its energies to peaceful pursuits. Under the Potsdam formula we have attained this.

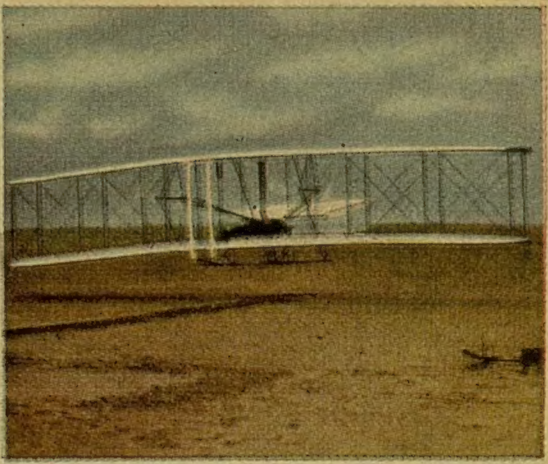
We will be in control of Japan and we can stamp out the elements in Japanese life which led the nation into trouble. We are in a position to bring about the kind of Japan we want. Our war objectives are realized. It ill becomes any of us or any of our allies to criticize the peace with Japan. Certainly few of the boys upon whom would fall the burden of storming the beaches have any criticism of the ending of the war or of the manner in which it was brought about.

Paul Hunter

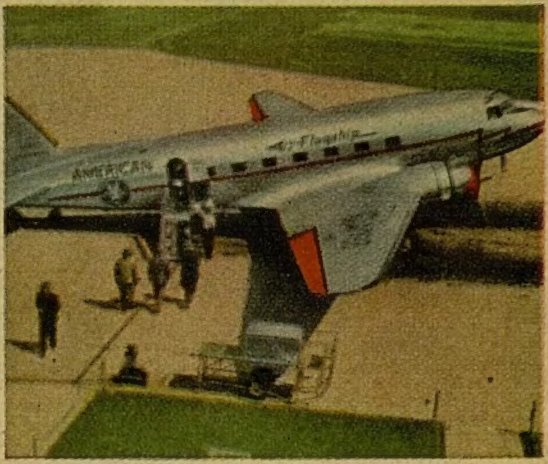
What's the air giant of the future?



1884 **AIR TRAVEL** will someday make the whole globe your playground. Lighter-than-air ships have bid for supremacy since 1884, when Corby's had been a famous Canadian whiskey name for 26 years. In that year a motor-driven balloon flew against the wind.



1903 **PROPELLED BALLOONS** were quickly followed by heavier-than-air planes. In 1903 an airplane stayed aloft for 59 seconds. In 1909, Corby's 51st year as a renowned Canadian name, an aviator flew the English Channel in a canvas covered biplane.


AMERICAN
Flagship

1940 **AIRLINES CROSSED** the U. S. with 10-ton luxury planes. Lighter-than-air shipbuilders found the answer to fire danger in non-inflammable helium gas. Then war, coming in Corby's 82nd year as a grand Canadian name, shifted production to combat planes.

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1945 There's a 212-ton plane ready to fly! And airship builders are promising helium filled craft with accommodations like ocean steamships. You can take your choice of aircraft in the future when a weekend in Europe by air will be commonplace. A choice you can make now is Corby's—the light, sociable blended whiskey. Here is a name respected in Canada for 87 years. Watch for Corby's in your bar or store.

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A Grand Old Canadian Name

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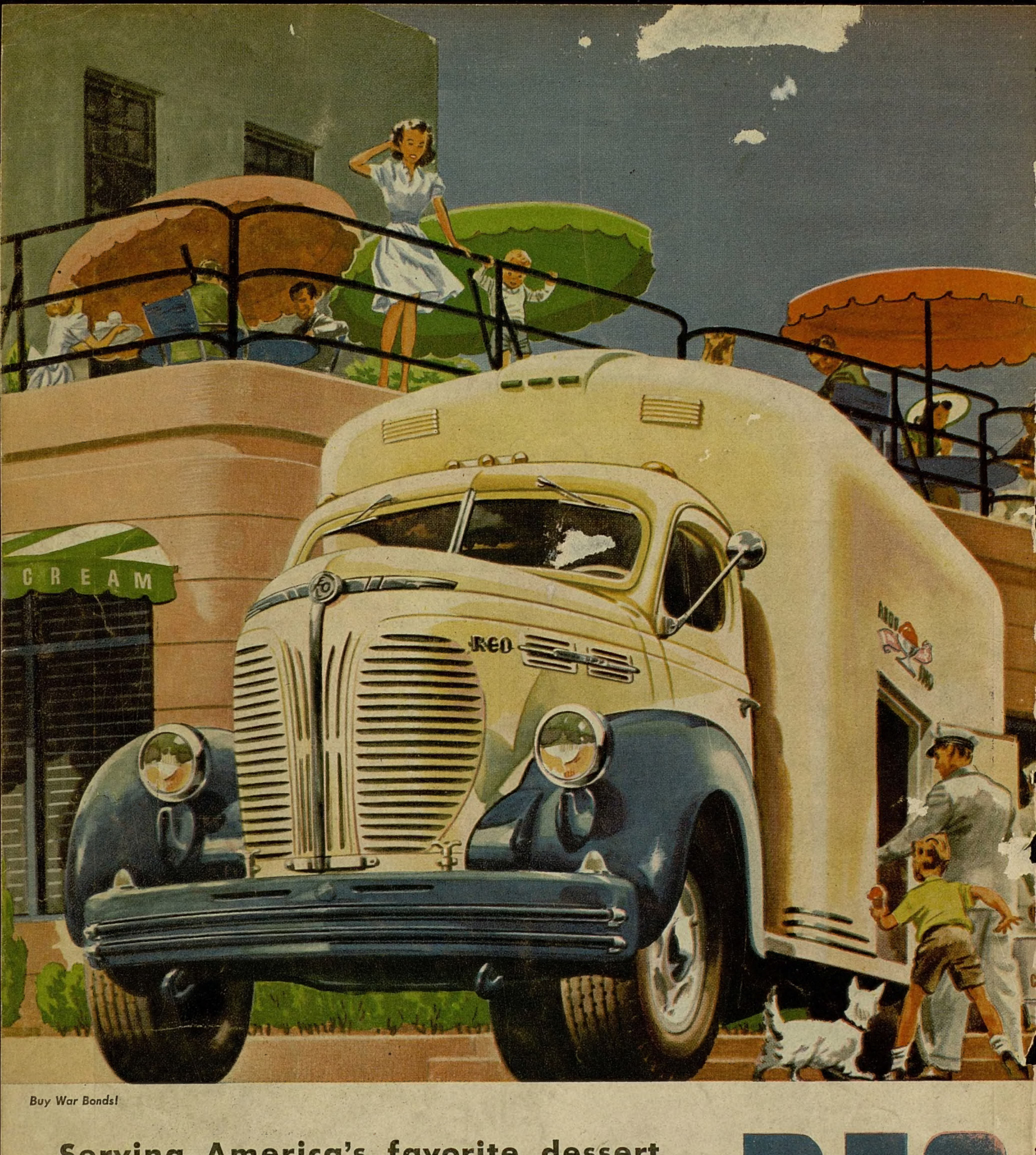
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



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